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THE GREAT NORTH ROAD

BY

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THE Road led on and on, narrowing to the horizon in one level waste of mud, dotted here and there with puddles dimly glistening like fallen fragments of the sky. At a distance the dun hills swam in a blur of small, incessant rain; the wind came in piping gusts that searched the very marrow; before morning the whole landscape might be sheeted up in snow, for it was December, and the year made toward winter fast. There were few stirring in such weather; the highway, although commonly a place of considerable bustle, was as quiet as a country lane. About eleven in the forenoon, the Edinburgh coach went cheerlessly by, with three outsides muffled to the eyes, and four unneighbourly insides conclamantly swearing at every jolt; after a long while, one lonely carter, splashing at the horse's side to lessen the load; and, at the last, towards mid-afternoon, a young man afoot with a stick and knapsack, and a fiddle done up in a green baize bag, with the end peering over his shoulder. He must have been a care-free spirit, for he whistled as he tramped it through the mist and mire. His dress was of sober cut and colour; yet he wore it with a sort of rakishness that left one in doubt whether to set him down for a vagabond gentleman, or — and here is a nice distinction — a gentlemanly vagabond. The inn where he had stopped over night, the "Royal George," in the sometime eminent town of Hoxton, had seldom harboured a guest about whom it speculated so much and found out so little. It was variously suspected that he might be an actor, a pedlar, an artfully-disguised French spy (one of Bonaparte's agents), or a wayfaring preacher, though, to judge by his appearance, the last was a wild enough shot.

"Might be, you know, all the same," said the solitary supporter of this theory. "I had a good mind to drop a word or two, sociable-like, about hell-fire or brotherly-love, to see how he'd take it."

"Pooh, you're all out, every man-Jack of you," said the landlord, who prided himself, reasonably enough, considering his profession, on a pretty exact knowledge of the world and his fellow-men. "I'll venture he's nothing but some young chap from Oxford, say, on a walking-trip, — capering about the country with a fiddle, and playing stroller for fun! Passes all how gentry behave; you'd think, to look at 'em, walking was a holiday, and getting rained on as good as a play!"

The young man volunteered no explanations, being apparently quite conscious of the interest he aroused, but whimsically determined not to gratify it; he paid his bill (thereby relieving the landlord of some anxiety) and went his way; and presently forgot all about the "Royal George," concerned as he was with people and places of a much livelier character.

It is a trite saying that those who go about to seek adventure most often come home empty-handed; the thing has no savour unless it takes us by surprise and unprepared. Therefore, when this idle young fellow — who, very likely,

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looked for nothing more than supper and a bed at the next half-way house, and, perhaps, a pipe and glass, and a tune fiddled in the chimney-corner — when he turned a bend and came upon Adventure stranded in the midst of his path, under the disconsolate rain, he was entertained and mystified out of all proportion. Here the road crossed another, and a finger-post at the intersection gave notice that it was to London, so many miles; to Borthwick, so many miles; to Tudley End, so many miles. On one hand the road fell steeply to a gully, and he saw a chaise toiling upwards through the bog, the post-boy's arm rising and falling as he plied his flail with weary diligence. Two mounted servants lurched behind. He gave them only a passing glance, for he had immediately before him the spectacle of a broken-down travelling-carriage reclining on three wheels in the ditch. The fourth lay a little aside, dismembered; the shafts were bent askew; a window was shivered to atoms. Oddly, there were no signs of life around the ruin, no tethered, heaving horses, no grooms, no loud oaths and runnings to and fro. It was a rich vehicle, fit for the use of some person of quality; the damage, he saw as he drew near, was not beyond repair; the wreck must have occurred within the hour; their hurry had been great indeed, who had thus abandoned it to any chance patroller of the road like himself. He walked all around it; curtains of a thick, silky stuff masked the windows, and, at last, he raised one of these and peeped within. The next moment he sprang back with a loud ejaculation, stood expectant for a little, then, with a face of wonder, approached and lifted the curtain again, gingerly.

"Excuse me, madame," said he, and flourished off his hat, "I had no idea there was any one in the carriage, or I shouldn't have — er — um — ah — " his voice trailed in uncertainty; the occupant of the carriage paid him not the slightest attention. She sat gazing off indifferently, as if she had heard nothing.

"I said, *excuse me*, madame," repeated the young man, somewhat louder, "I didn't mean to be rude. You seem to be in trouble here; can't I help you?"

The lady replied this time, and in a most extraordinary manner. She slowly turned her eyes towards him and invited him to be off about his business, in a biting tone and so marrowy a choice of words that the young man was fairly dumbfounded. He retreated a step, surveying her first with bewilderment, then with the beginnings of understanding. She stared him back resolutely; she had good eyes for staring, large and black, set wide in a long, high-featured face — a handsome face, adorned or disfigured (which you choose) by a patch of perceptibly false colour on either cheek. She was brilliantly dressed; there were jewels about her; and there she sat, futilely gorgeous, in her disabled chariot, upon the public highway, like an enchanted princess in a fairy-tale.

After a short silence:

"Madame," said the young man, "I see you take me for a beggar or a footpad. I am neither; and I swear I mean honestly by you. My name is John Chance, and if I make a pretty rough figure, it's because my toilet is designed expressly for such weather and such roads. I am taking a walking-tour for pleasure ——"

The lady cast an eloquent glance at the sky. "Pleasure!" said she. "Mr. John Chance, I did take you for a beggar or a thief, but now I'm sure you haven't contrivance enough to be either. You are on a tour for pleasure? Very well, I am sitting here for pleasure, and I want none of your company."

"As you choose," said John Chance, reddening to his forehead; and he clapped on his hat with a very cavalier air. "Good-day, madame. I'll esteem it a favour to warn away the old gentleman in the chaise yonder, so that your poetical solitude may not be again disturbed."

"What's that you say?" she cried, with a total change of manner, "a chaise? Come, that's better! Where is it?" She started from her seat and thrust her bedizened head out of the coach-door.

In fact, by this time, the little cavalcade had reached the crown of the hill, and the post-boy and outriders drew rein to breathe their horses, staring the while at the derelict by the roadside. In a second, a brisk, stout old gentleman, wearing the three-cocked hat and wide-skirted coat of a fashion twenty years old, stuck his head through the window bawling out to know what was the matter.

"Sir," said the lady, taking him up promptly, but in a gentle voice, and such a style of mild propriety that Chance gaped in amazement, "I have been very unfortunate. I left my home at an early hour this morning, upon an urgent call to — to the bedside of a dying friend. I came away without taking time to prepare for the journey — clad as you see me — without money — without stopping to breakfast, even, — supposing I should be supplied at the other end. But at the last place where we changed horses (Milchester), they put to a young and skittish pair which the grooms professed to have great trouble in handling. And when we got this far, they broke clean away, running the carriage into the ditch and wrecking it as you see. The men thereupon left me to go back and get help and other horses, so they said. But it is now above three hours, and I fear the wretches have got drunk, or — what is more likely from their sullen looks — never meant to come back at all. The weather is bad, and I lacked money to buy their good-will. You are the only person who has passed this way since."

"If he believes that cock-and-bull story, it will go far to convince me that all the fools aren't dead yet," said Chance inwardly; for, whereas the lady had begun with some hesitation and fumbling, either for words or ideas, she gathered fluency as she went on, and by the end the tale tripped almost too glibly from her tongue. But the old gentleman listened with real concern.

"Without breakfast? Good God!" said he, visibly moved, "Shocking! Shocking! Madame, you have my deepest sympathy."

Sympathy, if an amiable sentiment, was hardly all that the circumstances called for, and for a flash the lady looked as if she thought so. Her black eyes snapped, but she stuck patiently to her rôle.

"I need it, sir," she said, looking down mournfully. "I fear my poor friend by this time has breathed her last —" here she put her handkerchief to her eyes, with a fine dramatic effect.

"Don't do that, ma'am, now don't do that," said the old gentleman earnestly. "Your friend dead — you with no breakfast — oh, dear me, that's too bad! Where did you say you live?"

"B — B — Borthwick," sobbed the mourner.

The old gentleman uttered an exclamation of regret. "How unlucky! I am on my way to Tudley End, otherwise nothing could give me greater pleasure than to see you safely home. But you understand, ma'am, on such a day to — turn aside — however, I'll leave you one of my men, and send back help from the next ——"

"Barbara lived at Tudley End," interrupted the lady. "I wouldn't go home, not for worlds, without seeing her, if only —" here the handkerchief came into play once more.

"Well, of all the comedies!" thought Chance scornfully. "However, it's no affair of mine."

"Now, don't do that, ma'am, now, I beg of you, don't," said the old gentleman nervously. "If you'll accept a seat in my carriage, we'll get you to your friend's in time, perhaps, — and if not — well, we've all got to go some day, you know, — I don't mean go to Tudley End, of course, — I mean — ahem — in the midst of life, we are in death. She may be a great deal better off, you know, maybe it's a blessed release — and — and all that sort of thing, in short. Here, you, Tim! Gregory! Turn across the road so that the lady can step in without soiling her feet. Oh — ah — is that young man your servant, ma'am?"

"I know nothing whatever about him," said the black-eyed one primly. "He had but just come up a moment before yourself," (at this point she cast down her eyes in a telling motion of modesty). "Indeed, sir, I feel your arrival was most timely."

"Madame!" cried the young man indignantly — and then stopped short in an angry confusion. Whether he resented the innuendo or let it pass, he was equally in a false position; the woman seemed to be animated by the impersonal malice of Satan. Or else, he reflected, the last speech was of a piece with the rest of her policy of hoodwinking the old gentleman. In that case, its effect must have given her the artist's glow of satisfaction; he took fire at once.

"You are a shameless rogue, sir," he vociferated, turning a blazing countenance on the helpless Chance, "(don't be frightened, my dear madame, I am severe, but never violent). You're a damned impudent coward and villain, sir, insulting unprotected women! You've gallows-bird written *all* over you — I've seldom seen as low, ruffianly a face, and I've seen many, sir, many ——"

"What company you must keep!" said Chance, struggling between anger and a strong desire to laugh.

"Don't you talk to me!" shouted the old gentleman, "don't come any of your fine tales to *me!* You can't fool *me*, sir, you can't take *me* in! If I had any jurisdiction here, I'd have you whipped out of the parish (I beg of you not to be alarmed, ma'am, I express myself forcibly, but I'm always just), but as it is, I sincerely trust I may have the pleasure some day of assisting you to the hulks. A little more to the right, Gregory."

The manoeuvers of the chaise brought it at this juncture with its back to the young man, who had been gradually retreating before such a broadside of maledictions; and one of the servants, pushing his horse close to him, whispered behind his hand, with a glance towards the lady, then in the act of stepping from one vehicle to the other: "Harkye, my lad, who is she, anyhow?"

"I know no more than yourself," returned Chance shortly.

"Oh, come," said the fellow. He disengaged one foot from the stirrup and poked a playful toe into Chance's ribs. "Oh, come, now," he repeated, winking.

"I tell you, I never saw her before — I don't know anything about her," said Chance again, unwilling to gossip with a servant, yet answering the other's grin in spite of himself.

"I see," said the groom, and eyed him approvingly, "*you* don't know anything — oh, no, not you! But ain't 'Squire a reg'lar old innocent, though? Anybody could see through *her*, with half an eye. Oh, I wasn't born yesterday — I know 'em like a book. She —" he illustrated with a word and a bit of pantomime the dullest could scarcely have failed to understand. And, as the post-chaise with its doubled burden floundered off Tudley-ward, he turned in the saddle and gave the young man a parting grimace of prodigious shrewdness, spreading one hand in mock benediction.

Chance watched until the road, looping about the base of a hill, took them from view, then turned to his own way with a half-smile. "He's a fine, hearty, simple old boy," said he aloud; "a pity that adventuress has got him between her talons." He walked on, knitting his brows over another thought, to which he at last gave voice. "I wish I had asked the footman fellow his master's name; there would have been no harm in that much curiosity, at any rate. It seems to me I have seen him before somewhere, I cannot think —" he stopped short upon this, ransacking his memory, gave it up finally, shook his head, and set forward again in a sudden pelting burst of rain. The wind had risen in the last half hour with a promise of greater cold, yet there was a kind of light and scurry among the clouds, as if they might presently shred away and leave it clear. "If I could find any sort of sheltered corner to weather through this downpour, it would be as well," thought he, surveying the austere landscape; and coming just then to a lane or private road opening upon the highway, he turned into it, expecting to reach some farm or outpost of stables. He was mistaken; the lane went on interminably, bounded now by low stone walls, now by stout hedges, without getting anywhere. He said to himself that it was the original lane that had no turning, the grandfather of all long lanes; and still he trudged, and still the rain poured diligently. It took all his reckless philosophy to bear with it, and just when his patience was at the final ebb, and he was ready to cry out an anathema on the lane and the man who made it, it brought up abruptly at a little enclosure around a tumble-down wooden pagoda, whence issued a rich, full-bodied, vinegarish odour. He sniffed and recognized it. Here must be a cider-press, that much he knew by the heaps of pulped apple trodden about its doors. The place looked slovenly and neglected; it was late in the year for cider-making; Chance wondered if the owner or his workmen were anywhere about. He set a foot across the threshold, he saw the silhouette of hopper and wheels in the dim interior of the shanty — and for the second time that day, started back, exclaiming aloud. For the second time, he stood and dumbly stared. "Oh, this is absurd!" went through his mind; "another young woman! The country must be peppered with them lying in wait for me ——"

"Is this your cider-house?" the young woman asked. She had been sitting on an overturned bushel-measure, just within the door, and now rose and faced him, putting her question with a sort of timid daring; she looked at once scared and defiant.

"No, it's not my cider-house," said Chance mechanically, "it's not yours, I suppose?"

"No."

A pause, during which they eyed each other with the candid distrust of two strange dogs. Then Chance collected himself. "May I come in?" he asked civilly. The girl moved aside by way of answer, and he stepped in, set his fiddle and knapsack on the floor, and, casting about among the rusty pans, broken potsherds, and piles of rotting fruit that littered it, found a three-legged fragment of a chair. He propped it against the press and sat down opposite the girl on her bushel-measure; she was very young, as he now saw, and wore a riding-dress of green cloth, liberally laced with gold in the fashion of the day; it was almost as muddy and bedraggled as his own attire.

"This is bad weather to be out in," ventured the young man, after another silence of sheer awkwardness.

"Yes." She hesitated a moment, then said, with a rather engaging frankness, "I daresay you think it's very queer my being here at all?"

"I hadn't allowed myself to think anything about it," said Chance soberly.

"You startled me at first," said the girl. "I thought maybe it was some one sent after me — until I saw you. You see, I am running away."

It would have been hard to match the childlike gravity of this last utterance. Chance might well have believed her crazy or half-witted, had not her face plainly showed her to be neither. He considered her in silence, telling himself that she was really not pretty as he had at first thought; she had hardly a single pretty feature, yet her homeliness became her better than other women their good looks. She was too tall, too thin, too dark. Her face was all delicate angles, but its shifting expressions were so sudden and vivid, they drew the eye like the unstable glitter of a diamond. The girl, for her part, returned his gaze with growing confidence and not a little curiosity.

"What is your name?" she asked — and then blushed furiously, in an accession of shyness.

"John Chance. I come from York."

"Mine is Sophy Drake, and I — but I suppose, so long as I am running away, I oughtn't to tell any more about myself. It's not prudent, is it?"

She was obviously in a quiver of eagerness to tell everything; and Chance, hesitating between curiosity and an aversion to taking advantage of her, at last laid a middle course.

"Why, Miss Drake," said he, "I think whatever you chose to tell would be safe with me, but I can't honestly say I'm in favour of — of young ladies running away. Think of the pain you must be giving your father and mother ——"

"No, I'm not — because I haven't any!" interrupted Miss Drake triumphantly. "They're both dead long ago, when I was a baby."

"Well, the people you live with, then, — your guardians or ——"

"But it's my guardian I'm running away to."

Chance was reduced to astounded silence. Running away to her guardian! Here was a novel procedure.

"I'm glad you came," said the girl, a little plaintively; "it's some one to talk to, and I was so lonesome."

"Had you been here long?"

"I don't know. It seemed a great while. You see, I was out riding, and all at once it came to me that I might ride off and get to my guardian before any one could stop me. That was this morning. So I started and rode very hard and fast, until the horse went lame; and then I met a farmer-looking man and offered to sell him the horse, because I had come away without any money — and one always needs money. He asked a good many questions, but of course I wouldn't answer them. And then he gave me ten shillings for the horse. That doesn't seem very much for a whole horse, but he said it would ruin him to give any more for a lame one — and, after all, he was a farmer and knew a great deal more about horses than I. So I took it and asked him the way to Tudley End, and he said to take this lane. But he must have been mistaken, for it don't go anywhere, but just here. And now I don't know exactly what to do."

Something of appeal in her voice went to the young man's heart; and, instead of being amused at the financial transaction just related, he warmed with indignation. He saw it clearly his duty to take charge of so helpless and attractive a creature — for she *was* attractive, he now decided, in her elfin fashion.

"The man was a rascal," said he severely; "but nothing of the sort shall happen to you again, Miss Drake. I'll take care of you to Tudley End, or wherever you want to go ——"

She broke in with a high exclamation. "There! I've told you nearly everything, after all, and I didn't mean to at all!" And they both began to laugh.

"I might as well tell you all the rest now, Mr. Chance," she said, straightening her face. "Then you'll be sure I'm not crazy," (and here she darted him a look of infantile shrewdness). "To begin with, I'm in a bad, bad place. I've a great deal of money ——"

"That's not generally considered troublesome."

"Oh, but it is, though. If I were a poor girl, no one would care *that!* But, being rich, they want me to be married ——"

"Wait a minute," said Chance, "who are 'they'?"

"Why, all of them, everybody, the young man's father and the rest. And think of it, Mr. Chance, I've never seen him! I had rather go to the stake than marry him that way!" she concluded tragically.

"Too bad!" said Chance, meaning to sympathize; "very like he feels just the same about you."

"You don't know anything about it," said Miss Drake, with surprising sharpness.

"He's never seen *you*, you know," said Chance hastily.

"That's true, too," said the girl, mollified; "well, his name is Philip Ashmore, and his father was to bring him to see me in a day or two. I've been at Miss Fennel's — that's a boarding-school in Westhampton — and I know he's horrid, and I *won't* see him, so I've run away! There!"

"I don't wonder," said Chance warmly, "but, after all, this is England, and not Constantinople; they can't marry you off against your will. Now your guardian ——"

"That's what I'm going to tell him," cried the girl; "I'm going to see him by himself and reason with him. He hardly knows me; he's only seen me three or four times in my whole life. I believe he thinks it would be the finest thing in the world to get me married and settled and off his mind, with my fortune. He's a fat old gentleman with a red face, and his wife has a great big nose, and they live at Tudley End, and the name is Sir Benjamin Tidbury — do you know him?"

"The name has a familiar sound," said the young man, pondering. "Tidbury — if he ever goes to York, I may have seen him in my father's counting-room (though Heaven knows I'm seldom enough there!). Tidbury — there are so many fat, red-faced old gentlemen —"

he stopped short, with a swift change of expression. "Gad!" he cried, and clapped his knee, "that was the man!"

Sophy jumped and glanced about, startled. "Who? What?"

Chance apologized. "The fact is," he explained, "I am sure I saw your guardian to-day. He passed me on the road, and I thought I remembered the face. 'Twas he beyond a doubt. So that's the man you're running to?"

"Did he seem in a good temper?" asked the girl nervously.

"Not very — the last I saw of him," said Chance, grinning.

"Well, it can't be helped; I'm going to tell him I won't be married — to that Ashmore man, at any rate," said Miss Drake firmly; "and I won't be penned up in a school any longer, either. It's no better than a prison — and I'm nineteen years old. Why can't they let one alone? Do you know that I like it as well out here in the rain as at the very finest party I ever was in my life? It's freedom, that's the reason."

Chance looked at her with quickening interest. "Why, that was bravely spoken!" said he. "They tie up all your sex in so many withes of custom and propriety, I wonder how any woman of sense or spirit can endure it. People lay down strange rules to be happy by. I tramp the wide roads and take my pleasure so — my father, good man, niggles at a ledger all day long and says he spends his life in toil that I may live mine in idleness. I am very sure he is right, and I am a thankless fellow — but when all's said, that is his happiness. Every man to his taste. I should sicken like a caged beast at his pastime, and what kind of a figure would he make sitting in an outhouse in the rain?"

He laughed outright at the notion; the girl joined him. "He would think us both crazy!" she said; and this seemed to them the richest of jokes.

While they talked, the brief winter afternoon had insensibly slipped into twilight; the rain had ceased, but the wind might still be heard, loud as an organ in the near treetops, and sometimes felt, when a shifting gust pounced upon their little shelter and rattled it viciously. The features of the landscape were all confounded in the dusk; that which looked a stump might be a man; or the hedge a trailing row of carts. They could hardly see each other's faces, and Chance was about to suggest their moving on, when the girl, in the midst of her chatter, of a sudden laid her hand upon his arm.

"There is some one prowling about the cider-house and watching us," she whispered. "I saw a light flicker between the cracks over there behind you."

She had scarcely got out the words when the light flashed into the open doorway. It came from an ordinary stable-lantern held about waist-high and slowly revolving so as to explore every part of the hut; owing to this ingenious management, their dazzled eyes could only distinguish, intermittently, a pair of legs and hobnailed boots beneath it, and the shimmer of two eyes under a visored cap, somewhere behind and above. Monstrous shadows swarmed and skipped from side to side with the wavering light.

The apparition spoke. "Here they be, Jem, right and tight," it announced huskily; and a second indeterminate block of darkness in its rear emitted an affirmative grunt.

"You are the owner of this place?" said Chance, recovering.

"Young man," said the other, with deliberation, "I'm not saying whether I am or I ain't. *I* don't have to give an account of myself. The point is, you and that young woman have got to come out o' here immediate, d'ye see?"

"I don't think we have damaged your valuable cider-house," said Chance, not much relishing the fellow's tone; "if we have, I'm willing to pay for it. We came here to be out of the rain, and were just about going."

"*Egg*zackly. I've no doubt you were going," returned the lantern-bearer, unmoved. "All the more reason for your coming along with me. Now *are* you going to come peaceable? There's two of us here, young man, and half a score more within hearing, so you might as well give up first as last."

"Why, what do you mean — what do you want with all this hurry?" demanded John, with rising temper. "You don't need to use force. We're glad enough to go. Consider the lady, man; in common decency ——"

"Here, take the lantern, Jem," said the other, without heeding him; and the second shadow, advancing, solidified into another set of cap, eyes, sleeve-waistcoat, corduroys, and hobnail boots. He took the lantern silently and held it aloft, thereby giving them a fuller view of one another. Miss Drake uttered a small shriek of astonishment.

"Why, that's the man that bought my horse!" she cried, pointing to the first speaker. "You told me this was the way to Tudley End, and all the while it was only to your own cider-house! What did you do that for?"

"Well now, miss,— ma'am — I dare say *you* know as well as I do — or you can guess. I had my little plan," said the man, a smile of gross self-satisfaction appearing on his broad, heavy face. "The game's up, you may take my word for it. *Will* you come along nice and quiet now?"

"Oh, mercy me, you've been sent after me, I suppose," said the girl pettishly. "Why didn't you say so this afternoon, instead of making all that ridiculous pother over the horse? I don't see why they sent such a man, and I won't go anyhow, Mr. Chance, would you?"

"You hear that, Jem?" said the man. "Pity you can't write, you'd ought to take that down. You'll be a witness, you know."

Jem eyed the girl and grunted again.

"Look here, men," said Chance, puzzled and impatient and a little uneasy, too, "in the name of sense, what are you after? I don't understand your talk. You surely don't call it trespass for us to take shelter in your cider-house from the rain? Look around you. Have we harmed it? Witness! What on earth do you want of witnesses?"

"It's me they want, I know it," interrupted the girl. "Didn't Miss Fennel send you?"

"You heard *that*, Jem?" said their captor, in a powerful aside; then he added benevolently, "My advice to you, miss — ma'am — is not to say anything more, you've no call to incriminalate yourself, you know. And it ain't any use putting it on Miss Fennel, for I never heard of her before. There ain't anybody has had a thing to do with this here but *me* ——"

Jem grunted.

"And Jem," said the other hastily. "Of course, you'll get your share o' the reward, Jem, though I've done the most of the work."

Chance stared at them, utterly befogged by this last cryptic sentence; the girl shrank beside him, with wide, startled eyes. It was not until the owner of the cider-house made a movement towards her as if to enforce his commands that the young man regained his presence of mind.

"None of that, you lout," said he savagely, and threw a protecting arm in front of her. "I've told you we're willing to go, but we're not to be hustled like beggars. Reward? Reward for what? What's 'reward' got to do with us? Who do you take us for?"

Here Jem, after certain rumblings of the chest, similar to seismic disturbances beneath the earth's crust, entered into the conversation. "Best show un the bill, Tom," said he, and rumbled into silence again, like retreating thunder. And thereupon Tom produced from the lining of his cap a printed document, more or less greasy from its late sojourn, and ragged with handling. He spread it under the lantern-rays, and Chance, with every variety of feeling, read:

NOTICE

London, November 8, 1806 — Twenty-five pounds (£25) is offered for the arrest and detention of the notorious felon Mary Gurnett, *alias* Mary Shaw, *alias* Gipsy Moll, etc., escaped from Chatford Gaol the fourth inst. and last seen between Trent and Brixham on the Great North Road. Communicate with Messrs. Sears & Dudley, Att'ys-at-Law, Broome Court, Fleet Street, London; or W. Barton & Son, Chatford; or the nearest magistrate.

DESCRIPTION

About twenty-seven years of age, five feet seven inches in height, black hair and eyes, regular features, fine teeth. Of free manners, generally well-dressed, appears to have plenty of money. Any information will be thankfully received by the above.

The young man read it through twice, beginning to have some inkling of how matters stood.

"This handbill," he said at last, slowly, "is four weeks old, but you think the woman may be about the countryside still? It is possible I myself have seen her. This afternoon ——"

"Turn your head, young feller, and you'll see her now," interrupted Tom, with a triumphant chuckle. He folded away the bill as if it had been a bank-note.

"You are mistaken," said Chance, forcing himself to patience. "This young lady does not at all answer the description ——"

"Don't, eh?" cried Tom sarcastically. "You'll say next she ain't tall and black-haired and black-eyed. Maybe I didn't meet her, behaving suspicious on the Road at three o'clock this blessed afternoon? Maybe she wasn't glad to sell her horse — stolen, likely, — for ten shilling? A horse for ten shilling! Maybe I didn't send her here where she'd be safe, until I could go home and fetch Jem here? Maybe she didn't tell you in so many words (and *I* heard her) that she didn't know what to do, and she was in a bad way, and had a lot of money? Young man, I don't know who *you* are, for the bill don't say nothing about you, but it's easy guessing. You're her pal, and you mark my words, *it — won't — wash!* Your — talk — won't — wash!"

Chance stood helpless; he did not for an instant doubt the girl, yet he had to admit, inwardly, that her story was fantastic enough; the face of things might have misled a cleverer man than this yokel. It was plain that Tom was blown up beyond the reach of argument by pride in the success of the trap he had set for her. His was the unconquerable stupid cunning of a perfectly honest man.

Sophy herself was the first to break the silence.

"I — haven't — got — regular — features," she sobbed, and at this funny and pitiful little wail John lashed out suddenly in impotent anger.

"Use your eyes, fools, the two of you," he cried. "Can you look at her, and believe this? Think ——"

"Young man," said Tom, swelling majestically, "I don't *think*. I *knows* and I *acks! It—won't wash!* Any one could see through you. Looks just like that fellow what was hanged for stealing sheep at Tudley Assizes last June, don't he, Jem?"

Jem held forward the lantern and studied the furious young face critically.

"No," he said, shaking his head, "he don't favour the sheep-stealer any, Tom——"

"That's the first sensible word I've heard from either one of you," said John vigorously.

"Good-looking chap, the sheep-stealer was, fine upstanding fellow," continued Jem.

Tom turned to the girl.

"I ain't much of a judge o' features, miss—ma'am," said he, "but maybe we'd better take a look at your teeth to be on the safe side. This way with the lantern, Jem——"

"You'll take a look at my fist first!" said John Chance, in a chill rage.

"Here, now! Hands off!" cried Tom, shrinking into a very unvaliant posture. "Help! Hold him, Jem! Lord, but he's a desp'rate villain, to be sure——"

"Mr. Chance, oh, don't, please!" screamed Sophy.

"Put up your hands, one of you, put up your hands and fight fair!" gasped Chance, struggling. "Call yourselves Englishmen, and two against one!"

"Ouch! Damn it, Jem, drop the lantern, can't you? You're burning my leg off!" shouted Tom. And with that the three fell apart of one motion, like a mechanical toy; and stood, panting and glaring at one another. The sound and fury subsided as abruptly as it had begun. Chance, secretly nursing a set of badly-cut knuckles, surveyed the black eye he had bestowed on Tom with acute satisfaction, and, all at once, felt entirely cool and reasonable.

"Now then, men," said he serenely, "where are you going to take us, and what are you going to do with us?"

"Take you to 'Squire," Jem answered, as Tom was occupied with his injuries; "it's a main long way. We've got the cart."

"Very good, take us to-night, now, at once," John said, with emphasis. He drew the girl's hand through his arm and stepped towards the door.

"Look out, Jem, he's a wild one, he'll give us the slip yet," cried Tom, alarmed. "Call Job Bemis and the rest."

"On the contrary," retorted the young man, "I want to see your magistrate. I never wanted to meet a man more in my life. He may have some sense—and that will be a refreshing novelty."

The cart turned out a two-wheeled, springless vehicle, with a bundle of straw in the bed by way of seat, and between the shafts an elderly, meditative donkey, with what is technically known as a "wall-eye," glimmering opalescent in the lantern-light. Chance helped the girl in and made her as comfortable as might be; he was dropping back, when one of the men growled out: "In with you, too, young feller."

"We ride, and you walk? Admirable arrangement!" said John affably. He climbed in, and for some unexplained reason took the girl's hand in his own again, as they perched together on the straw.

"I walks on the nigh side, and Jem on the off," said Tom warningly. "It's no use your whipping up to get away, for Dumps is fifteen years old, and has heaves into the bargain. A slug could give her a half-a-mile start and beat her."

"It would be a pity to deprive you of so congenial a companion," said John gravely; "be easy. We sha'n't try."

As the procession moved off, the girl leaned towards Chance's shoulder to whisper: "Mr. Chance——"

"Yes?"

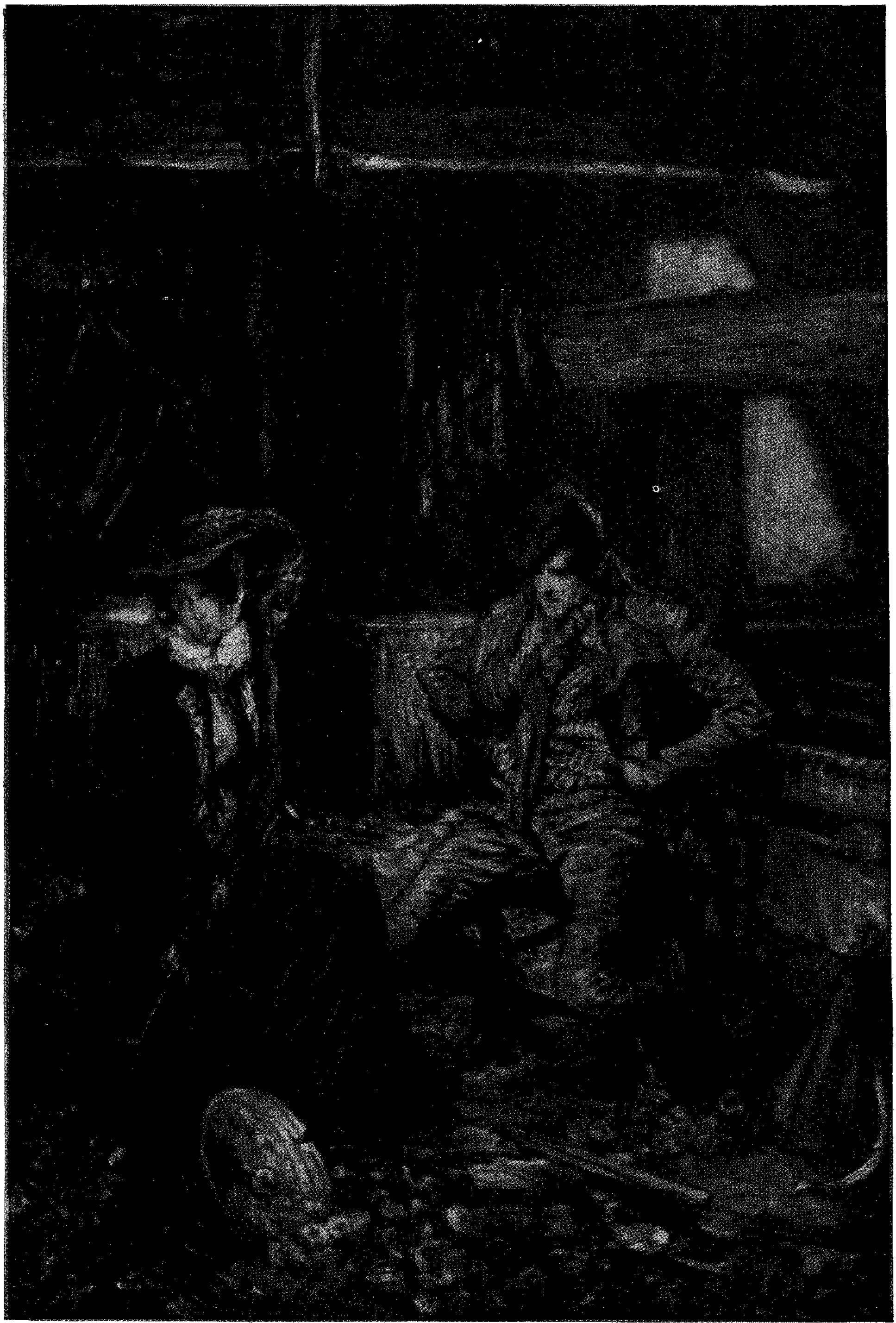
"I *knew* he was cheating me about that horse!"

II

The Tidbury residence stood considerably back from the highway, on the eastern confines of Tudley End. It was a comely old building of yellowing bricks, set at the head of a handsome slope of lawn, with gardens in a formal style under the southern windows. The drive entered by a florid iron gate between two high, square brick pillars, topped with globes of stone, and at the front door one encountered a brass knocker designed like the forepart of a ram's skull in miniature, with the horns curving down on either side, and a tasteful garland of brass laurel-leaves, ribbons, etc., depending therefrom. Neighbourhood wags pointed out a striking resemblance between it and the portrait of Lady Tidbury (in side-curls and a muslin scarf) over the library mantelpiece. But in the latter, the artist had succeeded to admiration in catching the lively expression of command in her ladyship's eye. The servants never went by it without a twitter; and Sir Benjamin himself owned to a slight discomfort when in its society.

"Damn that picture, it looks just like Maria!" he said irritably. "Did you ever notice, Pellew, how the eyes watch you all around the room?"

Doctor Pellew glanced at the portrait, not without awe, and hastily adjusted his shirt-frill,



"'I'M GLAD YOU CAME . . . IT'S SOME ONE TO TALK TO, AND I WAS SO LONESOME'" as if he had been in her ladyship's bodily presence. "Very often, Sir Benjamin," said he. "It's a remarkable likeness. But with regard to the matter in hand —" and here he tapped his forefinger lightly on a printed handbill lying on the table beside him, "with regard to the matter in hand ——?"

They were sitting by the library fire; the library was a fine, big room, whereof the wall spaces, panelled with oak, offered an ample field for a geometrically accurate distribution of book-cases and Tidbury family portraits. They alternated around it, the order only broken by four long windows giving on a terrace outside; two doors, one into the hall, and one opposite it, into Sir Benjamin's private study, where he kept his accounts and cash-box; and the chimneypiece by which the baronet now sat. Pellew, over against him, stretched a pair of lean shanks to the warmth. The doctor was a tall man, inordinately neat in his dress, with a kind of spinster neatness; no one could have looked less the man of fashion than he. Between them, at the apex of the triangle, O'Brien sat astride of his chair; he was not neat, and his legs were splashed with mud to the knees; even the tails of his coat dribbled muddy water. He had ridden far in a hurry and was indifferent to the havoc he made with Lady Tidbury's highly polished floor. The Irishman's little light grey eyes sparkled, his sandy hair stood this way and that, he could no more control his excitement than the terrier he resembled.

"It's the truth I'm telling ye, Sir Benjamin," he cried, bringing his buckhorn handled riding-stick down on the handbill with a sounding whack at every other word; "the woman's a — the divvle! Doctor dear, did I hurt you? Nothing could have been farther from me intention ——"

"If you'd keep your stick as far off as your intention, it would be more to the purpose, sir," said the doctor epigrammatically, caressing his bruised thumb. "To come back to the point, Sir Benjamin, I think that part of her story relating how she got stranded on the road without horses or post-boys may be true — undoubtedly the horses ran away — undoubtedly the men *did* desert her — but all the rest, the dying friend and so on!" He shook his head. "She is, of course, in a hurry to get anywhere where she won't be known, and you and your chaise were a lucky chance for her. Observe, when you get to Tudley, you hear no more of the dying friend. Instead, she gladly accepts your hospitality. Then you meet O'Brien here on the road ——"

"Immediately upon seeing the woman, I galloped off home to take a look at the handbill and refresh me memory," interrupted the latter. "'It's her,' says I to meself, 'as sure as death and taxes!' So then ——"

"So then you come pelting here, and raise such a whirroo as never was heard since the days of Fin Mac Coul," said the baronet; "all for nothing — or, at most, a fancied resemblance. As if I didn't know a lady when I see one!"

O'Brien raised his hands to heaven. "Hear him! Why, the very post-boy suspected her! *That* a lady! Ask Tim — Ask Gregory —" he appealed to the doctor — "You've seen her, Pellew?"

"I'm afraid," said the doctor, hesitating, "I'm afraid our friend O'Brien is right, Sir Benjamin. The description coincides exactly, and I found the — er — the lady's manner not convincing. Where is she now, by-the-way?"

"I invited her to make herself comfortable until the servants could get us up something to eat," said the baronet uneasily. "She's in the blue bedroom, I believe."

"If she isn't listening at the keyhole," said O'Brien, dropping his voice. "What's her last *alias*, eh?"

"Sir," said Sir Benjamin, glowering, "her name is Smith."

With all the good-will in the world, it is not possible to make the name of Smith impressive; and O'Brien shrugged his shoulders.

"Her invention flags," said he with scorn. "She should have stuck to Shaw or Gurnett."

"Did she say or do anything on the way that would lead you to — ahem —?" inquired the doctor delicately.

"Oh, Lord, how should I know," cried the harassed man, "I'm old enough to be her father; I remember she recommended the use of some kind of table-water for gouty and — and gravelly disorders ——"

O'Brien uttered a deep groan. "Ah — h — h, that's the way they all begin ——"

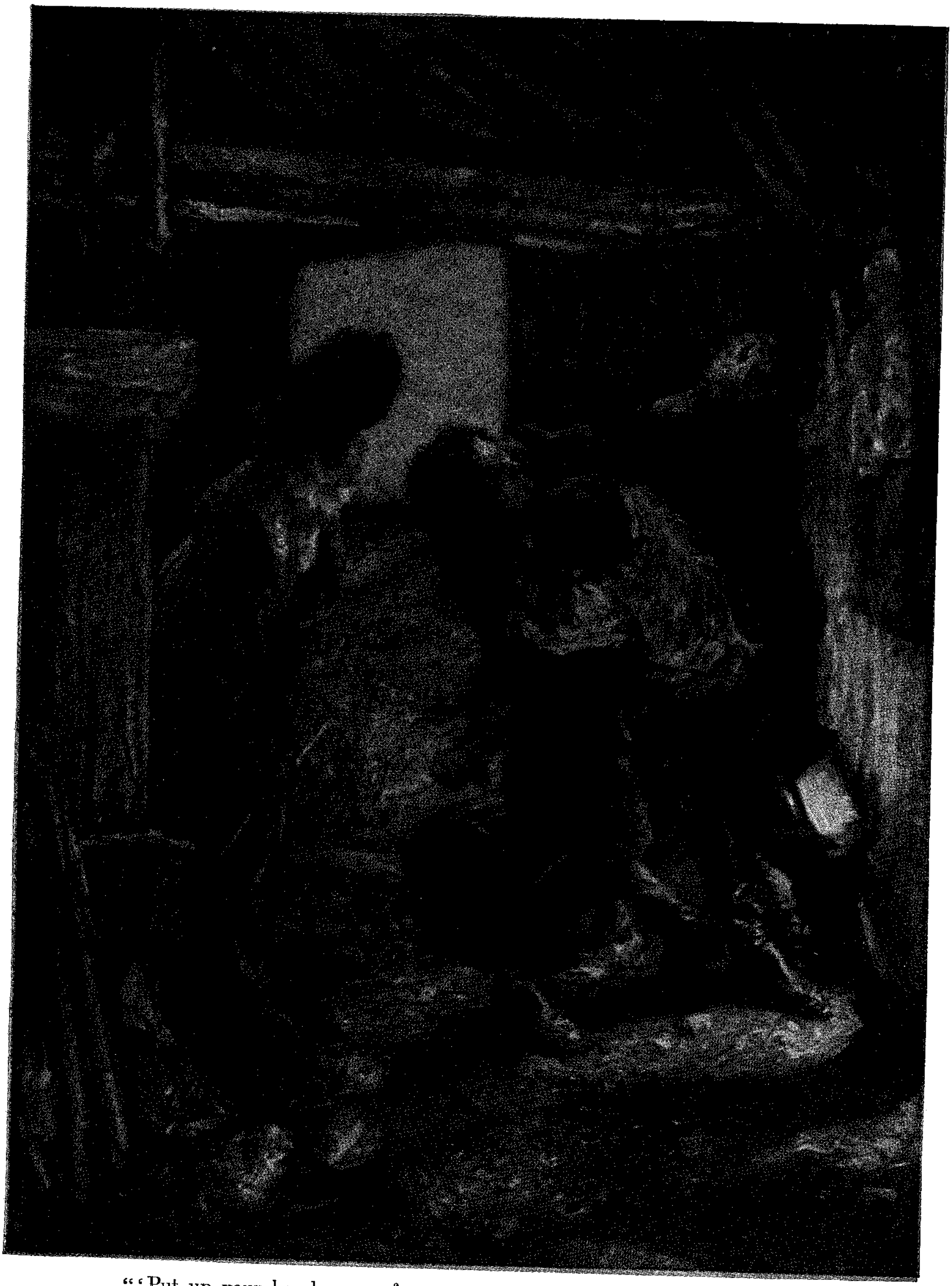
"Hey?"

"I make no doubt," he added hurriedly.

"After all, this may be a mere coincidence, and nothing is proved," said the baronet, casting an anxious glance over the bill. "The poor creature ——"

"Poor creature indeed!" exclaimed O'Brien, in an exasperation, "why the thing's as clear as noonday. She's a well-known criminal wanted on a dozen counts. She's a receiver of stolen goods, and a thief herself, and worse than that. She's as common as the Great North Road. She ——"

"Mr. O'Brien!" said, or rather shouted, Sir Benjamin, "I'd thank you to remember, sir, you're in my house, and I won't allow any unfortunate female under my roof to be so referred



"'Put up your hands, one of you, put up your hands and fight fair!'"

to. You might get something better to do, I think, than to blacken the reputation of —— "

"Oh, wirra, *her* reputation, blacken *her* reputation!" screeched the Irishman. "Her reputation is that colour a little blackening would whitewash it!" and while Sir Benjamin grappled with this statement, he added a yet more potent word: "What will Lady Tidbury say?"

Sir Benjamin's face lengthened; he directed a haggard look at the portrait. What *would* Lady Tidbury say, sure enough? If the black-eyed woman were as chaste as Susannah, if the entire universe concordantly bore testimony thereto, it would still be impossible to explain her to Lady Tidbury.

"Where is her ladyship?" the doctor asked.

"Gone to Chaworth on a visit to our second daughter, Emma, you know," the baronet answered; "but they've been expecting her home all day — she may be here any moment."

"The roads are heavy," said Pellew encouragingly.

"Yes — but —" Sir Benjamin looked around, helpless, — "what's to be done, gentlemen?"

"Done! Why, give the woman up to justice, to be sure — what else?" cried O'Brien — and upon that the door opened, and there she stood.

The moment was so well-chosen, they could hardly doubt that she had put the keyhole to the use O'Brien hinted; if they had, her first words would have illuminated them.

"Give me up and get the twenty-five pounds, gentlemen?" she said pleasantly; "oh, consider a little. Second thoughts are always best." She swept them a curtsey, crossed the room, and took a seat, with due attention to her skirts; her manner touched the high-water mark of impudence; and so strangely constructed is the mind of man, that these three honest gentlemen stood before her, tongue-tied and ashamed, like three truant school-boys.

"Madame," said Sir Benjamin, finding voice at last, "I — I — am pained and — and shocked beyond measure at the — the disclosures — in short, madame, I shall be obliged, however reluctantly, to place you in custody ——"

"Oh, la, la, la, what a hurry you're in, papa," interrupted the lady. "Put me in custody! After all that has passed between us?"

"Ma'am —?" stammered Sir Benjamin, seeing no relevance in this remark.

"You are a magistrate, and highly respected in the community, I dare say?"

"Madame," said Sir Benjamin, gathering composure, and with it, severity, "I try to do my duty, and I trust my neighbours know it."

"What a treat your neighbours are going to have!" observed Gipsy Moll, with a smile that sent a chill down Sir Benjamin's spine, "when I have told on the stand all those nice things you said and did in the carriage!"

The baronet, grasping the hint conveyed in these words, gazed at her in speechless dismay; never did an innocent man wear a more convincing aspect of guilt. At that moment, if Sir Benjamin had been required to describe man's arch-enemy, he would have pictured him in a drawn-silk bonnet, lace shoulder-scarf, and reticule.

"Repeat what I said, madame! I defy any man to — to — repeat what I said, ma'am!" he exploded desperately.

"Oh, fie, Sir Benjamin, before these gentlemen!"

"O'Brien, Pellew!" cried the baronet, alarmed at what he saw in his friends' faces, "you surely can't believe I was so foolish as to say or do ——"

"Nothing actionable, at any rate, I hope, Sir Benjamin?" said the doctor anxiously.

Sir Benjamin glared at him, breathing hard.

"At your age, too, Sir Benjamin! What a stir it will make!" pursued the lady. "And your wife — people will sympathize with her. Even *I* regret — but, of course, if I have to tell, I have to tell — I owe it to myself."

"This is blackmail!" bellowed the outraged Sir Benjamin.

"Oh, lud, Sir Benjamin, what a horrid word!"

"Keep your temper, Tidbury, keep your temper," counselled the exceedingly temperate O'Brien. "Bedad, there's so much smoke, I think there must be some fire!"

"Another word like that, sir, and I'll call you out!" bawled Sir Benjamin.

"At your service, sir," said the little Irishman magnificently.

The doctor interfered to make peace — and he got the peacemaker's wage. "For Heaven's sake, gentlemen, not so loud ——"

"Mind your own business, sir!" shouted O'Brien.

And the baronet: "Damme, sir, I'll be as loud as I choose in my own house!"

"I hear wheels, I think," remarked the adventuress tranquilly. "Perhaps Lady Tidbury has returned. How pleased she will be to see me!"

A pail of cold water thrown on the assembly would have had much the same effect. Dead quiet fell; the lady hummed a little tune and fanned herself; and they heard steps and voices in the hall.

"Something has to be done now, and done quick," said the woman, and briskly got upon her feet. "Well, Sir Benjamin, do I go to gaol? Do you want your wife to know, yes or no?"

"Yes — no — oh, go to the devil!" groaned the baronet wildly.

"Your study yonder is a better place," she said, with a laugh. "You can come and let me out when the coast is clear."

"It's no use, the servants all know," cried Sir Benjamin, catching at her sleeve in his extremity. "What shall we do?"

"Buy 'em off," she said, and whisked into the study, noiseless and active as a cat. She stuck out her head: "Bye-bye, papa!" blew him a kiss, and dodged back in the nick of time. When butler Thomas entered, Sir Benjamin and the others were clustered by the fire, trying to look casual and indifferent and succeeding so well that each man's air struck a nice mean between Guy Fawkes and Latimer at the stake.

"Was that your mistress, Thomas?" asked the baronet, for the first time in his life afraid to look a fellow-man in the eye.

"Just come in, and says she'll be down in a few minutes, Sir Benjamin," said the man. "But there's two men here with a couple in a cart, a young man and a girl they've took up on the road for doubtful characters. And they want to search ——"

"Search what? They sha'n't search — I'll not have any searching in my house!"

"If you please, sir, they want to search ——"

"That's enough, Thomas, I don't care who they are, there'll be no searching. Send them here, and I'll talk to them."

"It's the young woman they want to search, please, sir," said Thomas doggedly. "They think she's a thief."

Sir Benjamin exchanged a ghastly glance with his advisers. "W — what woman?" he asked with difficulty.

"Please, sir, the young woman in the cart."

The baronet mopped his forehead. "Send 'em here," he reiterated; and then: "Oh — ah — Thomas ——"

"Yes, sir?"

"I — I've always been a good master to you, Thomas," said Sir Benjamin feebly.

"Yes, sir?"

"I — ah — there's a shilling for you, Thomas. You — you remember the lady that came in with me?"

"Yes, sir," said Thomas, a grin twitching at his lip.

"She's — ah — she's gone, Thomas, and I particularly don't want her mentioned to Lady Tidbury. I wish you'd tell the rest of the servants. I — I'm preparing a surprise for Lady Tidbury — and — and — damme, if one of you says a word about her, off he'll pack that minute, d'ye understand?" finished Sir Benjamin, forgetting how he had begun.

"Oh, Lord, yes, sir, I understand," said Thomas — and this time he grinned outright.

"The fellow smells a rat — you're worse off now than you were before," whispered O'Brien, when the man had left the room.

"I couldn't be," said Sir Benjamin grimly. "Here's Lady Tidbury, gentlemen. Maria, my dear ——"

Pellew remarked afterwards that he had never seen the likeness to the knocker come out so strong; but that may have been his uneasy conscience. Her ladyship was chilled and peevish from her long journey; also, she disapproved of her husband's guests. In the frigid nod she gave them both, in the very dropping of her eyelids and crossing of her black lace mits, she intimated that the one, as a mere medical man, was no fit associate for a county family, and that the other was a fox-hunting, hard-drinking Irishman.

"Good-evening, gentlemen. It's really getting very late. I suppose you have finished your business?" she inquired pointedly. "I believe Thomas is bringing up some people to see you, Benjamin. The maids tell me they think they've caught that woman the reward was out for."

"What!" chorused all three conspirators. And then there was a bar of silence.

"This is very amazing — most amazing, indeed!" ejaculated Sir Benjamin finally. "I — really I don't know what to think —" he looked over his wife's head, as the hall door once more opened — "*Sophia!*"

"How do you do, Uncle Benjamin?" said the girl placidly. "This is my friend, Mr. Chance."

Sir Benjamin gazed vacantly at the young man, at the girl still clinging to his arm, at the figures of Tom and Jem in the background, at his friends, at the mute Tidburys on the wall — and received enlightenment from none.

"This — is — the — cap-sheaf!" said he, sitting down heavily; "we've all gone mad!"

Tom pushed forward, eager, embarrassed, but respectful.

"It's the young woman, 'Squire, no doubt about it," he said. "I see you've got one o' the bills same as I have. Me and Jem would like to have the reward-money now, sir, being as Christmas' coming on, if so be 't ain't asking more than's proper."

Sir Benjamin turned a lacklustre eye toward him. "Stark, staring, raving mad!" he repeated. "Reward? What's this fellow gibbering about?"

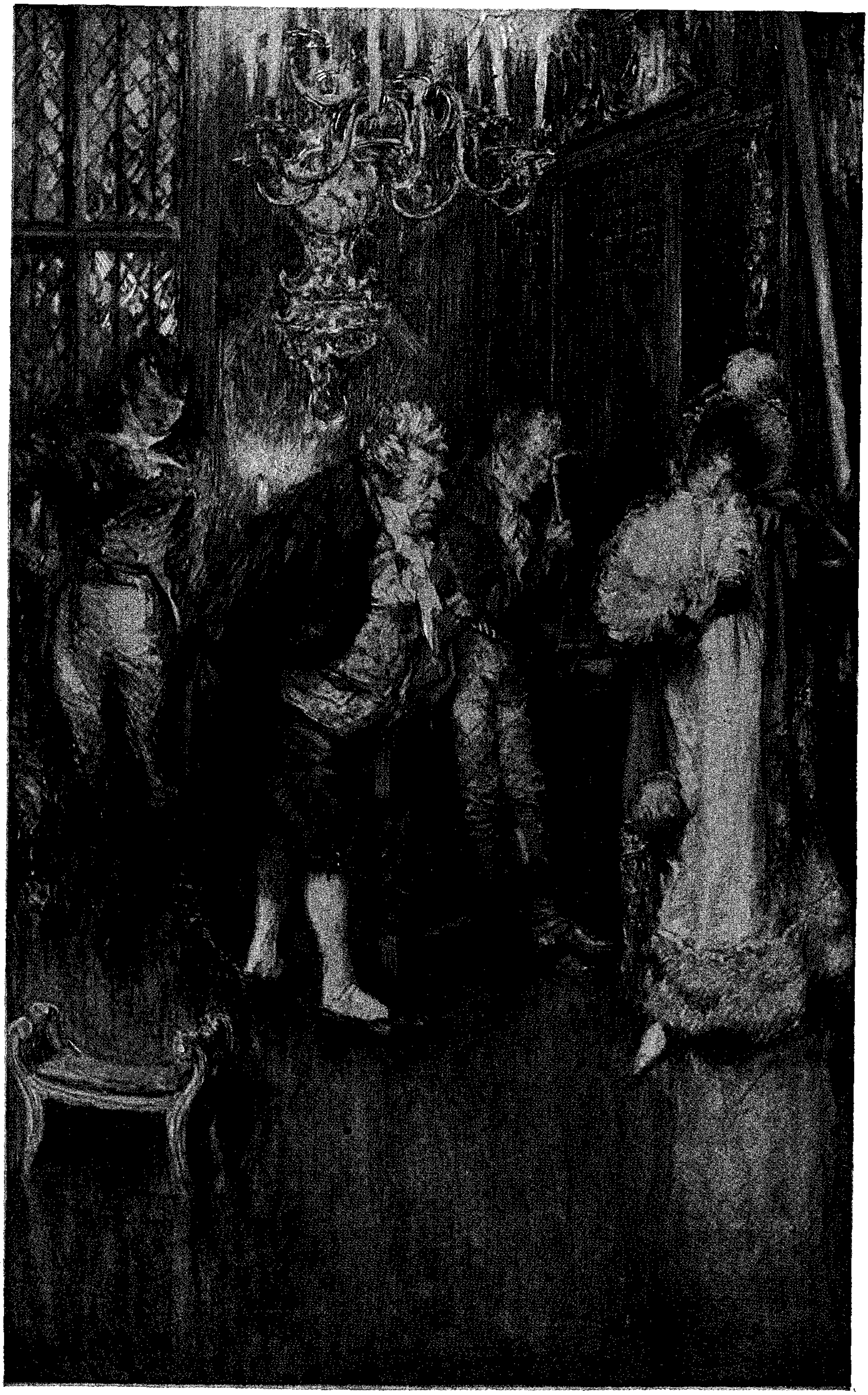
"Sir Benjamin," said Chance straightforwardly, "these two honest men think that Miss Drake is the Gurnett woman advertised for in that bill under your hand — and that I am her confederate. Nothing we could say could undeceive them, so they brought us here."

The baronet contemplated him for a moment while this explanation filtered through his mind. Then he slowly turned to Tom. "Is this true?"

"Why, yes, sir — yes, your Honour, I hope — I hope nothing's wrong —" stammered Tom.

"I was wrong," said Sir Benjamin, solemnly addressing the company; "we're not all mad — two of us are idiotic." He wagged a hand at the butler. "Take 'em away, Thomas, take 'em to the kitchen, to the stables, to anywhere you please, but take 'em."

"If you please, 'Squire — your Honour —" Tom began aghast.



"'WELL, SIR BENJAMIN, DO I GO TO GAOL? DO YOU WANT YOUR WIFE TO KNOW, YES OR NO?'"

Sir Benjamin smote the table such a blow with his clenched fist that everything upon it hopped, and the prisms fringing the old gilt candelabra tinkled together.

"Damnation!" he roared. "I'm a patient man, but I can't stand this! Take 'em away, I tell you, or ——"

"Benjamin!" ejaculated his horrified wife.

"Don't 'Benjamin,' me, ma'am, I won't be 'Benjamined,' by any woman alive!" And when Thomas had at last hustled the two crestfallen thief-takers out of the room: "Now then, young man," said he to Chance, in a slightly milder manner, "perhaps you'll be so good as to state who *you* are, and how *you* happen to be at large, without *your* keeper and straight-jacket?'

Chance briefly recited his own story and the girl's. "I hope you won't be hard on the men, Sir Benjamin," he finished. "They meant well. And as for Miss Drake and myself —" he stopped in an odd confusion. "I think you may perhaps know who I am," he resumed diffidently. "My father is Richard Chance of York. And ——"

"Are you Dick Chance's son?" interposed the baronet. "Why, I thought I remembered your face. But how you've grown!" His face cleared; he looked at the young man kindly. In his interest he forgot Destiny waiting for him behind the study door.

"I'm twenty-five," said John. "I was going to say, Sir Benjamin, that Sophy and I ——"

"So you don't want to marry Ashmore, eh?" said the old gentleman, turning to her with something like a twinkle in his eye.

"Mr. Philip Ashmore is —" began Lady Tidbury, in a funereal voice.

"I don't want to marry anybody," cried Sophy. "That is — well, I won't marry *him*, anyhow!"

"Lord, my dear, you've ~~no need~~ to," ~~said~~ Sir Benjamin benevolently. "Your Aunt Maria here talked me into it, to begin with."

"Mr. Philip Ashmore is —" Lady Tidbury began again.

"He's horrid, I know it," the girl cried out, casting herself upon the old gentleman. "Oh, Uncle Benjamin, I knew it would be right, if I could only see you!"

"Mr. Philip Ashmore," said Lady Tidbury impressively, "is an estimable young gentleman who plays the French horn, with a slight squint. I doubt very much if there can be any question of marriage with him now that Sophy has compromised herself by this piece of regrettable folly ——"

"Oh, compromise be da — be dished!" cried John, seizing the girl's hand. "Any man that couples 'compromise' with her name in my presence gets a caning. Sir Benjamin, Sophy and I ——"

"Here, here, here!" exclaimed the baronet, startled. "She can't marry a man she's only known four or five hours."

"Why, you wanted her to marry a man she didn't know at all!" cried Chance.

"Troth, he's got ye there, Sir Benjamin," observed the Irishman, with relish.

John looked at him inquiringly.

"Well, we'll have to see about it," said the baronet. "You behave like a lad of spirit, and I — well, we'll see about it. Oh, I forgot. Dr. Pellew, Mr. O'Brien, this is the son of my old friend, Dick Chance. I haven't seen the young man since he was so high, but I think I'd have known him anywhere, by his likeness to his father."

"Oh, but you have seen me, Sir Benjamin," said the young fellow, smiling. "I can't wonder at your not recalling it, you were so busy at the time. I mean when you met our friend, the lady of the abandoned carriage, this afternoon."

The doctor and O'Brien exchanged telegrams of consternation. Sir Benjamin met the young man's eye with a fishy stare.

"Do you know, I shouldn't wonder if that were Gipsy Moll herself," went on the unconscious Chance; "and, by-the-way, what on earth did you do with her?"

"Young man," said Sir Benjamin ponderously, "YOU ARE IN ERROR. I NEVER MET ANY WOMAN ANY WHERE ON ANY ROAD IN MY LIFE."

"Be the powers, he's going the whole hog!" said O'Brien under his breath.

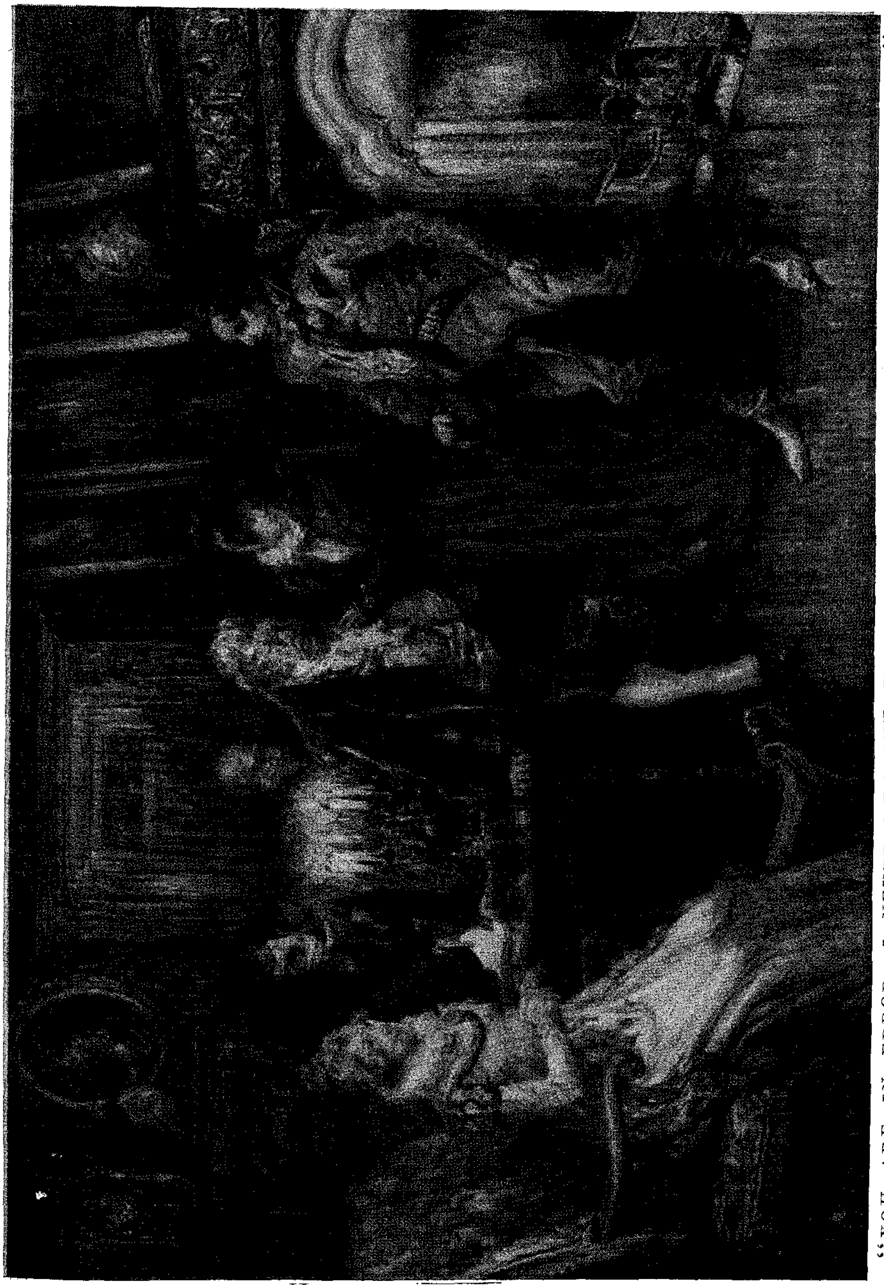
"Well, but — I certainly thought —" said John, bewildered. He caught O'Brien's eye. "Perhaps," he said sharply, thinking he was being made game of, "perhaps Mr. Sullivan will ~~explain why he is making~~ those extraordinary faces at me?"

"Me name's O'Brien, sir," said that gentleman tartly.

"Don't mind him — he can't help it — he has Saint Vitus' Dance," said Sir Benjamin, inwardly aghast at his own duplicity. "O'Brien, stop it! — Anything wrong with my study door, sir, that you're staring so hard at it?"

Alas, the wicked fleeth when no man pursueth! "I was not staring at it," retorted John, in astonishment. "What the deuce should I be staring at your study door for? I didn't even notice there was a door there until you spoke."

"But there *is* something wrong with it," Lady Tidbury announced. "I've been feeling the most frightful cold draught on my feet for the last quarter-hour. There's a great crack



"YOU ARE IN ERROR. I NEVER MET ANY WOMAN ANY WHERE ON ANY ROAD IN MY LIFE" under that door, and when the study window's open — one of you gentlemen go and shut it, please."

"Allow me!" exclaimed every man in the room, and there was a general movement towards the door. But Sir Benjamin waved them all back. "Allow *me*, gentlemen," said he forcibly. "My desk is open —" and he cautiously squeezed through a crack just wide enough to take in his lower waistcoat button.

"Is the old gentleman always that particular about his desk, Mr. — ah — Mr. Fogarty?" asked Chance in a whisper.

"Not always, Mr. — ah — Mr. Luck," said the Irishman blandly. 'The circumstances are — ahem — unusual — for the love o' heaven, Sir Benjamin, what's the matter?"

Sir Benjamin appeared on the threshold, grasping a Japanned-tin casket in both hands. He turned it upside down. He rattled it vehemently. Behind him, the door fell open, disclosing the little study empty and disordered, a raffle of papers strewn about the floor, two candles guttering in the tall brass candlesticks on the desk, the curtains whipping by the window in a rush of freezing air. Sir Benjamin gave the box one final tempestuous rattle and cast it on the floor.

"Empty, cleaned out, lock, stock, and barrel!" said he, thrust his hands deep in his pockets, planted his feet wide, and looked around with, amazing to relate, a smile on his face.

"Empty! What's empty?" screamed his wife.

"My cash-box!" said the baronet. "Somebody has evidently been in my study. She — I mean he, has rifled the place and escaped by the window. Compose yourself, Maria. Ri — tol — de — rol — riddle — tiddy — hi — o!" and he actually hummed a tune.

"What!" shrieked Lady Tidbury, and with commendable presence of mind she rushed to the bell-rope. "Thieves! Fire! Murder! Help!"

Thomas presented himself with a readiness that again suggested the keyhole. "Ma'am?"

"Thieves! Murder! Rouse the house!"

"Do nothing of the sort!" shouted Sir Benjamin, above the tumult. "Maria, be calm. Listen to what I have to say. We have few opportunities for long-suffering and forgiveness, my dear, and those we have we cannot afford to neglect. Somebody has robbed me. Do I kick up a row? Do I call for vengeance on her — him? Not at all. Quite the contrary. I hope it will do her — him some good, and I let it go. This is the Christmas season, Peace on earth, good-will to men! Besides she — he has fully half an hour's start, and we couldn't catch her — him, anyhow. Say no more, my dear, it's all over, thank the Lord! Thomas, is supper ready? You can bring up a bottle of '79."

"How much was in the cash-box?" Pellew whispered, as they left the room.

"Thirty-nine pounds, seven-and-six," returned the baronet, "and, Pellew, it was cheap at the price!"

EVENING SONG

BY WILLA SIBERT CATHER

DEAR love, what thing of all the things that be
Is ever worth one thought from you or me,
Save only Love,
Save only Love?

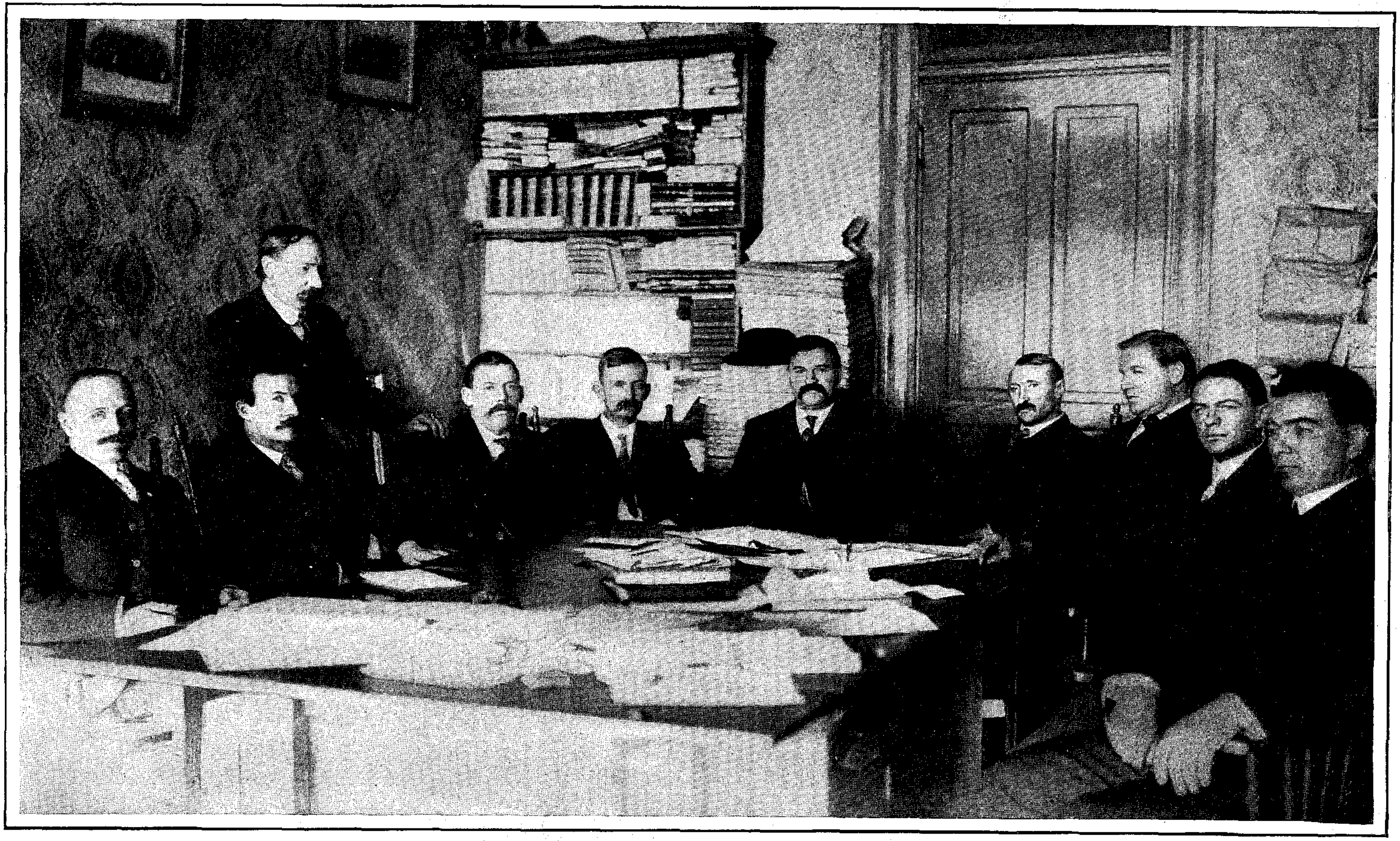
The days so short, the nights so quick to flee,
The world so wide, so deep and dark the sea,
So dark the sea;

So far the suns and every listless star,
Beyond their light — Ah! dear, who knows how far,
Who knows how far?

One thing of all dim things I know is true,
The heart within me knows, and tells it you,
And tells it you.

So blind is life, so long at last is sleep,
And none but Love to bid us laugh or weep,
And none but Love,
And none but Love.

From "April Twilights"



THE EXECUTIVE BOARD OF THE WESTERN FEDERATION OF MINERS, IN 1905

Reading from left to right: Ernest Mills, James Kirwan (present acting secretary), L. J. Simpkins, standing (now under indictment, but not in custody), Frank Schmelzer, Marion Moor, J. C. Williams, Charles H. Moyer (president, now under indictment), William D. Haywood (*secretary-treasurer*, now under indictment), D. J. Brown, and C. E. Mahoney (now acting president)

INTRODUCTORY NOTE TO THE CONFESSION AND AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF HARRY ORCHARD

BY GEORGE KIBBE TURNER

FROM May, 1899, to July, 1902, Harry Orchard — like many of the union fugitives from the Coeur d'Alene mines — had a varied experience. He worked in different places in Utah, California, Arizona, Nevada, and southern Idaho; and, with characteristic enterprise and insouciance, he turned his hand to a variety of occupations, ranging from mining to driving milk wagons and taking wood-cutting contracts. The story of this period of his life will be told when his autobiography is published in book form.

In the meanwhile the Western Federation of Miners — wiped out of the Coeur d'Alenes — found its principal stronghold in Colorado. In 1901 its headquarters were moved from Butte, Montana, to Denver. In 1902 Ed Boyce, who had been president of the organization since 1896, resigned its leadership. W. D. Haywood, who was elected secretary-treasurer in 1901, and C. H. Moyer, who succeeded Boyce as president in 1902, have held it ever since.

For the ten years ending in 1904, Colorado had experienced an almost continuous series of strikes conducted by the Federation, starting soon after the formation of that body in 1893. All of these struggles were violent.

In February, 1894, when the Federation was becoming established in Cripple Creek, several of the large mines in that district attempted to reduce wages. The miners began a campaign of maltreating and driving out the non-union men, with whom the mines were being worked. The sheriff of the county, co-operating with the mine owners, swore in several hundred deputies to protect the mines. The miners, thoroughly armed, established a military camp on Bull Hill, took possession of a number of mines, and blew up the shaft house and machinery of the Strong mine with dynamite. The militia were called out, and a pitched battle between the strikers and deputies prevented by them, but only after one man had been killed and six wounded in a skirmish. A settlement favoring the strikers was finally arranged in June, Governor Davis H. Waite acting as the strikers' representative in making this.

In May, 1896, the Federation local union at Leadville declared a strike to secure a raise in wages. The strikers armed themselves, large consignments of rifles being shipped to them. Their representatives, deputized by the sheriff, patrolled the district, which was practically under their control. No mines were started until August, when the Coronado and Emmet began work. Shortly after midnight on September 21st, a company of strikers attacked the Coronado mine, blew up an oil tank with dynamite, and burned the mine buildings. Three of the strikers — all Federation members — were killed by those defending the mine, and a member of the city fire department, who was endeavoring to put out the blaze, was shot and killed, after the mob had threatened the firemen with death if they tried to stop the fire. A few hours afterward the strikers attacked the Emmet mine, where another member of the Federation was killed. Governor A. W. McIntire immediately ordered in the militia, and peace was restored. By February, 1897, most of the union miners had returned to work on the mine owners' terms. The Federation has never gained a strong footing in Leadville since.

In May, 1901, the Federation local union at Telluride began a strike against the Smuggler-Union mine there. The management continued work with non-union men. On July 3rd two hundred and fifty armed men attacked this mine. One striker and two of the company's employees were killed, and six men were wounded. The non-union men surrendered on the promise of safety, but eighty-eight of them were maltreated and forced to walk out over the mountains by the strikers. One was beaten into insensibility, and another shot through both arms. Three days afterward the mine made an agreement with the strikers. On the evening of November 19, 1902, Arthur Collins, manager of the mine during the strike, was shot through a window of his residence and killed.

Orchard went to work at Cripple Creek in the summer of 1902. The next summer came the great culmination of the labor troubles in Colorado. Orchard tells the story of these, and his sensational connection with them, in the following instalment of his autobiography.

THE CONFESSION AND AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF HARRY ORCHARD*

I

I GO TO LIVE IN CRIPPLE CREEK

ABOUT the middle of July, 1902, I left Salt Lake City with Arthur Dulan for Cripple Creek, Colorado. On arriving in the district I stopped at Victor first. I only stayed there a few days, and then went over to Independence, and Mr. Dulan introduced me to Johnnie Neville, who ran a saloon. He was an old miner, and got hurt by a man falling on him in a stope, and so had to stop work, and went into the saloon business. Mr. Neville was a liberal and good-hearted fellow. He and I got to be quite good friends, and I boarded with him quite a while.

I will give a little account of the Cripple Creek district and its surroundings. This was then the greatest gold-producing camp in the world. It is about one hundred miles from Denver, and about thirty miles from Colorado Springs. It has three different railroads running to it, one from Florence and two from Colorado Springs. The altitude is about ten thousand feet above sea level. The climate is mild, and there is very little snow in winter. The country is not rough like most mining-camps. It is a long way to bed-rock, — in some places nearly a hundred feet, — so it is a pretty hard place to prospect. I think the district has a population of about thirty thousand.

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* Begun in July, 1907

Cripple Creek is the largest town, and Victor next, and there are several other smaller towns. Goldfield, Independence, Altman, and Midway are on Bull Hill. Then Elkton and Anaconda lie between Victor and Cripple Creek, and Cameron lies on the north side, at the foot of Bull Hill. There is an electric car system all over the district, and you can ride from Cripple Creek to Victor for ten cents, and the cars run every half-hour. The steam roads also run suburban trains, so you can ride practically all over the district. It is more like living in a city than a mining-camp. They have a fine opera-house at Victor, and also one at Cripple Creek, and nearly all the good plays come there. There are good hotels. There are no company boarding-houses or stores. All work at the mines is eight hours. The wages run from three to four dollars per day, and without an exception this is the finest mining-camp to work at that there is in the country, if not in the world. I think they employ about six thousand miners. There are hardly any foreigners there, and no Chinamen at all.

Mr. Neville introduced me to some of the mine managers, and I got a job in a few days in the Trachyte mine. I had learned to mine pretty well by this time, and ran a machine drill. I worked at the Trachyte about four months, and then had a little trouble with the engineer and quit. I got a job right away at the Hull City mine. I worked in the Hull City altogether three or four months. Then I went over to the Vindicator No. 1 with Mr. Warren, the contractor I was working for at the Hull City. I worked for them till the strike in August, 1903.

When I was working here at the Vindicator I got to "high grading." Most of the miners were looking for high-grade ore or "glommings" — "something good for the vest pocket," they called it. The other ore they called "company ore." Most all the paying mines there had more or less "high grade" in bunches. Some places in the ore chutes you would find sylvanite that was almost pure gold. There was plenty of ore that would run two or three dollars a pound. There were two of us working alone in the stope when I started. We would put high-grade screenings between our underclothes and pants legs, down where they were tucked into our shoes. I remember once of carrying out a little over fifty pounds stored away in my clothes. My partner said to me, if I fell down, I would not be able to get up again. Still, altogether, I did not get so much as many did. In all I must have made not to exceed five hundred dollars "high grading" while I was in Cripple Creek.

I believe there have been hundreds of thousands of dollars taken out of these mines this way. I know of one man that it was said made about twenty thousand dollars in two years, and smaller amounts are accredited to others. There was a superintendent at Independence that some of the miners have told me they stood in with, and had to divide up with. He was a gambling fiend, and used to lose twice as much as his salary was every month gambling. There were plenty of assayers that made a business of buying stolen ore. There were four assay shops in the little town of Independence, and besides the producing mines had their own assayers. These outside assayers were mostly all there to buy high-grade ore from the miners. The miner would steal it from the mine, and when he took it to the assayer to sell it, the assayer would steal about half of it from the miner, and the miner could not say anything, and the assayer knew this. The only thing he could do was to take it to another assayer, but I never found any difference. They were all alike, and had an understanding with each other, and they would all give about the same returns. They would buy anything that would run fifty cents or over a pound, and some would buy a lower grade. There were several of these assay offices blown up in Cripple Creek—once, I think, seven in one night. This was laid to the mine owners, and no doubt they had it done, thinking this would scare the assayers out, and the miners would have no place to sell the ore and would not steal it.* The mine owners used to watch pretty close, and in some mines made the miners change their clothes down to their underclothes at the mines, but there was always some way to get "high grade" out.

I worked around the mines on Bull Hill about a year before the strike, spending my money as fast as I earned it. I worked pretty steadily and got good wages — four dollars per day of eight hours most of the time, and the "high grade" on the side. Still I was a very unhappy man, and seemingly had no mind of my own and no purpose in life, and often wished I was dead, and often thought to end my miserable existence. I tried to be cheerful, and think perhaps I made a good showing on the outside, but if any human mortal could have read my inner thoughts as God can, they would have had a different story to tell.

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* It is generally believed in the Cripple Creek district that the mine owners did this — not finding any legal process through which they could reach these assayers.

I often drank to stop and deaden my thoughts, for sometimes my past life would rise up before me as fresh as though it was but a day ago, and, try as hard as I could, I could not get it out of my mind. I would think of my dear wife and little girl, and wonder if they were still living and how they were getting along. At such times I would go to the saloon and drink to drown the sorrow, as I thought I must forget that they were anything to me. I often thought I would take a trip back there and disguise myself and see what had become of them, but I never got started. I used to go out in company some, but never enjoyed myself.

I met a lady in Cripple Creek and kept company with her a short time that spring, and asked her to marry me, and she consented. She was a widow and was keeping house; her husband was killed in the mines there a few years before. Her name was Ida Toney. I saved up a little money, and we were married. I think this was in June. I did not mean anything wrong to her, and thought the past dead to me, and thought if I had some place I could call home I would be more contented. I was going under an assumed name, and it was about seven years since I had heard from home. I had never met any one I knew, and as I had changed a great deal during that time, I did not think any one would recognize me.

This was a good, true little woman, and while I might not have loved her as a man ought to love the woman he is going to make his wife, still I loved her as much as I could love any one, and thought enough of her to be good to her, and intended to take care of her well. I had worked about two months after we were married when the strike was called in August, 1903. In that short time after we were married, I had saved up a little money and bought some furniture, and had it almost paid for, and fixed up the house some. Mrs. Toney owned the house herself.

II

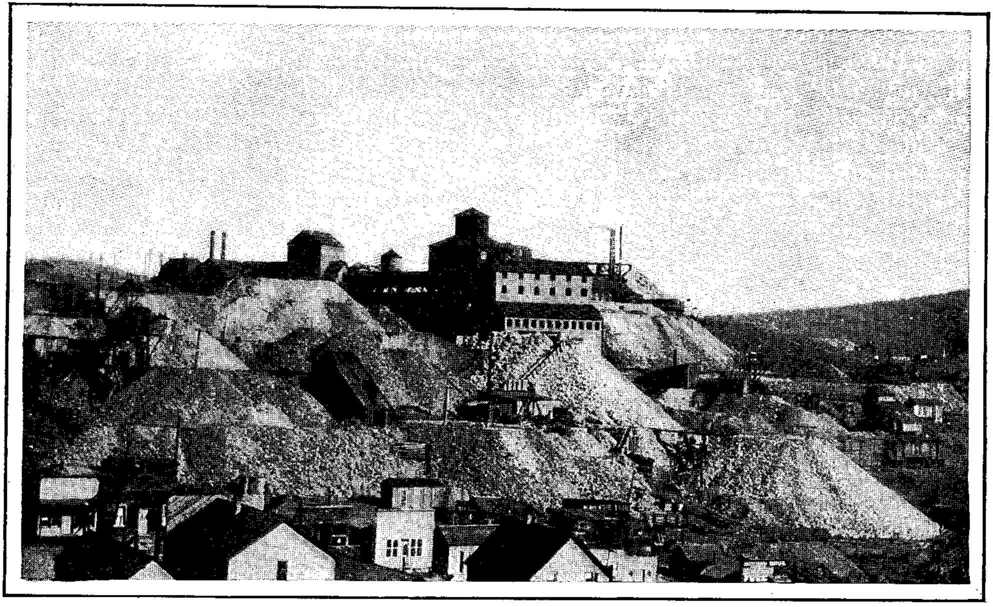
THE BIG STRIKE OF 1903

I HAD never taken any particular interest in unions up to this time. I had never worked anywhere, since leaving Burke, Idaho, where there was a miners' union, till I came to Cripple Creek. W. F. Davis and W. B. Easterly had come to me when I first went to work in the district, and asked me to join the Altman union. I knew Davis from the Coeur d'Alenes. He was the man that had command of the union men when we blew up the Bunker Hill & Sullivan mill. He was president of the Altman union now, and Easterly was secretary. So after I had a payday I went up and joined this union. Still, I never took much interest in it till the strike.

The Cripple Creek district was considered a union district, notwithstanding there were a good many men working there that did not belong to the union, and part of the mines ran on the open-shop principle. The big mines on Bull Hill all recognized the unions, and this end practically controlled the unions of the district. There were eight unions in the district — one miners' union at Victor, one at Cripple Creek, one at Anaconda, and one at Altman; one engineers' union at Victor, one at Cripple Creek, and one at Independence; and a mill- and smelter-men's union at Victor. These unions each selected one or two delegates, and the delegates composed the district union.

The Victor union was the largest and most conservative. The men belonging to the Free Coinage union at Altman, where I was a member, used to often be called "the Bull Hill dynamiters." This was only the third largest miners' union in the district, but they had always had very radical leaders. Dan McGinley had been a former leader. He had been looked up to as a great man, and although dead they used to keep his memory alive by having his picture hanging in the union hall.

The Cripple Creek district was so large that the unions could not control it the same as they did the Coeur d'Alenes, and non-union men were pretty safe in big towns like Victor and Cripple Creek, but the Free Coinage union had the vicinity of Bull Hill well under their control, the same as in the Coeur d'Alenes, and there was hardly a man both working and living on Bull Hill that did not belong to some of the unions. There had been a great many men beaten up and run away from there because they did not join the unions, or pay their dues, or because they were suspected of being spies. The Free Coinage miners' union kept a "timber gang," as they called them, to do this work. Easterly, who was an ex-secretary, and Sherman Parker, who was secretary when the strike came, had helped to do this kind of work before they became officers of the union. Steve Adams, Billy Aikman, "Slim" Campbell, H. H. McKinney, Billy Gaffney, and Ed Minster and others were in the gang. These men hardly ever worked and always seemed to have plenty of money, and Steve Adams has since told me they were ready for any old thing, from running



THE VINDICATOR MINE ON BULL HILL

After an unsuccessful attempt to destroy this mine by exploding a carload of powder stored within it, Orchard succeeded in blowing up the superintendent and shift boss on the sixth level with a charge of fifty pounds of dynamite

men out of the district to killing them, as long as they got the money.

This strike in August, 1903, was called because the Standard mill in Colorado City discriminated against union men, and the miners at Cripple Creek were called out in order to cut off the ore supply from the Standard mill and force a settlement. The Telluride mill was also closed at Colorado City. The Portland mine was the only big mine that was not called out, as it had its own mills and granted the union's demand. There were a few smaller mines working, but only a few. One strike against the mills was called in February, and some of the miners went out for a short time in March. Then there was a settlement for a while, but in July the mill-men were called out again, because it was claimed Mr. MacNeill, the manager of the Standard mill, was not keeping his agreement; and on August 10th the Cripple Creek miners went out again.

I know this whole thing had been arranged at the Western Federation of Miners' convention at Denver in May and June of 1903. And while I do not think the convention acted on it officially, the leaders on the executive board and some of the local leaders in Colorado agreed to make Colorado a "slaughter ground," as W. F. Davis later expressed it to me — that is, to call out all the miners, mill-men, and smelter-men in Colorado, and force all the managements to give them all an eight-hour day and a recognition of the union. Most places in the mines and mills of Colorado had the eight-hour day — though the smelter-men and the Leadville miners and perhaps some others did not. But there were many conditions which the Federation leaders did not like, and they meant to change them at this time. Haywood and Moyer and others of the labor leaders have told me that they took advantage of the legislature failing to pass an eight-hour bill after the State had voted for it the year before by such a large majority,* to make all the mines, mills, and smelters, where unions were organized, recognize the unions and pay the union's scale of wages all over Colorado. At the same convention, they passed a resolution allowing the head officers of the union to call a strike if they thought best to, when they wanted to support another strike.

Mr. Moyer and Mr. Haywood have always denied that they had anything to do with calling this Cripple Creek strike, because this resolution did not take effect for six months, until after it was endorsed by the local unions. They claimed that the district union of Cripple Creek called the strike there. This is true, they did call the strike, but they were acting on advice, and you might say orders, from Moyer and Haywood. The district union in Cripple Creek was mostly composed of men that were controlled by Moyer and Haywood, and it appointed three men on the committee to see about calling the strike, and they approved of it. Sherman Parker and W. F. Davis of the Altman union were on this, and Charles Kennison of Cripple Creek, all radical men; and the Victor union, that was the largest miners' union in the district, and was conservative, had no representative at all, while the most radical one and the next to the smallest, at Altman, had two. If this sympathetic strike had been left to a referendum vote of the miners of the district, it never would have passed, and the men who favored this strike knew this. I never will think it is wise to call out four or five thousand men to enforce the demands of a hundred and fifty or two hundred. And I know that many quit against their will when the order came.[*]

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* In the election of November 4, 1902, the State of Colorado voted for constitutional amendment providing for an eight-hour day in the mining industries by a majority of 46,714, in a total vote of 99,246.

Some will ask, "What did they quit for? they did not have to." There are several reasons why men quit against their will. In the first place, the unions were in the great majority, and had most of the local peace officers on their side. Men had been run out of the district and beaten up because they would not join the union, and they could not expect much protection from the local authorities, and again men did not like to be called "scabs" and to have their names, and in many instances their photographs, sent to every miners' union in the country, for miners travel around a good deal. The secretaries of the unions post up these names in the union halls, and also the photographs, if they have them. There is 'most always some one in every camp that knows these men, and many men have disappeared in mysterious ways, and others have been killed in various ways while working in the mines. These are always reported as accidents, and some of them no doubt are, but I know of some that were not, and have been told by reliable sources that many are not, and I know there are many ways to get away with a man working in the mines and make it appear an accident. So, after taking all these things into consideration, one can readily understand why men quit work and go on a strike when ordered to do so by their officers.

As I have said, it was the intention of the Federation leaders to call the miners out all over the State, and tie up the mines, mills, reduction works, and smelters. They called out the smelter-men at the Globe and Grant smelter works at Denver. They also tried to call out all the miners in the San Juan district, as they were well organized there, but most of the miners in this district had agreements with the mine operators and would not break them. However, at Telluride they found a way around this. Most of the men went on strike for an eight-hour day for a few mill-men there, although many of the mill-men did not quit themselves, but were forced to by the closing of the mines. The Smuggler-Union miners did not strike, but they got the cooks and waiters at their boarding-houses to leave, and this gave the miners an excuse to quit, as they would not board where there were non-union cooks and waiters. Telluride was the only camp in the San Juan district where they succeeded in getting the unionists to quit work. I think they had from ten to twelve hundred men in the miners' union at Telluride.

C. H. Moyer, president of the Western Federation, tried to get the miners out at Ouray, but they finally decided not to come out, after he had got them once to vote to do so. At Silverton the largest union in the district absolutely refused to come out. Most of the coal-miners in Colorado went on strike, too, about this time.

But, as I have stated, in Cripple Creek the men practically all quit work when ordered to do so, and there was a strike committee appointed, and there was a circular sent out from headquarters to all kinds of unions throughout the country soliciting money for a fund which they called the "eight-hour fund." And they also sent men all over the country soliciting aid for the strikers. They got up great public sympathy because the legislatures refused to pass the eight-hour bill, as they should have done when the people of the State voted so strong for it. But, as I have explained, the big strike at Cripple Creek had nothing to do with the eight-hour law and this was the case at Telluride, so far as the miners themselves were concerned.[*]

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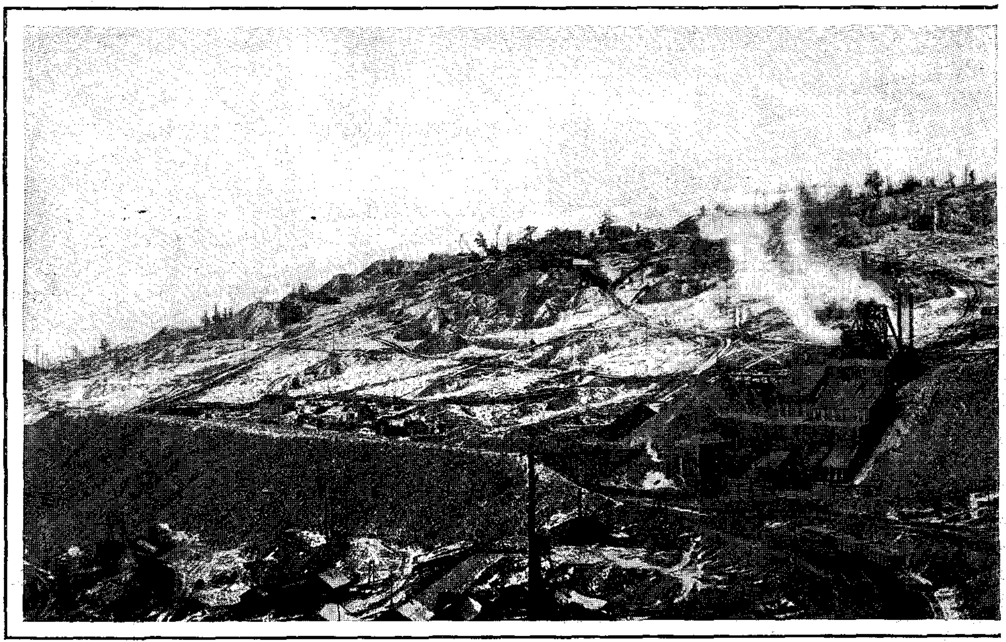
[*] The Colorado City mill- and smelter-men's union, which started this strike, was first formed August 14, 1902. On February 14th, the date of its first strike against the Standard mill of the United States Reduction & Refining Co., forty-six out of two hundred and twelve employees belonged to the union. On July 3rd, the date of the second strike, thirteen of the one hundred and fifty employees were union men. On August 11th, the day after the Cripple Creek miners were called out the second time, the number of men on strike in that district was three thousand five hundred and fifty-two. The United States Commissioner of Labor's report on the Colorado labor troubles to the United States Senate in 1905 says, concerning this second miners' strike: "There is no doubt that this sympathetic strike was very unpopular with the miners. Indeed, many well informed, disinterested persons assert that ninety per cent of the miners were opposed to the second sympathetic strike, and this has been admitted even by some prominent members of the Federation."

[*] C. H. Moyer, president of the Federation, when cross-examined before the commissioner appointed by the Governor to look into the Colorado City and Cripple Creek strikes of February and March, 1903, gave the following testimony:

Question. "What was the cause of the strike?"
Mr. Moyer. "The discharge of men from the mill for being members of organized labor."
Question. "You were not making any complaint regarding hours?"
Mr. Moyer. "None whatever."
Question. "Have these men in the Cripple Creek district any grievance against their employers?"
Mr. Moyer. "None whatever."

The situation at the opening of this strike — so far as the eight-hour question and the relations between the employers and employed at Cripple Creek was concerned — was exactly the same as in the second strike.



Courtesy of the Denver News

Panorama of the eastern slope of Bull Hill, in the Cripple Creek district, Colorado, where many of The non-union men who were murdered in the dynamiting of

III

THE MILITIA COME TO CRIPPLE CREEK

AT first, after the strike was called at Cripple Creek, things went on pretty orderly for two or three weeks. The sheriff was a union man before he was elected, and the union men expected him to protect them.* There were some non-union men brought in, and some of them were deputized, and the union men were after the sheriff to make him arrest the non-union men for carrying concealed weapons, and the mine operators were after him to disarm the union men. ’Most every one went armed, and there were several arrested on each side. If a non-union man was brought up before a justice of the peace that was a union sympathizer, he would be fined the limit, and if a union man was brought before a non-union sympathizer, he would be fined the limit. The justices were nearly all either union men or sympathizers, and they would let the union men go as light as possible, but the non-union justices did the same for their men. The mine operators were after the sheriff to call upon Governor Peabody for the militia, and the union men were after him not to, but to deputize all the men he wanted, and they would furnish them, and he was between two fires. There had been no depredations committed at this time, and the strike committee assured the sheriff there would be none.

The last of the month there was a non-union man brought before a justice of the peace at Anaconda, named Hawkins, for carrying concealed weapons, and he was let off with a light fine or none at all, I have forgotten which. A few days afterwards this justice was over at Altman one afternoon, and Ed Minster and "Slim" Campbell, of the Altman "timber gang," slugged him and beat him up some, and this was the real beginning of hostilities. Right after this there was an old non-union carpenter named Stewart taken out of his house at Independence at night, beaten up and shot and left for dead. This was done by the Altman "timber gang." The strike committee and union leaders were always advising the rank and file of the unions publicly to be quiet and

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* The following list of civil officers in the Cripple Creek district, who were members of the Federation in 1903, shows the influence of that body in the local government.

Teller County — sheriff, H. M. Robertson, member of miners' union No. 32; under-sheriff, Jim Gaughan, miners' union No. 19; coroner, M. J. Doran, miners' union No. 32. The county clerk and assessor were union men, and other officials were said to be controlled by the Federation.

Cripple Creek — only one or two officers were Federation men, but many offices were held by union men, and others were said to be controlled by the Federation.

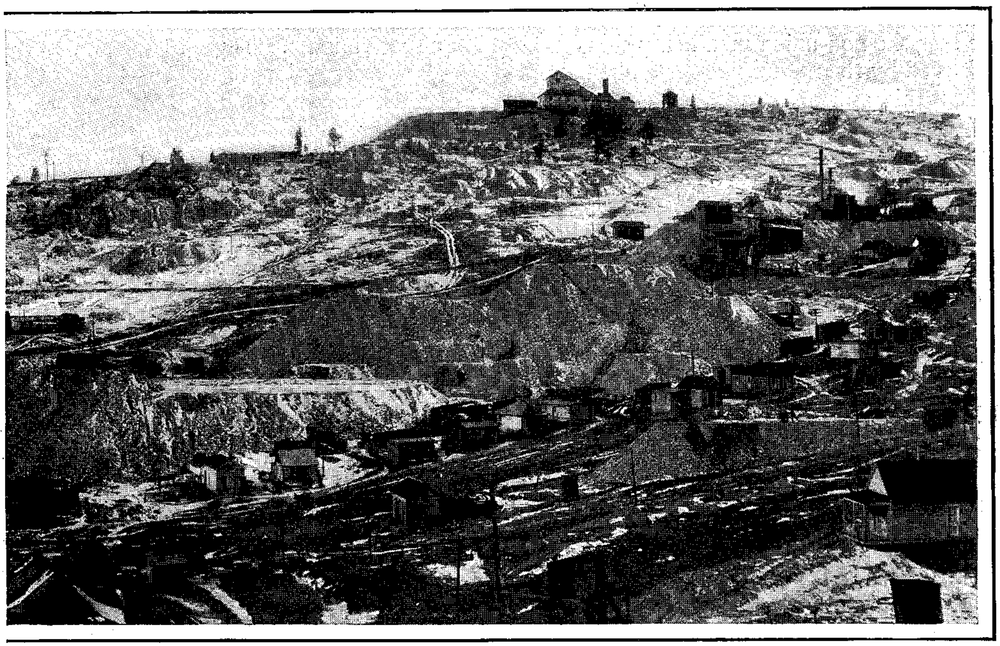
Victor — day marshal, Mike J. O'Connell; night marshal, Mike Lamb; street commissioner, Simon O'Rourke; fire chief, J. Murphy, Jr.; jailer, James Printy; aldermen, J. Murphy, Sr., James J. Tobin, and Hugh Healy; and four policemen — all members of miners' union No. 32.

Goldfield — police magistrate, H. P. Kean; day marshal, J. J. Brothers; night marshal, R. C. McCarthy — all members of miners' union No. 19. Aldermen all Federation men.

Independence — marshal, Harvey Starbuck, miners' union No. 19.

Anaconda — aldermen, A. Petersen, Burt Hutchison, Paul Hensen, all members of miners' union No. 21. Marshal and all officials said to be partizans of Federation.

Altman — justice of peace, J. W. Cooper, miners' union No. 19.



the mines involved in the labor war are situated. In the foreground at the left is the Findley mine, the Independence depot were returning from work in this mine

not commit any acts of violence, but secretly they were having these things done.* I did not know that then, of course. The mine operators appealed to the sheriff to call on the Governor for troops, but he said he would not, as he said he was able to handle the situation.

So the Mayor of Victor and some of the leading citizens of Victor and Cripple Creek petitioned the Governor for troops, and he sent a committee to investigate, and the troops followed the next day. This was on September 4th, I think. The troops were in charge of Sherman Bell, adjutant-general of Colorado. I think there were between a thousand and twelve hundred of the State militia. They did not declare martial law at first, but the troops acted with the civil authorities.

I just want to say a word in regard to the State militia, and especially when they are mustered in on short notice. Every place I have seen them, there has always been a low, hobo element among them, and while there is, no doubt, plenty of good men, this low rowdy element always take advantage of their position and commit many disgraceful things, and the whole body are blamed for them. It is not my purpose to wrongfully criticize either party, but I want to give the facts as they occurred. There were several deputies there, working with the militia, that were men who had just recently been paroled or pardoned from the State penitentiary, and had come almost direct to Cripple Creek and been deputized. Some of these men were well known in the district, and had been sent to the penitentiary from there, and they were considered all-round bad men, and showed no signs of reform. When I saw some of these militia and ex-convicts going around to men's houses searching for firearms — sometimes at night after men had retired; and I knew some of them had no respect for the privacy of the wives and families — it made me angry. This, of course, did not happen much, but it happened enough to create a very bitter feeling.

In this strike, as in most others, the real issue at stake was soon lost sight of. Especially if the militia is called upon, a strike soon narrows down to a personal enmity between the militia and the non-union men on one side, and the union men on the other. As frictions arise, as they surely will, most of the strikers forget the real cause of the strike, and although a man at first might not have been in sympathy with the strike, and might have known it was wrong, as he sees the non-union men being shipped in and herded by the militia like cattle, he forgets all about this, and he hates these men and hates the militia, and they become more and more bitter toward each other. The union men call the militia "scabs" and "scab herders," and the militia call the union men anarchists and dynamiters, and the breach widens as the strike proceeds, and it is more like two hostile armies — only the strikers know they cannot fight in the open. After they are prodded around with a rifle and bayonet a while, they begin to think up some way to get even, and men will do things at such times, and feel justified in, that they would not think of at ordinary times.

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* On the evening of September 2, 1903, the following statement was issued by the executive committee of the miners' union in the Cripple Creek district:

"The executive committee wishes to say that they deplore the outrages perpetrated upon Mr. Thomas M. Stewart and Mr. John P. Hawkins on Tuesday, and the committee further states that they realize that outrages of this character will be charged to the union, no matter if perpetrated by irresponsible outside parties. The committee will not countenance any lawlessness, knowing that this is the greatest harm that can possibly happen to the union cause. They realize that the unions have all the best of the strike, and they earnestly caution and implore the union men to encourage no lawlessness, no matter what the provocation may be from the other side. The committee positively disclaims that any unions of the district are in any manner, directly or indirectly, implicated in the promotion of the assaults, to which reference has been made.

"EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE,
"District Union No. 1, Western Federation of Miners."

When the militia first arrived in the Cripple Creek district, they were divided into three camps — one near Anaconda, one between Victor and Goldfield, and the other on Bull Hill between Independence and Altman. There had been no disturbance there since Stewart had been beaten up and shot, and there wasn't much for the militia to do that way at first. Their first work was to guard the mines, as fast as they got non-union men to start them up. During August there were union pickets armed with six-shooters around the mines, but there were no union pickets placed at the mines after the militia arrived. The militia patrolled the district day and night with cavalry, and there were guards stationed at all the non-union mines.

IV

THE EXPLOSION IN THE VINDICATOR MINE

I THOUGHT at first I would not have anything to do with the strike, and I had taken no part in it up to the time the militia came. I had been "high grading," and had a little money saved up, and had not asked for any relief from the union. A few days after the militia arrived, Johnnie Neville and myself went to Denver, and went from there over to Routt County hunting, and were gone about a month.

There had nothing unusual occurred then. But soon after we left, the militia made several arrests of men active in the union — most of them from the Bull Hill end of the district. Some of these men, whose names I remember, were Sherman Parker, W. F. Davis, W. B. Easterly, H. H. McKinney, Tom Foster, Paddy Mulaney, "Slim" Campbell, and Victor Poole. The militia established a "bull pen" at Goldfield. This was nothing like the "bull pen" in the Coeur d'Alenes. It was a small affair. I do not think they ever had had more than twenty arrested at once up to that time. They used a small jail at first, and afterward they built a special house. This was not over twelve by twenty feet, I should say.

We thought perhaps the strike would be settled by the time we came back from hunting, but we found out when we came out from the hills that it was far from settled, and was getting worse all the time. If I had not been married there, I would not have gone back, but I went back about the middle of October.

While we had been gone, the civil courts and the militia officers had been fighting over the union leaders they had in the "bull pen." The judge of the district court had issued habeas corpus papers to compel the militia officers to bring these men into court and show cause for holding them. The officers were satisfied they ought to hold these men, but they knew they could not prove anything against them and did not want to take them into court. But they were finally brought into court, and the judge ordered them released or turned over to the civil authorities. The officers refused at first to do this, and the union leaders wanted the judge to have the sheriff enforce his order, and the sheriff to deputize enough men and arm them to carry it out. This would have meant much bloodshed, as it would not have been much trouble to get men to fight the militia, and the miners had a good many arms and plenty of ammunition. But the lawyers advised the judge not to do this.

Now, nothing could have happened to suit the head officers of the union any better than this, unless it would have been for the judge to direct the sheriff to enforce his order. This looked to the public like persecution, and as if these militia officers wanted to hold these men in the "bull pen" just because they were union men and leaders. But finally the Governor ordered the union men released, and there was no more trouble then.*

After this first clash between the civil officers and the militia, things went along pretty quiet for a time. The militia released the men, and after that they and the civil officers worked more in harmony. I did not take any active part. I attended the union meetings and felt more in sympathy with them, as I, like 'most every one else, thought they were persecuting these men because they were active union men, and I hated the militia more than I did the

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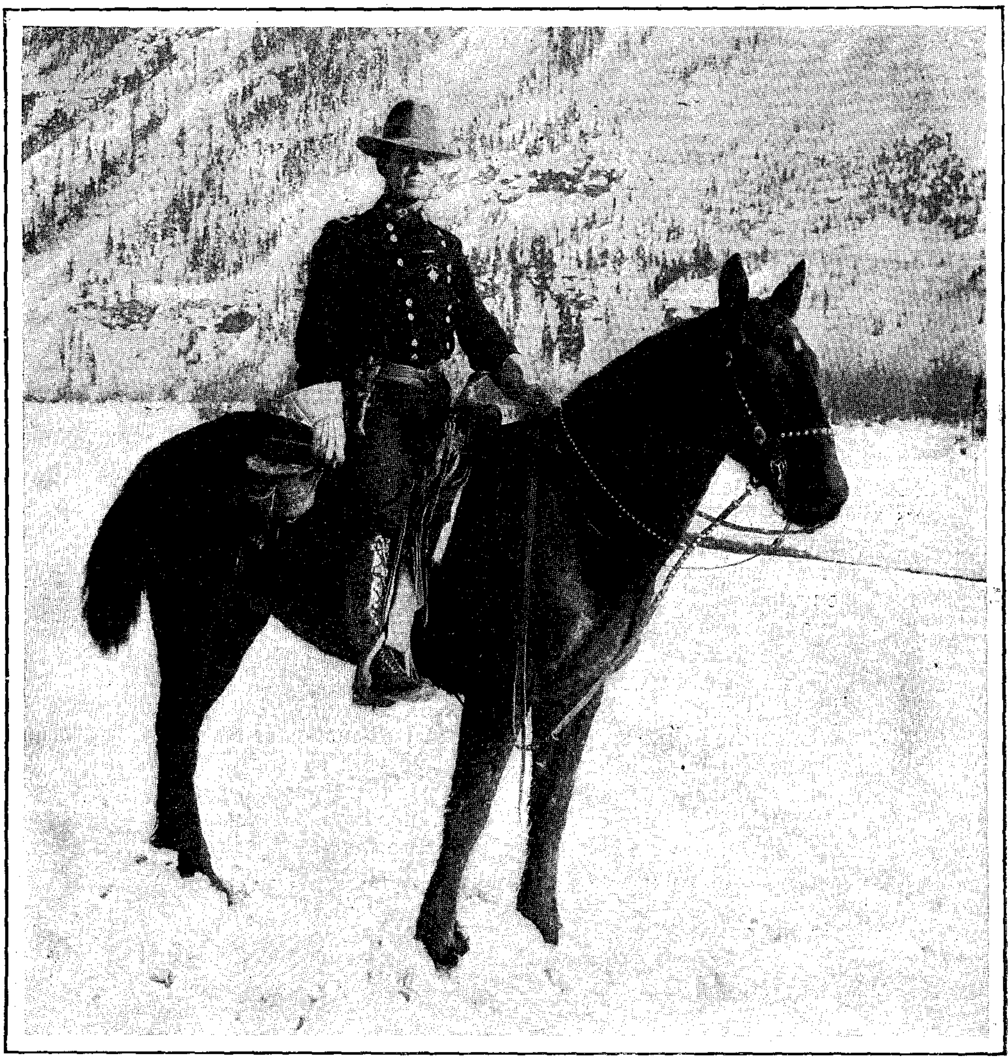
* These are the habeas corpus cases heard by Judge W. P. Seeds at Cripple Creek from September 21st to 24th, during which time the prisoners were guarded by militiamen. Judge Seeds held that a military commander, ordered into the field by the Governor, could make arrests, but must immediately turn the persons arrested over to the civil authorities. He consequently ordered the prisoners discharged. The military commander held that he had a right to retain the prisoners, as an agent of the Governor, and did not release them until he received a telegram from Governor Peabody ordering him to do so.



SHERMAN BELL, ADJUTANT-GENERAL OF COLORADO

General Bell was in personal command of the troops sent by Governor Peabody to the Cripple Creek district

non-union men. But I hated them all, and felt more bitter against them all the time. Some of the militia were camped at first not more than a hundred yards from our house. There were some kids amongst them that did not look to be more than fifteen years old. They would be peddling ham and anything else they had to the saloons for whisky, and the better acquainted they got with the people, the more officious they got. I am speaking of these things to show the reader how such bitter feelings get worked up between men at such times. There were some of the militia that lived, or had lived, in the district, and they sometimes had some old score to settle with the union men, as none of the union belonged to the militia.

During the quiet time I went to "high grading" again in the Vindicator mine. This was a little risky, as the shaft we had to go down was only about a hundred feet from the shaft house, where some of the militia were camped; but as this shaft had no shaft house over it, we could get out of sight pretty quick. This "high grading" was no easy job, as we had to climb down an old man-way nine hundred feet, where the ladders were out in some places, and then go through old stopes and drifts two or three thousand feet, dig out our load, and pack it back. This would take us nearly all night. We would pack all the way from forty to eighty pounds. Sometimes this would not be very high grade; we got from fifty cents to a dollar a pound for it. When it got below that, we quit.

During our trip into this mine, we discovered they had stored about a carload of dynamite in a cross-cut on the eighth level of the mine. I met Davis, the president of the Altman union, right after that, and, more as a joke than anything else, I said there was a carload of powder down in the mine, and if they wanted to do anything, they could go down and blow that up. But he seemed to take it seriously, and talked about how we could do it. A few days afterwards they started this mine up, as they were starting the mines as fast as they could get men. The strike leaders would report to the unions every week that the mines had only a few men, and would soon have to settle with the unions, but it was very evident that, while the mine owners might not be getting first-class men, they were getting all the men they wanted, and that they had no intentions of yielding to the demands of the union.

Davis came to me a few days afterwards and wanted to know if I would go down and set that powder off when the shift was at work. He said he would get "Slim" Campbell to go with me, and give me two hundred dollars. After he had talked a while, he said he would have to go and get this money at Federation headquarters, and it might take him three or four days after we did the job, but he would be sure to get it. He said we would have to do something to scare these "scabs" away, and scare our men and keep them in line, or the strike was lost.

Now, when Davis talked this way to me, it was the first time I ever knew that the head officers of the Federation were responsible for the many depredations that had been laid to the Western Federation of Miners. I did always believe that these crimes were caused by union men, as the victim was invariably some one opposed to the union, but I always supposed some hot-headed union man did these things of his own accord, and 'most all of the union men believed this, for if it had been known the strike leaders were responsible for any such violence, the union would not have tolerated it for a minute. But after Davis proposed to me to blow up the Vindicator mine, and said he would have to go to Denver to get the money for me, I then began to realize that the head officers must be behind these things.

Now, only looking at one side of the question, and having no money,— as the little I did have I deposited in the First National Bank of Victor, and that institution had failed and left me without a cent,— the resentful feeling I had against these "scabs," who were taking our places, together with the offer of money, influenced me. I told Davis I would go down and set off the dynamite, but I would rather go alone than with "Slim" Campbell. He said if I would he would give me two hundred dollars. Of course, if we set this carload of powder off, it would blow out the whole mine and kill everybody in it.

I afterwards thought I would go and ask Joe Schultz, who had been down there "high grading" with me, and see what he thought about it. He also knew the powder was there, as we had gotten two fifty-pound boxes of it, and carried it up and sold it to some leasers we knew. After I told him about it and about the money, he said he thought we would be justified in doing it. He was a quiet, conservative fellow, but this strike had made him feel just as I did. So we got our things ready, and went down in the mine, and waited until we thought the night-shift had gone up to lunch at twelve o'clock. We had to go by the station on the shaft in the eighth level to go where the powder was. We went out pretty close to the station, and waited about ten minutes, and thought sure they had all gone up, and we knew we had to hurry, as they took only a half-hour for lunch.

We started out to the station, which was all lighted up with electric lights, and as we got close to it there was a cager there, who said, "Hurry up, boys, this is the last cage." He thought we were some of the miners at work, and had been late getting out. This so surprised us that we began to back up in the dark, as we were not masked and he might know us. But he got his light and began to follow us, and as we had our light out, we could not go very fast in the dark, and we had to make him go back. We took a couple of shots at him, as we both had six-shooters. We did not hurt him, but he went back in a hurry, and we knew we had to get out of the mine as quick as possible, and we did not bother to look for the powder. We told, or at least I told, Davis afterward it was not there. I told him we went on across to where it was after we shot at this fellow, and they had moved it — which proved to be true, as we found out afterwards they had moved it up into the magazine the first day they began work. We knew nothing about this when I told Davis, but I wanted to make out how brave we were, and they, of course, believed us, after they learned it had been moved.

But, to tell the truth about myself, I was pretty badly scared, and I think my partner was in the same fix. We had to go up a hundred feet to the stope, and then go a couple of thousand feet or so through a drift, and then go down through another old stope on the timbers, and crawl on our stomachs in some places through a narrow passage we had dug out when we were "high grading," and climb about nine hundred feet up an old, wet man-way, where the ladders were out in some places. The militia were camped out over a hundred feet from where we came up, and the place was well lighted up with electric lights. We came up as fast as we possibly could, and made good headway, as we knew the way well and were used to climbing out of there with a load, but still it took us about half an hour. My partner wanted me to tell them, if we were caught, that we were down counting how many machines there were running; but I told him he could do as he pleased, I was going to shoot my way out and take a chance if the shaft was guarded, as we expected it would be. I knew this was our best chance to get out, for if we waited until the next day, and we were missed, they would surely guard every possible place, although there were a dozen or more places we could get out. Although they had a half-hour to set guards, there were no guards at this shaft, and we came out unnoticed. After we got away so we were out of danger, the world never looked quite so large to me before, and surely kind Providence was with us, for they had every other entrance guarded, and kept them all guarded for some days, thinking we were still somewhere in the mine. I reported our experience to Davis and Parker the next day.

This caused no little excitement at the mine, as the cager reported it, and none of the men would go down to work again, but all went home, and they had the sheriff and some of his men over there and kept the soldiers down in the mines for guards. After the excitement subsided a little, the officials reported they believed the cager was lying and just made up this report, and they fired him. Whether the officials believed this or not, I do not know, or whether they just told it so the men would not be afraid to work in the mine, for a good many were quitting. But it soon died out, and many believed it was only a story gotten up by the mine operators to keep the soldiers there.

I went to Davis after this and wanted him to let me have thirty-five dollars. I wanted this to pay some taxes for my wife (Mrs. Toney), on some mining property she had in South Park. He said first he would see if he could get it, but he said no more about it. I then asked Sherman Parker, the secretary of the Altman union, about it, and he said he was going to Denver in a short time to get some money from the Federation headquarters, as he had to pay some others for some work they were on. He said he supposed he would have a hard time to make them dig up, as nothing had been done. He spoke of the failure they made in blowing up the powder plant at Colorado Springs, and he said all the attempts they had made to pull off something had failed, and luck seemed to be against them. He said he hated to ask headquarters for more money until we pulled off something. He said if we could have killed that fellow we shot at in the mine we could easily have gotten all the money we wanted, so I said nothing more at that time. Parker and Davis talked to me again about blowing up the Vindicator or the Findley mine, and wondered if we could not get some kind of a trap by the shaft, so when the cage came down with the "scabs" it would set off a bomb. But I thought this was not a good idea, for if the cage was to set it off, they might run the cage down empty — for they often did this — and so we would not get anybody. Parker came to me and told me he would give me five hundred dollars if I would fix something in either mine to kill some of them so as to scare the rest and make them quit, and keep our men from going back to work, and scare outside men from coming in there to work. I thought this looked easy. I knew I could go down after the shift went off at night and set this, if they did not have guards in the mine.

I got Easterly, who knew all about these things, and we went up in an old vacant building, and shot a six-shooter into some giant caps to see if this would set them off, and it did. So we conceived the idea of fastening a six-shooter on the timber of the shaft at the station, and fastening a wire to the trigger of the six-shooter and to the guard rail, so that when they raised the guard rail it would pull the trigger; we would have the powder under this buried in the dirt, and a box of giant caps right close to the muzzle of the gun. These guard rails are always raised by the men as they get out of the cage, and then lowered again to prevent any one or anything from falling into the shaft. Easterly did not go with me, because none of these active labor leaders did anything themselves, if they could help it. They always managed to be in some conspicuous place when anything was likely to happen.

I went to Schultz, who had been with me when we started to blow up the powder, and asked him if he wanted to try it again. He said no, he did not care to take another chance when there was nothing in it if it failed, and besides he was working then for some leasers. I told him I did not think I wanted anything to do with it either. I said this so he would not think I did it if it happened. I told Parker he did not want to go, and he spoke of Billy Aikman, and said he was not afraid of a little blood either. I knew this man, and asked him if he wanted to help do a little job, and he said yes, he did. I think Parker had spoken to him in the meantime. So I went and rustled some powder from Joe Craig, Mrs. Toney's brother, who was a leaser, and he thawed it out for me. I thought we ought to have a man to stay at the mouth of the shaft, or a little down in it, while we went down and set this. So I got Billy Gaffney, and also got some more powder from him, and we went to his house, which was not far from the shaft, and got everything ready.

When the shift went off, about two-thirty in the morning, we took about fifty pounds of dynamite, and went down the shaft of the Vindicator mine, and across in a drift to the main shaft No. 1. We were on the fourth level then, and we climbed down the main shaft to the sixth level, and we looked around and thought this was the seventh level. I had not worked on the seventh level of this mine, and had been off there only a time or so, and it looked to me like the seventh level. We hurried to set this as I have described, and I used my own six-shooter. Then we got out as soon as we could. This was not the same way we usually came in, but Aikman said this was the best way, and besides we thought they might be guarding our former passage or have closed it up, as it came from another property. When we came to the surface, we could not find our watcher, and we suspicioned there was something wrong, but we could not hear or see anything, and we came out unmolested. We found Gaffney later, and he said he got to coughing, and thought he had better leave. We had some turpentine which we poured along in our tracks after we started away from the mine, so they couldn't follow us with dogs, and got home all right.

Davis came to my house the next morning before I was up and wanted to know if we had set the bomb. I told him we had, and he said there was no excitement about the mine. I got up about noon and went down to the house of Billy Aikman, and he had heard nothing, so we thought it must be another failure, and we watched around the mine to see if we could find out anything, but we could not see anything unusual, nor did we hear anything for a week.

During the time that elapsed between our setting the bomb and the explosion, I tried again to get some money from Davis and Parker, and the latter told me he was going to Denver in a day or two, and he would try to get some from the Federation headquarters, but he also told me they were trying to pull something off, and if it came off it would be no trouble for him to get money. He told me they had made an attempt a night or two before to ditch the Florence and Cripple Creek train that left Midway for Cripple Creek at 2:30 A. M. He said their tools broke, and they had to leave the job partly finished, and that H. H. McKinney, one of the men that had made the attempt, had walked along by the place that day, and there were two men standing looking at what they had done. Parker told me they were going to work at a different place, on one of the high banks between Victor and Cripple Creek. This early morning train carried the night-shifts of non-union miners that lived on Cripple Creek and worked on Bull Hill to and from their work. 'Most all of these non-union men that worked there then lived in Cripple Creek or Victor, because it was safer there for them than anywhere else.

There were a good many union men working in the Portland mine. The reader will remember that this mine was not affected at this time by the strike, and there were five or six hundred men working there, and all supposed to be union men. Some thirty or forty of these union men that were working on the night-shift lived in Cripple Creek and rode on this night train, and if they ditched this train they would be likely to kill the union men also. But a few days before they were going to ditch this train, they made arrangements for a car with the electric road, and the union miners of the Portland were supposed to ride on the electric car. Whether this arrangement was made to protect them and keep them off the steam train they were going to wreck, I do not know, as none of them ever told me and I never asked them, but I supposed that was what it was for.

When Parker told me this, we were in the union hall at Victor. He told me how they intended to work the job, and said he had gotten the men some good tools in place of the ones they had broken, so he thought it would be a go all right this time, and he said, "If it comes off to-night, there will be martial law here to-morrow."

After he told me this, I felt somewhat jealous and angry. I hate to write this, but I cannot tell anything but the truth, and I must not try to favor myself. Yes, I was jealous to think they would go and get some one else to do an easy job like that, after I had taken such chances down in the mine, and right under the very noses of the soldiers. This looked like an easy thing to me beside what they wanted me to do, and I was angry because, after I had gone through all the worst part and taken all the chances, they should go and get some one else to do an easy job like that, and would not give me a pleasant look, or at least would not give me a few dollars. I had used my own six-shooter and rustled fifty pounds of powder, and they knew I did not have a cent. I felt pretty sore, and made up my mind right there to go to Cripple Creek and notify the railroad authorities and block their game, and quit the outfit and expose them. I also meant to tell them about putting that trap in the Vindicator mine, for I felt sure they had found it by that time. But when we started to go home from Victor that night, it was snowing pretty hard, and Parker said they would not be able to pull that off to-night, and he said, "It's more hard luck, everything seems to be against us." I felt sure they would not attempt it, as they could be easily tracked in the snow, and so I did not go to Cripple Creek that night, because I thought the next day would do just as well.

The next afternoon I went to Cripple Creek. I knew one of the conductors on that road, and I talked to him on the way over and asked him who the proper authorities would be to go to, and, in fact, I told him there might be some plot to wreck the train. He said, "They did try to do something last night, did they not?" And I said I did not know but I thought not. He said he thought they did, but he told me to go to D. C. Scott, who was their secret service agent, and I think he introduced me to Scott. Scott's office was over the depot at Cripple Creek.

I talked with Mr. Scott and told him all the details I knew, and when I had told him everything, he said he believed me. He said he was one of the two men standing by the rail when McKinney went by, and he also told me that McKinney was now under arrest, and they were looking for his partner. He also told me they had made a second attempt the night before, and had taken the outside rail clear out; this was over between Elkton and Victor. I was surprised at this, for that was the first time I knew they had made the attempt, as I thought the snow would hinder them; but they figured on getting to Victor, and they could not track them in the city, as the snow would all be tracked up there. I told him I would not tell him how I knew this, at this time, at least; I told him I just happened to find it out by accident through a friend of mine. He thanked me and wanted me to come over and see him again, and I told him I would, and I intended to tell them more and quit the gang.

I will have to say that this was not from any remorse of conscience I had. I would to God I could say it was, but I cannot, for I had no conscience, or, if any, it was seared so with sin it would not act. No, I was prompted to do this from purely a selfish and jealous standpoint, although much good might have come out of it. I would have no doubt exposed those two men as soon as I had been assured of protection, if it had not been for the following incident:

I went home that night and told Mr. Scott I would come back over and see him again in a day or so, but a day or two after, I think about noon, as I was going to Victor, I heard that the Vindicator mine was blown up and a lot of men killed.* I went on to Victor, and in a little while word came that Charlie McCormick and "Mel" Beck, the superintendent and shift boss, were killed and the station on the sixth level was wrecked. Then we soon figured how the trap had been there for so long and not set off. I have before told you we intended to put this on the seventh level and thought we had until now, as we knew they were not working above the seventh level, but we made the mistake and got this on the sixth level instead of the seventh, and it happened no one got off the cage on this particular level during the time since we had set this bomb. But it seemed the superintendent and shift boss were going in on the sixth level to see about starting up some work, and they were the first to raise the guard rail, and both got killed and blown to pieces right there.

Now, when I heard this I was very sorry that I had told Scott what I had, for I thought I had to stand pat then, and I was afraid to see Scott for fear he would suspect me of knowing more than I told him, and I was afraid I would act nervous if he sent for me, which I felt sure he would, and I was nervous at first when I heard these men were killed. I had no thought of killing them; I thought it would kill a cage-load of non-union men, as the men always went down first going on shift. I knew both McCormick and Beck, and they were good fellows, and good men to work for. As I expected, Mr. Scott sent me a letter to come over to Cripple Creek, he wanted to see me right away. I felt nervous and was afraid to go for fear he would notice it. This was the first of anything like that I had been mixed up in, and I was afraid it would haunt me, and I rather wished I had not done it at first. I saw them when they took the bodies to the coroner. But I saw Davis and Parker, and they braced me up and said it was all right.†

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* The second attempt to wreck the Florence and Cripple Creek train was November 16th. The Vindicator mine explosion was November 21st.

† A pamphlet issued by the Federation after the Vindicator mine explosion attributed this to the agency of the mine owners, advancing the following theory: "It is evident that McCormick and Beck planned to bring off an explosion, as it was currently reported that the State militia was about to be ordered home, and the mine owners' association was against this removal. McCormick and Beck, in planning this infernal machine, made some mistake, which resulted in their death."

TO BE CONTINUED IN THE SEPTEMBER NUMBER

ALI BABA

BY JAMES HOPPER

AUTHOR OF "CAYBIGAN," ETC.

I SAW him first on the army transport that was taking him, and me, and some fifty other civilian employees, to the Philippines. We were huddled in bad quarters on the main deck; above us, on the upper deck, with air, space, comfort, and a fine sense of superiority, the military caste was throned. We should have been hot, I think, and uncomfortable, and humiliated, had he not managed to bathe us, as it were, in the golden reflection of his dreams.

He was going to the Islands to be an officer in the Constabulary (a third lieutenant, I think). He was six feet three, as thin as he was long, and had tremendous hands, the white knuckles of which he was in the habit of cracking. He had one of those narrow foreheads that hold just one idea, but that very fixedly; a crop of rough red hair, and a whole firmament of freckles; his eyes were blue, and invisible ripples of humor seemed playing perpetually about his mouth. But really, he had little humor; he was very serious. He would stride with his long legs all over the ship, always with the air of starting off on an errand of great importance, cracking his knuckles like a gatling gun, and very silent; but once you cornered him, at the first advance he would suddenly become confidential to the last degree.

"I'm after the stuff," he would announce, cocking his hat toward his right ear (his hat, already, was a rakish military sombrero), and looking straight at you with his ridiculously candid eyes. "The stuff — that's what we're all after, down there" (he spoke as if out of superior knowledge of that country where he had never been); "that's what we're all after — that school-teach here, that gospel-sharp over there, you, I, all of us, we're out for the stuff. And I'm going right for it, too. No pretense about me. No 'benevolent assimilation,' no 'little brown brother' fake; cart-wheels for Willie!"

He stopped, and by the faintest of opalescent hazes coming over the pellucid blue of his eyes, you could tell that he dreamed. But soon the dream clamored for expression.

"And say," he'd begin again, excitedly, "oh, say, maybe I haven't a chance for it — oh, no, not at all, not at all at all — Oh, say — cracky!"

The fact that he was speaking ironically he would emphasize with a wink that convulsed the whole left side of his face, and right away, with a magnificent generosity, he would pour out his plans. They were based, or course, upon the powers of his office: — Third Lieutenant Philippine Constabulary!

"Understand what that means? How many men will I have, eh? Under my command; belonging to me? Two hundred? One hundred? Fifty? Let's say forty, for safety. Forty Thieves, and I their Ali Baba! They'll be some kind of niggers, I suppose — Tagalans, Visayogs, Macalabes" (he had the names absurdly mixed). "I'll train 'em — rule of iron, see? I'll own them, body and soul. And I'll teach them to shoot. I met a lieutenant of cavalry from down there. He tells me none of these people can shoot. I'll teach mine to shoot."

He bounded up, strode the length of the deck, cracking his knuckles. He returned, sat down abruptly, fixed his eyes upon me with a profound stare, and, dropping his voice, "Do you see me?" he said; "do you see me now, out there, away off in the interior, cut off from headquarters, no other white man near, there in the midst of a rich country, a planturous country full of cocoanuts, and bananas, and cane and tobacco and hemp, and shimmering cloths, peopled with a lot of little brown folk that can't shoot, do you see me there, with my Forty Thieves, efficient, husky fellows who obey me like a God and shoot like the devil — do you see me there, eh? — Oh, say, cracky!"

Again his enthusiasm sent him soaring out of his chair; he went the length of the ship, skipping like a school-girl who has just been told a secret. He plumped back, his eyes in mine, his head wagging from side to side with an indescribable air of jolly rascality.

"I was going into the New York Police; but lordy, when I heard of this — no New York Police for me. That's just small graft; this — this is Finance. Just imagine me in that planturous land" (where he got the adjective I don't know, but in his mouth it was marvelously expressive; it rolled off his tongue, heavy and fat as butter) "with my Forty Thieves!"

It was thus, of course, that he acquired his name, for these confidences that he made to me he was constantly making to every one else. We encouraged him, I think. Somehow or other, there in our squalid quarters, with the weight of caste above us, he was the consolation, the poetry, the romance; he opened up horizons; he filled the head of the least imaginative of us with palms and reefs and pearls and gold and richly-woven stuffs, with visions of some sort of adorably free and licentious life (impossible, alas, to the most of us, coffined in our training and heredity), with a picture of swaggering, clashing, and splendid Graft. But sometimes, at the bottom of our beings, we felt an envy, a biting regret. It was too easy, altogether too easy, you know, the way he was going to do it, the way he was going to solve his life, acquire riches, power, happiness. A melancholy descended upon us, doomed to the hard road.

We came into Manila Bay in the nucleus of a tropical shower. The rain came down as if, in the vague smother above, some bewitched fleet of legend were furiously bailing; the vessel cowered beneath the weight. Then the sun reappeared, flashed up the deck, the rigging, the flanks of the ship. Luminous upon a luminous sea, we slid toward a city glowing white and shot with the gold of spires and domes. Ali Baba stood at the peak; the rain under which he had stood bareheaded was sliding slowly down his body like a mantle of diamonds, and he shimmered splendidly. He leaned forward as if to leap; his huge hands went out in a spreading gesture that covered the city, the island — the whole archipelago, and he said (I was modestly standing behind him): "This world is mine!" He had evidently read Monte Cristo.

A week later I met him on the Luneta, in charge of two hundred convicts from Bilibid who were tearing down ramparts. It was rather a prosaic billet; he admitted it was a "contretemps," a delay, but nothing more. He was very splendid. His khaki, red-trimmed, followed his angular frame with incredible fidelity, a huge revolver hung on his hip, his shoes, belt, and puttees were new and yellow, and at the slightest movement he fairly crackled. In this short time he had already acquired a lot of extraordinary information about the country, and he bristled with plans. In the interior, he explained, there lived *hacenderos* — Spanish *mestizos* — on lands big as empires, rich as Solomon's mines, with whole populations at their mercy, with silver and carriages and retinues of servants, and — he didn't blush — beautiful daughters. "See me there, with my Thieves? Oh, what squeeze!" And then — this time he did blush, a faint rosy hue — there was the chance of a marriage. An officer, moderately good-looking, brass-buttoned and powerful, — amid these isolated people, very wealthy, but lacking society, — might aspire to much — to anything. He threw out his chest, he crackled.

Then there were the cocoanuts — millions of them — and each tree producing one dollar a year, regular as clock-work. What did I think of a tax, eh? Nice, wouldn't it be, a little tax of ten cents a tree? No one would notice it — and yet it would be a revenue, quite a tidy revenue.

Others of his plans struck me as rather fantastic. One of these was based on crocodiles. It seemed that these saurians fairly swarmed in the rivers of the interior (always the interior). He intended to set his Thieves (in the rare moments left them, I suppose, between their other operations) fishing for them. He assured me that there were immense profits to be made in crocodile leather. Also, in the southern islands there were *dattos*, fabulously rich, who owned all the pearl fisheries. It would be easy (with the aid of his Forty Thieves) to own a *datto*, and hence the fisheries: — all the pearls of the Orient would be his.

With malice, but gently, I brought him back to the present and to reality. But he only said, pointing to the walls which the convicts were tearing down: "These stones, these old ramparts, what do you think, isn't there graft there? Historical, romantic, and all that. Ship 'em off, smuggle them away, to the United States — wouldn't people pay to see these stones?"

I left him standing there in the blazing sunshine, his head ebulliscent.

Already, though, a perverse Fate was toying with him. The "interior," which in his mouth called up visions hazed in gold-dust, was to remain long tantalizingly closed to him. For months he was kept at his first detail. Every morning, between crashing portals, he marched out at the head of two hundred gaunt and somber men clad in black and white stripes, with black pagoda hats upon their shaven pates; all day, in the pouring sunlight, he watched them swarming over the walls like the fellahs of a Pharaoh; at night he marched them back and saw the doors crash shut upon them. Then he was transferred to headquarters for clerical duty; and for a year he bent over a desk, made out papers, wound and unwound red tape.

So that when finally he was freed, he was famished. He was sent to Samar. By the providential dispensation which enables me to tell this story, I was there already, stationed at the provincial capital. His post was fifty miles further up the coast. It was hardly the "planturous" country he had dreamed. With difficulty we were keeping a fringe of coast in moderate peace, while the whole interior of the Island seethed in the hands of the red Pulajanes; and this fringe, you understand, what with past wars, with present raids, and with reconcentration camps, was lacking in *hacenderos* of wealth and taste, possessors of silver, carriages, and señoritas. Ali Baba's town was a dreary place, his principality almost a famine district, and he hadn't been in charge ten days before the cholera stalked in and established itself as if it had struck there its Canaan.

He galloped in down the main street of my town very dashingly one morning, sprang off in front of the Provincial House, and ran briskly up the stairs. But when he was close, we noticed that he was rather drawn and white. Also, his uniform (that brilliant affair with which he had dazzled the populace when with his convicts on the Luneta) had degenerated. White threads showed here and there, the back was shiny, and the strap of one of his puttees was reinforced with twine. At the first words with him, however, I decided that the change was purely superficial. He had come for medical supplies. As they were being loaded in a *carro*, we stood backs to the wall, superintending. "Graft there, don't you think?" he asked, pointing with his chin at the packages (he seemed to consider me, by virtue of my office, an authority on the subject).

"No doubt," I answered. "A man with a pain in his stomach will pay something now-a-days for a little chlorodyne."

He flamed up instantly. "Bet your life. *You* understand. Imagine an old geezer, an old rich geezer, down and out with that blamed cholera; put a little of that medicine stuff under his nose — and he'd pay something for it — oh, wouldn't he though — oh, no, not at all! Say, do you know, this country is too easy, too easy altogether; it makes a man ashamed."

Then he rode off, splendid rogue that he was, at a funeral pace, behind a *carro* laden as for a nurse. After this, for two months, we saw little of him. He would make sudden flitting appearances, ride into town, make requisitions for medicines, disinfectants, rice, and disappear again. There was a sag to his spine, and there were perpendicular lines in his forehead; one day he admitted to me that the training of his "Thieves" was being seriously delayed, and in the next breath spoke vaguely and without conviction of some sort of "graft" that was "immense." The truth was that his district, too big for ten administrators, was being severely scourged, as was shown by the rude statistics of the village *presidentes*. I was sent up there to report on a projected bridge.

I reached his place late in the afternoon; after an aseptic dinner of corned beef, canned corn, tinned fruit, and boiled water, we leaned on the sill of the wide window and smoked. The hut was on the plaza; this was clear on the opposite side. The sun had set, far off, very somberly, a line as of blood still streaked the horizon, and from the sea, a gray patch at the end of a long and gradual declivity of musty jungle, a multitude of great black bats were flying, making for the hills. They passed overhead, by hundreds, by thousands, incessantly and smoothly, with a gentle, velvety flapping, and a mournfulness descended from them; they were like a sable pall falling from the sky upon the Land, upon the world, about our hearts.

The unkempt little *muchacho* came in and touched his master on the shoulder. A woman stood at the door of the *sala*, an old crone, corroded with age. She looked down upon the big, twitching toes of her bare feet; she trembled, and from her wooden lips there came an unintelligible mutter, like water running out of a bottle. I caught the words "*nina*," "sickness." While she talked, Ali Baba was buckling on his puttees, his poor, decrepit puttees, the straps of which by now were all string, his belt (with the big Colt's; it had never been fired, I believe); he seized a satchel full of bottles; "So long," he said, and was out. From the window we saw him go down the main street on a ridiculously small pony, his feet almost dragging on the ground, his worn sombrero flapping loosely, and upon his hip the satchel, which gave him that queer air of world-innocence one notices in a collector of herbs or beetles. "Ali Baba, hell," growled one of my companions (we were three); "looks Don Quixote to me!" To which the other replied, "We all degenerate in this country."

We went to bed after a while. I heard him return later, stamp up the stairs; at the head, an explosion of whispers met him, and I heard him go down again. Some one banged resoundingly at the portals of the *cuartel* next door, a fresh horse was led out — and I heard him trot off. Some hours later he came back; I heard his cot creak as he threw himself upon it, then again there were the respectful knockings, whisperings, a subdued wailing, and again I heard him go down the stairs and heard a drumming of hoofs diminish in the distance.

He was still out when I got up; after the boy had cooked my breakfast, I lounged over to the *cuartel* to see the Forty Thieves. They were not brilliant, the Thieves; they had no shoes, their calico uniforms were in rags, and the torn brims of their big straw hats flapped discouraged over their faces. They were all in the basement (the *cuartel* was a deserted convent), squatting in groups about big black pots of rice into which they were digging with an unashamed eagerness ingenuous to the point of being touching. To one side, against the wall, three weak little ponies whisked what was left of their tails over their saddle-raw backs. Ali Baba came in as I was looking. He stopped, legs apart, and looked too. I saw him out of the corner of my eye, and I thought that his uniform, by this time, was really passing the bounds of average decency; his hair, too, had lost its metallic luster, and his freckles seemed washed out. A sort of sullen disappointment suddenly overcame me. "So these are your Forty Thieves," I said perversely, because I felt bad.

"Poor devils," he remarked objectively. "No clothes, no food, no nothing. Poor devils!"

"Can they shoot?" I asked, still mean with disillusion. "The Pulajanes are raiding again."

He shrugged his shoulders; I could see that he was really discouraged. He squatted upon his heels, examining the Thieves with a sort of detached, scientific interest; then suddenly, without the slightest grain of reason, he flashed up with his old spirit. "But I'll teach them, Jack," he said; "I'll teach them; you just wait, you just see; I'll still be King around here!"

But when, as I was leaving the town, I turned in the saddle for a last look, I saw him at the door of the *cuartel*, peering in upon his command, the Forty Thieves, once the base of glittering structures of Wealth, Power, and Illicit Romance. His shoulders sagged; he had the air of a man looking, in the morning, over the ruins of his house which has burned during the night, who calculates the strength of a wall left here, the value of the debris left there, and wonders whether out of the palace that was, he can erect a decent hut.

Well, he never did get them "trained"; never did the Forty Thieves achieve the heights of efficiency and cohesion and loyalty so rigidly expected of them; they never even learned to shoot, though he did manage to get out of the poor devils a fidelity that showed up rather prettily at the end.

Two weeks later the Pulajanes, the "Red Ones," swarmed down from the hills at night. The outskirts of the pueblo were already crackling when he awoke, and the fear-mad inhabitants were flowing beneath his window like a black river capped with white froth. He sprang out of that window, ran to the *cuartel*, got his Thieves together, and charged for the Casa Popular — the Municipal House.

It was rather beautiful, that. Imagine these poor, slovenly disreputables, badly armed, untrained, filled, no doubt, with a distrust of themselves, with a knowledge of their insufficiency, of the hopelessness of any cause which they might champion — and in spite of this following their "Capitan" and he, the "Capitan," aware with absolute certitude of their worthlessness, using them anyway, at this extremity relying upon them out of a burst of loyalty, as it were, of exasperated loyalty to the dreams he had dreamed!

So Ali Baba and his Thieves charged for the Casa Popular. Why the Casa Popular? Because there, in a safe, were the town funds, which he was supposed to guard — such are the contradictions in the human bosom. These funds, we found out later, consisted of exactly ten silver *pesos*. They charged. With six men he stamped up the stairs (the building was already on fire), while the rest of the Thieves, down below, shot away blindly into burning huts; he got the safe and sent it crashing out of a window. Then, altogether, they rolled it out into the center of the plaza (the whole pueblo was burning about them now), and there, in the open, they formed about it and made a stand.

The thing lasted longer than might have been expected — longer than in all mercy it should have lasted. These poor Forty Thieves couldn't shoot much; but the other fellows shot badly, too. So, for many hours, statuesquely black in the glow, Ali Baba and his Forty Thieves remained grouped about the safe, guarding the Municipal Funds (ten *pesos*). Against a background of burning huts, they saw about them in swarms the frothing Pulajanes dance their weird and menacing dance. These had on white *camisas* with great crosses smeared with blood over their breasts; their left arms were bound with bamboo sticks, and upon these stiffened left arms they clashed their bolos in a whetting movement. At intervals, with pulsing hysteria, they surged forward — and the Forty Thieves shot away as best they knew, then clubbed rifles, then bit and scratched — and extraordinary as it may seem, aided by Ali Baba's big revolver, they three times swept the safe clean of invaders. By then, though, there weren't Forty Thieves, only a handful, and the Pulajanes, in a refinement of cruelty, stopped charging. From a great circle about the doomed little band, they began a desultory firing. They were poor shots, their arms were bad, their ammunition old, and it was slow work; but little by little the remnant of the Forty Thieves became quiet. One would say "*Dios*," and suddenly take hold of his abdomen and turn upon Ali Baba a profound stare; another would say nothing, but simply roll over and spill his limited brains at Ali Baba's feet. It took a long time.

When the cavalry arrived and scattered the devils, the Forty Thieves were intertwined in a silent mass about the safe; and Ali Baba lay upon the safe, his big body sprawled as if at the last he had sought to cover as much of it as possible, his face to the moon, which had risen full some hours before, and now poured down upon him a very white light.

We stood there, a few of us, a long time. The horsemen were crashing down the jungle and killing here and there, the town people were returning from their hiding places. They congregated about us, and when finally we noticed them, they formed a solid wall about the group of dead men. An old crone, the one whom we had seen that night at his house, broke through the ring. She knelt at his head, passed her hands slowly, in a gesture of extraordinary gentleness and respect, over his closed eyes — then stopped and put her withered lips to his cold forehead — and suddenly, as if this were a signal, from all sides there rose a wailing of women.

We drove them away. He lay there upon the safe like a general upon a caisson. Torches were brought. They roared; sometimes they prevailed, or a glow from the embers of the town passed like an undulation, and the light upon him was like blood; sometimes it was the moon, and then the light was very white.

Thus he ended, his plans unfulfilled. He was a being of genial conceptions, but from the first he had been given no chance. A malign Fate had toyed with him; Duty, which he had so lightly disdained, had in revenge caught him in her cogs and ground him. He had meant to steal an empire; he died guarding ten *pesos*. Perhaps, after all, was he but a dreamer?

THE LONG SHIFT

BY EUGENE MANLOVE RHODES

ILLUSTRATION BY EDWIN B. CHILD

ECHOES of the explosion still volleyed from cliff to cliff — a thin cloud of smoke and dust hung heavily over the shaft mouth. They huddled together on the dump—the four men of the night-shift, peacefully asleep a moment since; the young manager, still holding a pen in his nerveless fingers; the blacksmith, the cook, and the Mexican water-carrier — all that were left of the Argonauts.

No one spoke — there was no need. The dynamite, stored in the eighty-foot cross-cut, had exploded — none knew how or why. The shaft walls had heaved and crushed together; the dump had fallen in for yards; the very hillside had slipped and closed over the spot where the shaft of the "Golden Fleece" had been. The eight men of the day-shift were buried alive. Working in the further stopes and cross-cuts of the deeper levels, they could hardly have been killed outright. Remained for them the long, slow agony of suffocation — or the mercy of the fire. For there was scarcely room to hope that the explosion had not fired the timber work.

They knew this, these silent men at the pit mouth; knew there was no chance that they could clear away the shaft in time — not if they were eighty instead of eight. To tear away that tangle of shattered rock was a matter of weeks; the air supply in the living grave beneath was a matter of days or hours. They knew, too, that their comrades were even then speaking hopefully of "the boys"; that to the last the prisoners would hold unfaltering trust — in them! And one fell on his face and cried on the name of God — Ivers, the pale, half-invalid manager.

"No hope, no hope, no hope!" he sobbed. "We can't save 'em. They wouldn't let me put in the ventilator shaft! They will wait for us — wait — wait — O God! God! God!"

A moment — He sprang to his feet, his face new-lighted with hope and energy.

"The old Showdown tunnel! We can break through from there! I wanted them to connect it with Gallery Four on the last level, and save hoisting. I surveyed it then — We can tear out some kind of a hole — Come on, men! Oh, by God, we'll do it yet!"

They clambered down the steep, boulder-strewn mountain side, bearing drills, hammers, "spoons," picks, shovels, powder, fuse, caps, water, candles, — all needful to begin work.

Near the face, far back in the winding tunnel, Ivers drove a gad into the hanging wall. "Start from here. Keep an angle of forty-five degrees from the course of the tunnel, and a twenty degree dip. It is twenty-four to twenty-five feet in, and seven feet below us."

"Go!" said Evans, holding the starter in place. White began another hole above him. Ivers raised his voice to be heard above the beating hammers. "Jones will sharpen steel now and help you later. The work will fall on you five — Charlie and I are out of it. The Mexican boy could do more work than either of us. We three will rig up some sort of makeshift ventilator, move the forge and cook outfit down, muck away for you, cook your meals. Save yourselves for the drills. Tell us what you need, and we will get it. Jones will work our steel bars up into the longest possible set of drills. We'll shoot out till the longest drill will reach and then drive a hole right through. We can pump in fresh air to them, pour down coffee and soup, and break out the balance afterwards. If we only had more men — Had we better send some one to town for help?"

"It's fifty miles," said Lone Miller. "The boy couldn't do it afoot — we can't spare a man. By the time they got back, it might be too late — and the man's work here might make all the difference." He swung his hammer savagely. "Doc Hughes is only five miles from here," he blurted out at last. "He's at the Nymyer Copper Claim — and another Welshman with him. We can do it with them. He's a dirty mutt — a low-down camp-robber. I'll get him yet, the damned scoundrel, . . . Not now. He can break more rock than any one man that walks. Not now . . . You know *me*. Send for him. Maybe he'll come," he sneered. His face was livid in the candle-light, working with mortal hate. "Tell him it's our only chance for help — that we can't break through in time. Tell him I said so — me, Lone Miller!"

"That's a whisky-bloat's job," said Charlie, the cook. "Keep your men for men's work." He was gone.

"The other monkey is good, too," said Miller. "Not so good as Caradoc Hughes, but a miner. Trust Cousin Jock for that."

Two of the night-shift were Welshmen. "Goeslong, my son," said one, well pleased. Swiftly the hammers fell, square and true; slipping so easily that the work seemed as effortless as driving tacks. But back and shoulders were in each blow — the tough ash handles bent, the drills sank steadily into the rock. No ordinary toil — their best, and better than their best.

Without, the blacksmith beat brave tattoo on the glowing steel, sharpening set after set of drills. The starters were a foot long, each succeeding drill five or six inches longer than the preceding one and slightly narrower at the bit, so that it would follow in the hole. Seven or eight drills made a set, the longest four or five feet. Carefully he wrought, and watched with anxious eye as he plunged the hissing points into the water and, holding them up, saw the temper draw steel-blue and white-specked to the edge. For if a piece broke from one of the bits, no more could be done in that hole. The broken particles of steel would be ground into the rock. If other drills were put in, they would batter or break at once.

Meantime the Mexican lad and the manager worked on their improvised ventilating rig — lengths of pipe laid down the tunnel, screwed together, and connected with an extra bellows set up on the dump. Before they were done, the first shots were fired. Ivers set Clovis to pumping and went in. The candles smoldered faintly through the sickly smoke, where Miller and White worked on a new hole. Williams, on his hands and knees between striker and holder, threw the broken rock to Evans, who carried it further back.

"That's it — that's good!" said Ivers, screwing a length of hose on his pipe-line to carry the fresh air quite to the front. "Whew! this powder is rank! I'll have fresh air pumped down in a jiffy. You two boys go back to the air till it's your time to drill. I'll get a wheelbarrow and muck away. Don't make the mistake of making the drift so small you can't work to advantage, — and don't waste time pounding dull steel."

Henceforward to the end Clovis, Charlie, or Ivers pumped in fresh air steadily. Ivers, at the bellows, in the gathering dusk glimpsed two speeding forms black against the sky-line. "Oh, good work! Good work, Cooky!" he cried exultingly. "Ten miles, and over that trail! He must have run all the way over!"

A shout went up in the tunnel when he told his news. Fortune had smiled on the forlorn hope — powerful allies had joined them. "I was afraid something would happen," said Miller. "They might have been away — hunting maybe. Sundown's the best time for deer.

Or . . . . Why should I lie?" he demanded fiercely. "I thought he wouldn't come. I was wrong. So much the better."

A burly giant came puffing down the tunnel: Caradoc Hughes, huge, brutal, broad-chested, red-faced, red-haired, bull-necked, thick-lipped. He bellowed strange greetings and shouldered the striker aside —"Le's see, moi son! Taper off a bit!"

"Taake foive," said Davis, following more quietly, as he took the drill from the holder. Caradoc grinned villainously at Miller. "Halloo! Hast thy gun, lad? Spaare moi life a bit, wilt'ee? Have no time for scrappin' now."

"You're more useful alive, Taffy — just now," replied Miller, without looking up. Doc, chuckling coarsely, "polished" the drill-head with wicked, smashing blows. "Whoosh!" he grunted, expelling his breath violently at each stroke, as he brought the hammer down with all his bulk behind it.

Far behind, the cook limped painfully in. Later he brought steaming coffee and great Dutch ovens full of beef and beans. The bellows worked unceasingly, the wheelbarrow carried the broken rock away. At the front they paired off, changing at frequent intervals, holding and striking alternately. They worked. . . . But the shots were frequent, the charges heavy; the giant-powder fumes, sluggish, stupifying, poisonous, hung in the air in spite of the ventilator, dragged on the men's energies, dulled the onset. Their heads ached relentlessly. As each relay came off, they hurried out to the blessed pure air; and, thinking of the hapless prisoners slowly suffocating, stumbled back to strike with all their manhood behind each blow.

Ivers, when they went out in the air, made them wrap up warmly lest their tortured muscles should stiffen. Ivers sent Charlie to them with food and hot coffee. Ivers brought water. He was here, there, and everywhere, pumping at the bellows, mucking away, keeping the drift true. The little man of brains anticipated every need; brought powder or fuse already cut and capped; saving a minute here, half a minute there. He loaded and fired the holes, sparing his men so much of the labor and powder smoke. He praised them, cheered them on, kept their hearts up, voiced their pride; till each man nerved himself to utmost effort, thrilled to know that solid rock and stubborn granite were less enduring than his own unchanging will.

And, when he crept back with Charlie and Clovis, it was Ivers who despised himself, whose heartsick thought was that his feeble body unfitted him to do a man's work on the firing-line. . . . So the night wore on; and ever the hammer rang, the drills bit deep; slowly, steadily, inch by inch, foot by foot, they tore the prison wall away.

As he rested, Caradoc goaded his disdainful enemy with taunt and slur — "Little pot, soon hot"— and such ancestral wit. For long, Miller made no answer to these rude sallies, but the insults festered. "You know the old saw, Doc," he said at last, with ominous quiet. "The Almighty made some men big and some small, but Colt evened things up. Best think it over."

After each shot the crews went to the drilling, leaving the muckers to work out rock loosened by the previous shots with pick and gad, straightening the uneven walls and roof as best they could. Their desperate haste invited disaster. It came before daylight. White was holding for Williams, when a heavy rock jarred from the roof and fell on the striker's shoulder. The hammer, glancing from the drill head, crushed the holder's hand to mangled flesh. The work stopped. White rose unsteadily. "Keep a-hummin'— keep the hammers going," he said, as he started out, dizzy and sick. Williams, in scarce less distress for his unlucky blow, followed him.

"Bide a bit!" bellowed Caradoc. "Harken! I hear summat! God's love, hear that! There's salve for thy hurrt, lad! They're alive, they're alive, I tell 'ee! Happen the heat's drivin' 'em down bottom by way o' the winze!"

A faint tapping from the rock before them. Doc snatched his hammer and thundered on the drill head. "They livin'!" he roared. "Seven foot an' more we've made this night, an' fair gettin' limbered up a bit!"

"I'll eat a bite and go to town after help," said White, as Ivers bandaged his hand. "I'm no good here, but I can walk. I tell you these men are fagged. I ought to know. If you get close enough and drill that hole through, 'twill be all. The strain will be over, and every mother's son'll drop in his tracks. I'll send enough men to tear out that last ten feet by the roots."

"You can't, man. You're tired out and suffering. There are three bones broken in your hand. You'll give out."

"I — I wasn't aiming to walk on my hands, you know. Run along, now. I'm twenty-one past. If you look across the desert about dark, there'll be a big light on Lomitas to let you know I got across. So long!" He filled a canteen and went to do his part: not the least where each did well.

The Mexican lad loaded his patient burros with kegs and went to the spring for water. The sun climbed up an interminable slope —

the long, weary day dragged as they toiled at their endless task. Before noon Ivers was on the verge of collapse. The others forced him to stop. "Else will us bind 'ee hardfast," observed Caradoc. "Happen us'll need thy brains yet, lad. Will be there with t' brawn,— do 'ee keep care o' the only head here that's worth owt." So Ivers, cursing and shamed, cleaned out the holes when "mud" clogged them, picked out the "followers," loaded and fired the holes, and sometimes took a short spell at pumping; while Charlie and Clovis stacked up no more rock, for lack of time, but wheeled it far down the tunnel and dumped it.

The incessant clangor of steel on ringing steel. Hammer and hold, hold and hammer — mud! Clean — change drills, hammer! Load, fire — clean away — room for the hammers! The air was hot, foul, and intolerable, from candles, exploded shots, steaming breath and dripping bodies, dust and powder fumes. Hour after hour they drove home the assault; stripped to the waist, caked and streaked with dust and sweat; with fingers cramping cruelly from gripping on hammer and drill, with finger joints that cracked and bled, wrists bruised and swollen from jarring blows. The tough and calloused hands were blistering now; eyes were red-rimmed and sunken, faces haggard and drawn; back, muscles, and joints strained and sore; worse than all, the "powder headache," throbbing at their temples with torture intolerable. . . . But the brave music of clashing steel rang steadily, clear, unfaltering, where flesh and blood flung itself at the everlasting hill.

A muffled roar came from the heart of the rock. The prisoners were working toward them.

"That's bad," said Ivers. "They'll make the air worse with every shot — and they can't hit our drift short of a miracle. They are lessening their chances."

"I don't rightly know that," said Caradoc. "Was on the last shift in Gallery Foar, myself. Was a horse there, I mind; hard as the Gaates o' Hell. Happen they'll smash that up and save us mony the weary blow."

The terrible strain began to tell. But Caradoc and his indomitable foe kept the heart-breaking pace hour after hour. Evans was deadly sick, bleeding from nose and mouth; Williams' shoulder stiffened till striking was out of the question for him. So these two held. The others kept on pluckily, but their strength was leaving them. Inexorable Nature was extorting punishment for her outraged laws. An end was near — of men or task. The shifts were timed no longer. Each man kept up the savage hammering till he felt his strength fail; and as he stepped back, breathless, a silent specter behind him rose up and took his place.

From the steel bars Jones fashioned a set of twenty-four drills, with all his cunning and loving care on every point; a hair's-breadth difference between bits, the longest twelve feet, its bit barely wider than the octagonal steel; and welded rods of iron for spoons of suitable lengths. They made the last few feet of the drift wider and higher than the rest, to have ample room for double drilling. At sundown they set off the last shots. They had torn out fourteen feet; they must drill a hole through the eleven-foot wall that remained. They had scarcely started, when Clovis came, pouring out a torrent of voluble Spanish. A fire blazed on Lomitas; help was coming.

One thing was left to fear. Thrice they had heard the muffled blasts from within. Since then there had been no sign. Were the prisoners dead, or had they seen the unwisdom of further exhaustion of the air?

"They'll be too far gone to work, hours before they actually suffocate," said Ivers. "We'll be in time, please God!"

They called up every reserve that pride or hope or fear could bring. Two men struck at once, the hammers following each other so swiftly that it seemed impossible for the holder to turn between blows.

"Scant mercy on beasties this night," said Evans. "They'll coom to t'hill-foot in foar hours. Near two they'll need to win oop t'hill —'tis mortal steep, an' they beasties'll be jaded sore. Will be in season for t' Graveyard shift." (Eleven o'clock.)

"Not so — coom midnight will be full soon. 'Tis a sandy desert and a weary hill by night."

"Be't midnight, then. Williams, moi son, canst hold t'drill alone? I be fair rested oop by now, and can pound a bit. Us'll burn no more powder, an' t'air will clear oop ere long."

"Good for you, Cousin Jock," said Miller heartily. By tacit consent, Miller and Caradoc worked together. It depended on them — and they knew it. Shoulder to shoulder, blow for blow, they set their faces grimly to such work as few are ever called to do.

Neither Charlie nor Ivers could be trusted to hold — for them to strike would be simply loss of time. The hole must be driven absolutely true, or the drill would "bind," and they would have to begin again. At intervals one of the others would hold, giving Williams a few minutes' respite to straighten his aching back and his cramped and stiffened fingers. Ivers cleaned the hole and called out the depth. Ten inches, twenty — thirty — fifty — "Sixty inches!" he called exultingly. "An inch every two minutes, after all these hours! The world can't beat it!"

The drill "jumped" with crash and jar; Miller's hammer just missed Williams' hand, and Doc's, closely following, was checked in mid-air by a violent effort. The holder drew the drill and turned the point to the light. An inch was broken from the bit; the hole was lost.

A despairing silence, followed by smothered groans. Williams fell against the wall and hid his eyes, Doc's head dropped over on his breast. Miller's face was ghastly. . . . Ivers rose weakly, picked up the "starter," sank on one knee, with his face to the "breast"; holding the drill in place beside the lost hole, just above his shoulder, his eyes on the bit, he waited. A second — and Miller's hammer crashed down. Clang! Clang! Clang!

"God's blood!" Red with shame, the giant sprang up and showered down blow on mighty blow. A murmur ran round the circle; the little band closed grimly to the final test. Jones shaped the broken drill again and hurried back to bear his part in the renewed attack. The two enemies were doing the work. The others worked gallantly,— but the leaders were making five inches to their two. What matter, where each gave his best? Five inches — ten — thirty — forty!

At fifty inches, Evans gave way, totally unable to do more. Jones and Davis tapped away doggedly as Caradoc and Miller stepped back, breathless,— but there was no force to their blows.

The Welshman had bitten his lip; blood trickled from his mouth as he grinned at his mate. "'Tis oop to us now. A rare team we make — and good for them beyond!"

Miller nodded. There was no contempt in his glance now. Truly, this was a man; fit to stand at a king's back, though he fought for his crown — strong of heart and arm — this man that he had dared despise. Foot to foot, blow for blow, unyielding, unswerving, they stood up to the tremendous task. For a breathing-space, the others made a last desperate spurt and fell back, exhausted, utterly forspent. Sixty — seventy — seventy-five!

They planted their feet firmly and looked into each other's eyes as they began again. Miller's hammer kept the appalling pace, gave no sign that his strength was failing — ebbing away with every blow. . . . Somewhere, out in a far-off world, there was music and light and laughter. Perhaps he, too, had known pleasure, running streams that laughed in the sunshine, the free winds of heaven — youth — love — rest. It might have been so — long, long since. He did not know. Life had dwindled to these narrowing, flinty walls, this dim-litten circle, with its wavering center of steel where they must strike — strike! He and Doc — good old Doc — brave Doc! . . . Something stirred in the shadows behind — far-off, meaningless voices reached him over the rising clangor of steel. . . . Men, perhaps. If they would go away. . . . They drew his reeling senses from the shining steel, that he must strike — strike hard! Eighty — eighty-five — ninety!

Without warning, Miller pitched over on his face, unconscious. Their best was down. What lay in the silence beyond that granite wall?

Caradoc leaned heavily against the wall while they bore his fallen foe away. "Look to him —'tis a man!" he said. There was no triumph in his tones. He staggered forward. "Whoosh!" he said, as he struck out. "Whoosh!"

His eyes were sunken in his head, his blotched and purple face fallen in; his sobbing breath whistled between his clenched teeth, his breast heaved almost to bursting; but his mighty shoulders drove home the drill. Ninety-five inches! — a hundred! And still that tireless hammer rose and fell!

"Easy — mud — mud!" yelled Evans, at the drill. "It's done! We've struck their drift!"

A dozen light taps, and the drill leaped through. The incredible had happened. They had struck the side wall of the drift made by the prisoners on pure guess. They pulled out the drill. A rush of foul, sickening air followed. Evans shouted down the hole. A mumbled response came back. Ivers thrust the nozzle of the hose into the hole, stuffed his handkerchief around it to keep it tight, and ran down the tunnel. Half way out he met Charlie.

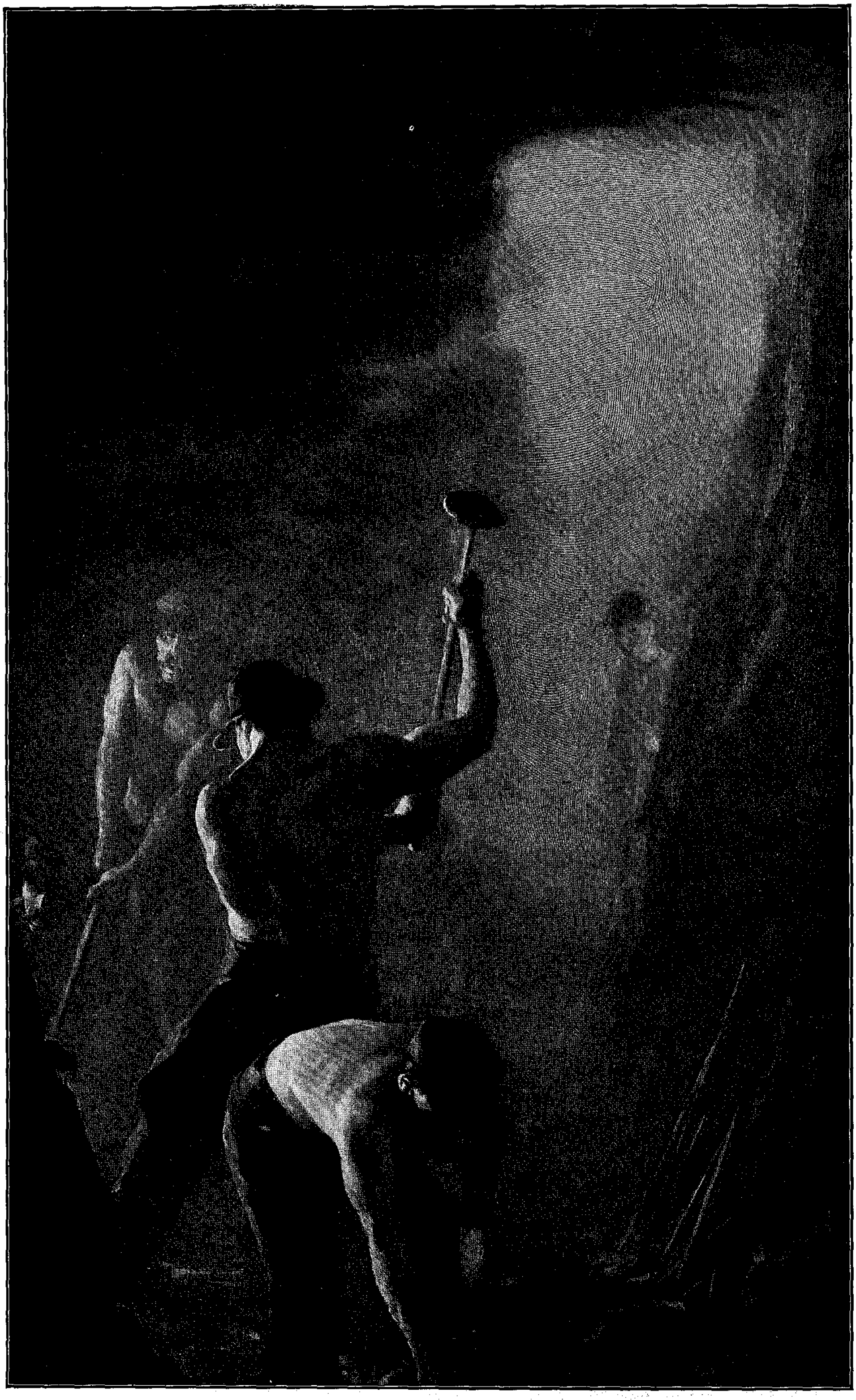
"Run!" he gasped. "We're through — they're alive! Pump — pump hard!"

Any Tularosa man will tell you the rest. Except this:

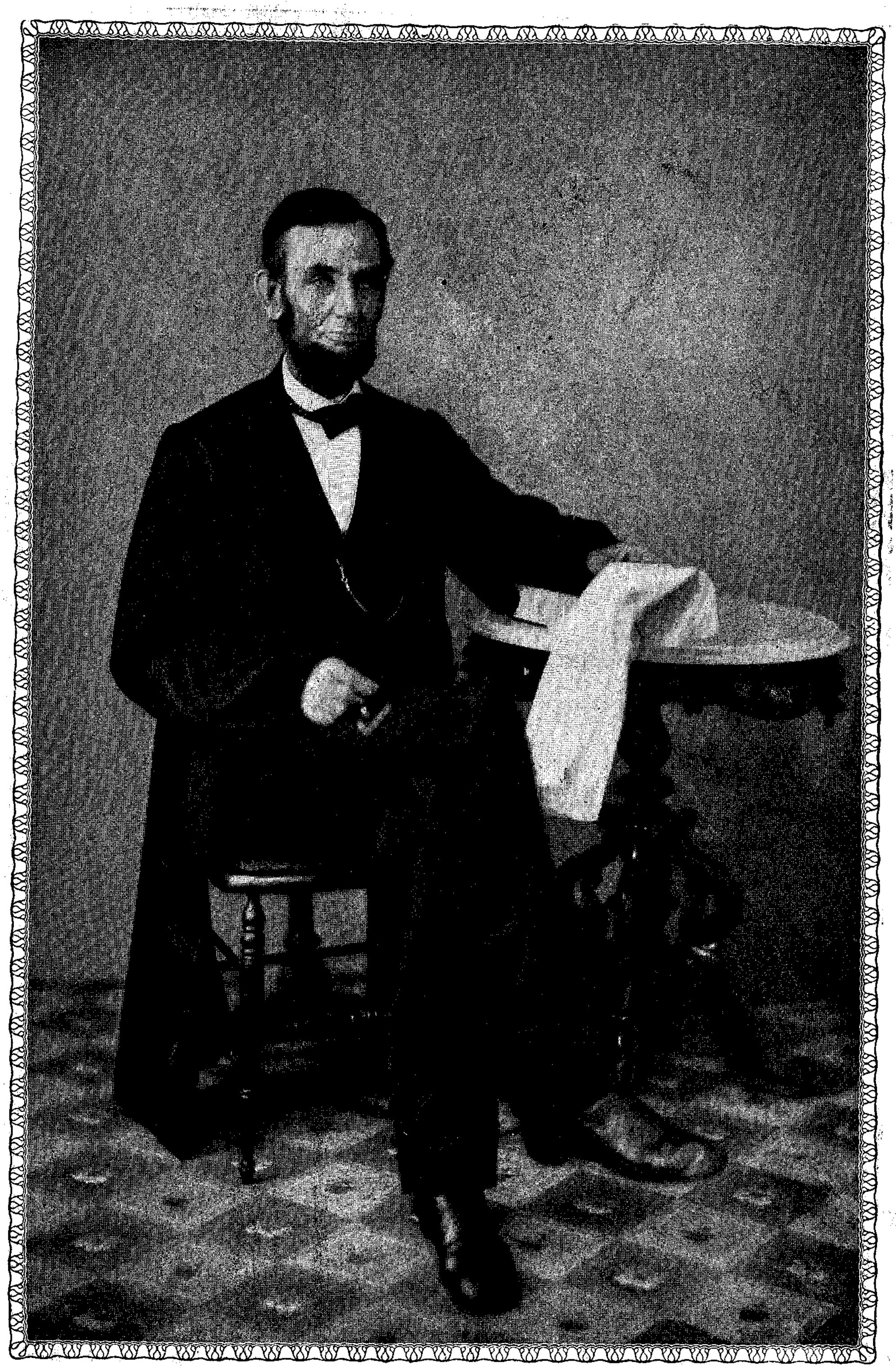
"Miller," said Caradoc, "wast roight. I robbed thy camp. Will take nowt o' thine — nor no man's, if so be I can think betoimes. 'Tis an old habit wi' me. But 'tis a shameful thing to do — for him as stood in moi shoes this noight. Lad . . . wilt shake hands wi' a thief?"

"You can steal nothing of mine, comrade — Mine is yours. God! How you worked — and were good for more, when I fell over like a baby."

"Toosh! Goeslong, moi son! Didst thy part, little Hop-o'-moi-thumb. Pounded steel two hours afore e'er I began. Shouldst ha' been a Welshman!"



"SLOWLY, STEADILY, INCH BY INCH, FOOT BY FOOT, THEY TORE THE PRISON WALL AWAY"



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ABRAHAM LINCOLN

From a photograph taken after the announcement of the first Emancipation Proclamation

THE PHYSIOGNOMY OF LINCOLN

BY

TRUMAN H. BARTLETT

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM PHOTOGRAPHS

Truman H. Bartlett, the author of this paper, is a sculptor who has made a lifelong study of physiognomy and facial forms. At an early date he became interested in the subject of Lincoln portraiture, and acquired one of the most complete collections of Lincoln portraits in this country.

From 1867 to 1881 he lived in Rome and Paris. During this period he gave special attention to the study of the physiognomy of Lincoln, interesting in the subject some of the most eminent French sculptors of the time,—Frémiet, Rodin, and Barye.

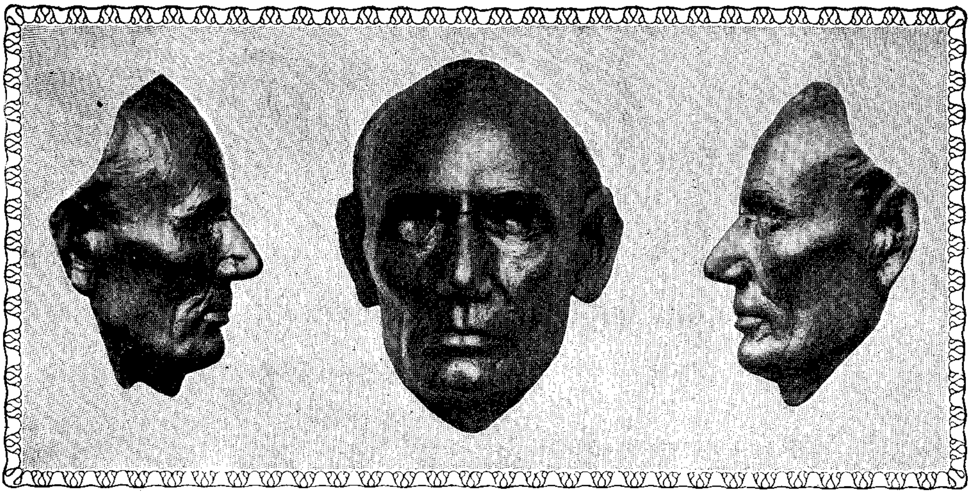
Among his writings have been an authoritative biography of the sculptor Rimmer, and an important series of articles upon the work of Millet and of Rodin. He is at the present time lecturer on sculpture and instructor of modeling at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology.—EDITOR.

IT is the popular belief, the world over, that Abraham Lincoln was in face and figure, in action or repose, an excessively ugly man. It is doubtful if any human being known to history has been the subject of such complete and reiterated description, by high and low, friend and enemy. The vocabulary employed to describe him includes about every word in common use in the English language, the meaning of which is opposed to anything admirable, elegant, beautiful, or refined. The words used to set forth the physical appearance of this personage, now rated by imposing fame as one of the Great of the Earth, gather, when assembled, a new and affecting interest.

From the time Abraham Lincoln was fourteen years of age, then more than six feet high and weighing about one hundred and sixty pounds, until he was nominated for the Presidency, he was locally known by the following pleasing characterizations:—"angular," "ungainly," "clumsy," and "gaunt"; "awkward," "thin," "leggy," and "gawky." His clothes and his unconventional movements and manners have received a similarly unflattering description.

Joseph Medill, editor of the Chicago *Tribune*, who was with Lincoln occasionally during the Douglas debates, says that it was a standing joke of his that there was one "homelier" man in Illinois than himself, and that was his friend, Archie Williams, of Quincy, who, he said, had carried the ugly man's jack-knife for twenty years without meeting a successful competitor for it, and, he reckoned, would carry it as long as he lived, though when Archie died it would descend to himself. But Lincoln got his jack-knife before death got Archie. "I was accosted on the cars"—so he told the story—"by a stranger, who said, 'Excuse me, sir, I have an article in my possession which belongs to you.' 'How is that?' I asked, considerably astonished. The stranger took a jack-knife from his pocket. 'This knife,' he said, 'was placed in my hands some years ago, with the injunction that I was to keep it until I found a man uglier than myself. I have to say, sir, that I think you are fairly entitled to the property.'"

Only once in his life, perhaps, did Lincoln become painfully conscious of the miserable appearance of his clothes, and that was when he came to New York in 1860 to make his Cooper Institute speech. He brought with him a new suit of black and had it on when he was waited upon by the representatives of the Republican Club. He noticed the difference between their well-cut, smooth-fitting garments and his ill-fitting and badly wrinkled ones, and spoke of it freely to them. On his return to Springfield he told Herndon, his law partner, that for some time after be began his speech, and until he became warmed up, he imagined that the audience were noticing the contrast between his rude Western clothes and the neat and well-made



LIFE MASK OF LINCOLN IN BRONZE

This mask, made shortly before Lincoln's first nomination to the Presidency, is the first reliable contribution to the material upon which a safe examination of the forms of his face can be made. "It is a perfect reproduction of Lincoln's face, and greatly beautiful in its human style and gravity." — See page 397

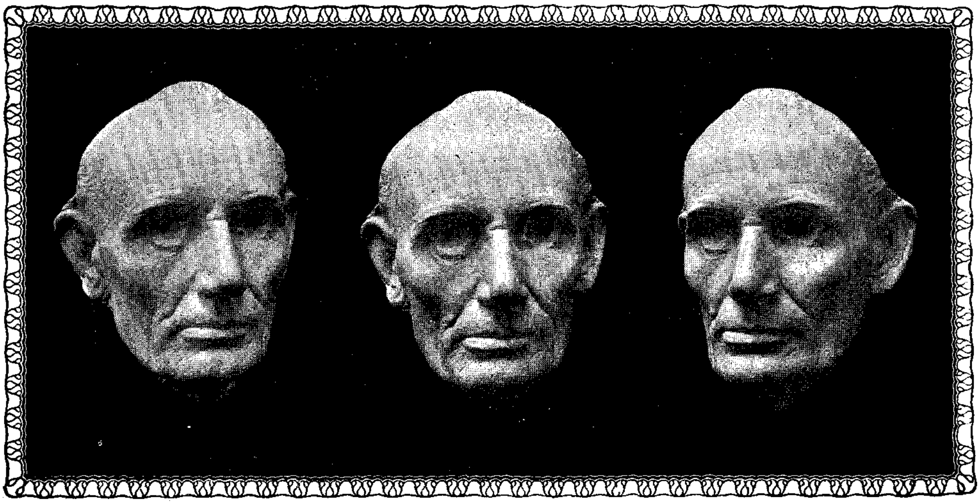
suits of Mr. Bryant and others who sat on the platform. But this annoyance was of short duration, and he made no effort while in the East to improve his appearance.

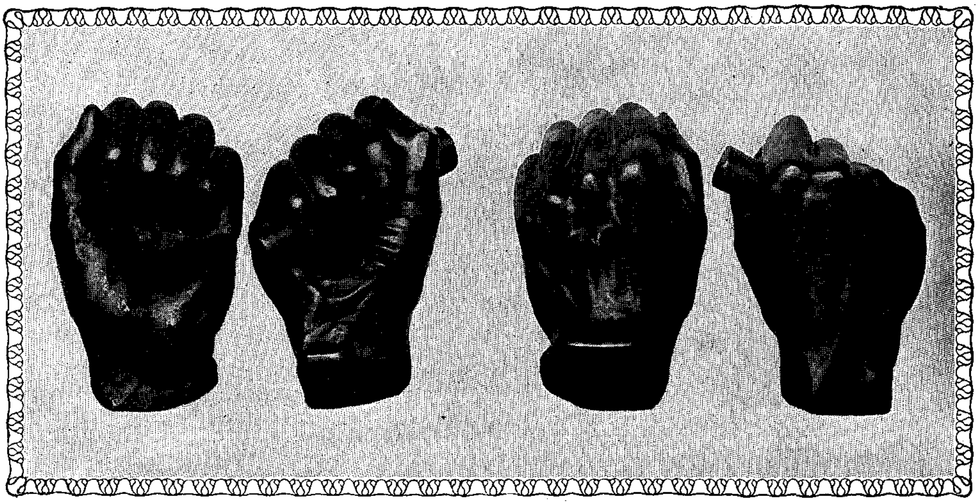
Almost the only person who has publicly written against the popular belief concerning Lincoln's personal appearance is Hon. J. G. Nicolay, the President's private secretary and subsequent co-biographer, who says that to him "there was neither oddity, eccentricity, awkwardness, nor grotesqueness in his face, figure, or movement"; that, on the contrary, "he was prepossessing in appearance when the entire man was fairly considered, mentally and physically, unusual height and proportion, and general movement of body and mind."

He also states that Lincoln's walk "was vigorous, elastic, easy, rather quick, firm, and dignified; no shuffling or hesitating; he had a large swing in his movement; and when

LIFE MASK OF LINCOLN IN PLASTER

"A projecting face with unusual vigor and contrasts of planes, a strong, angular lower jaw, and high chin. The fullness above the temples not only gives an important contrast to the line of the face below, but finishes that part of the head with a commanding outline." — See page 401





LINCOLN'S HANDS IN BRONZE

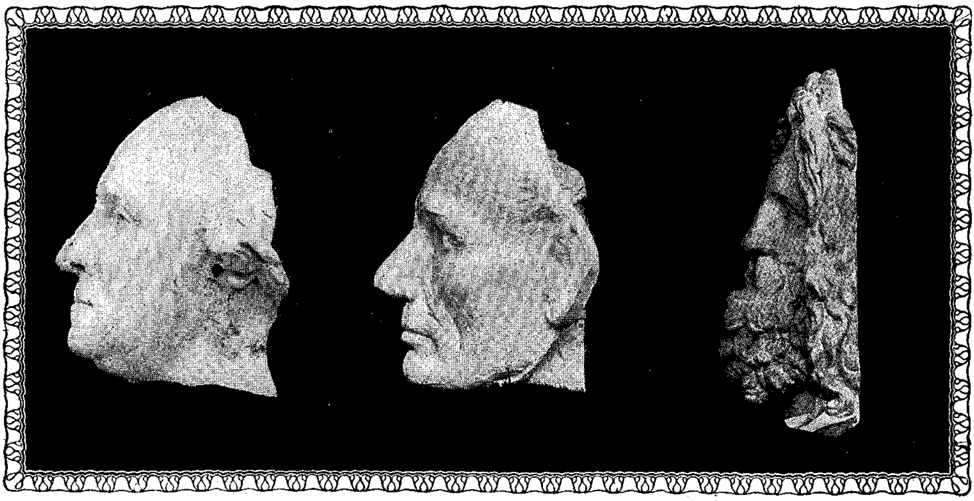
The creases on the inside are, like all made on Lincoln's face, of different form and character from those on any other good hand in life action. They are the most positive and evident illustrations of the peculiarity of Lincoln's skin and surface muscles. The inside and back views of the left hand are quite as original and unique as anything about their owner.—See page 405

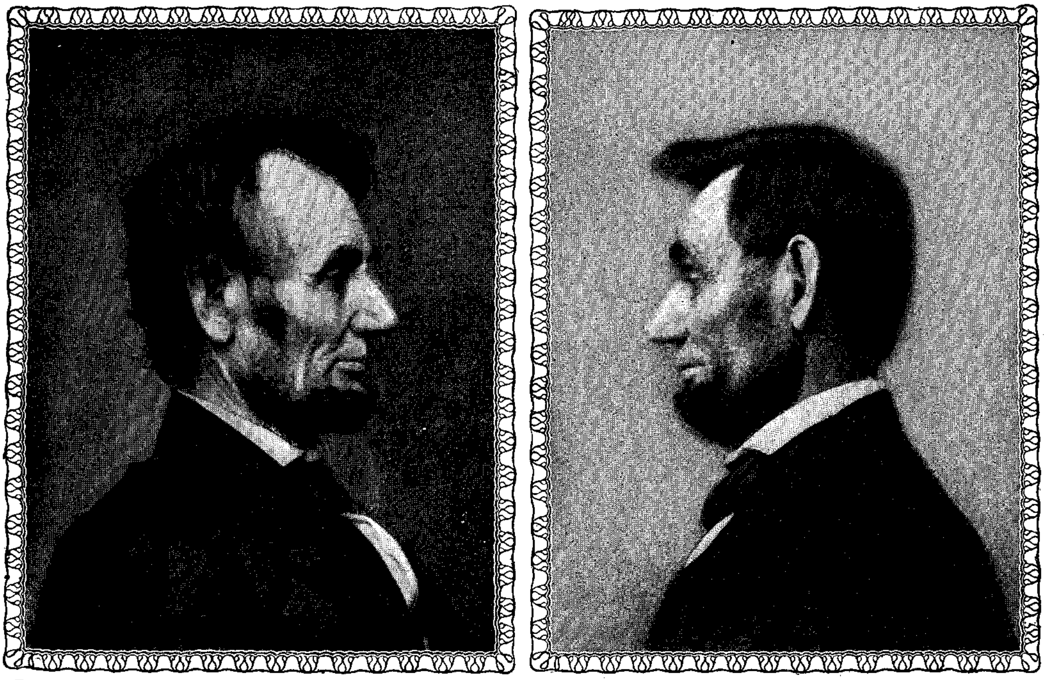
enunciating a great thought that he wished to impress upon his hearers, he would straighten up to an impressive height."

Mr. Nicolay gives this as his impression of Lincoln's appearance without seeking to corroborate it by any fact of physical construction. If the words quoted at the beginning of this paper were to be taken, as they have been by the world, as final and conclusive, and there were nothing else than the uncorroborated opinion of Mr. Nicolay to assist in further examination, there would be no way out of the belief that Lincoln was an "awfully homely" man,— a human frame cruelly proportioned, with articulations orderless, aimless, and unpleasant, housing a wonderful heart and mind. But the truth is that these words were, in the large majority of cases, only parts of sentences, or parts of a thoughtless general summing up of the personal appearance of the man, while the other parts

THE GREEK JOVE AND THE MASKS OF LINCOLN AND WASHINGTON

"The Lincoln mask does not lose in character by a comparison with the profile views of Washington and the Greek Jove, the last being regarded as the most majestically impressive face in existence. Washington's head is a perfect example of its type"





From a Brady negative in the possession of F. H. Meserve

RIGHT AND LEFT PROFILES OF LINCOLN'S FACE

"Except for the nose and the way the head sets on the shoulders, these heads would hardly be taken by the ordinary observer as belonging to the same person." — See page 405

included words indicative of beautiful physical qualities, or statements of mental and physical relationships admirable, significant, and suggestive.

Nor are these desirable qualities and relationships isolated ones, affecting single members of the body; they are intimately connected with the whole physical structure and furnish evidence that it was different from the physique first described. The excellences of Lincoln's appearance may be classed under two heads: — facial expression, and general movement of the body.

The following descriptions of Lincoln's eyes were spoken or written without qualification, and are taken from a large number of sources, many of them being the recollections of women: —

"Soft, tender, bluish eyes"; " — Two bright, dreamy eyes that seem to gaze through you without looking at you"; " — Patient, loving eyes"; " — The kindest eyes ever placed in mortal head"; " — His eyes had an expression impossible to describe, as though they lay in deep caverns, ready to spring out at an instant call"; " — The saddest face that ever was seen — sadness seemed to drip from him as he walked"; " — A sad, preoccupied, far-away look, so intense that he seemed to be in a trance"; " — Inexpressible sadness in his eyes, with a far-away look, as if they were searching for something they had seen long, long years ago"; " — Melancholy eyes that seemed to wander far away."

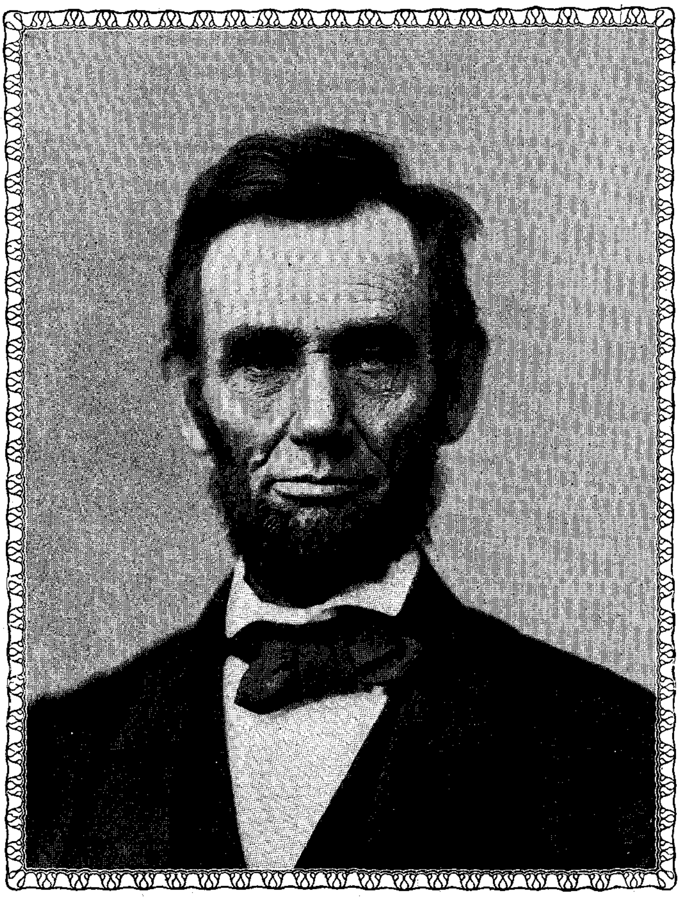
The rapid change of expression in Lincoln's eyes and face is thus set forth: —

"His little gray eyes flashed in a face aglow with the fire of his profound thoughts, and his uneasy movements and diffident manner sank themselves beneath the waves of righteous indignation that came sweeping over him." " — His eyes flashed with pleasure, and his sad countenance lighted up and became almost beautiful." " — The dull, listless features dropped like a mask. The melancholy shadow disappeared in a twinkling. The eyes began to sparkle, the mouth to smile, and the whole countenance was wreathed in animation." " — When affected by humor, sympathy, or admiration for some heroic deed or sacrifice for the right, his face changed in an instant, the hard lines faded out of it, and the emotion seemed to diffuse itself all over him. His sad face of a sudden became radiant; he seemed like one inspired."

Several of Lincoln's friends to whom I wrote for early photographs of him answered that they had none, because no picture represented the light that was in his eyes when he was listening or speaking, and in such aspects alone did they wish to remember him. And one added: "It was then only that he was in the world."

Of Lincoln's naturalness, native dignity, and grace, this is said: —

"He had perfect naturalness, a native grace which never failed to shine through his words and acts." "— He had the gentleness of the unspoiled child of nature." "— He had a dignity of bearing and character that commanded respect." "— Natural grandeur of demeanor." "— A natural gentleman." "— He had a wonderful countenance, easy dignity, and ever present tact." "— He always maintained a singular dignity and reserve without the least effort." "— He was awkward, but it was the awkwardness of nature, which is akin to grace."



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LINCOLN FROM A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN MARCH 9, 1864

"The most impressively proportioned picture ever taken of Lincoln. It is a head that will hold its own in space. In this rare respect it belongs with the few faces that are inherently decorative." — See page 405

When I asked a Boston man, the closest observer, in matters of men and art, that I ever knew, if he thought, as most people did, that Lincoln was awkward, he replied: — "Yes, he was awkward, but with an elegance that a king might envy, and common men despise. He moved with an ease that was in the highest degree impressive, and with a grace of nature that would have become a woman."

There is no difference of opinion in regard to the change that came over Lincoln's appearance from the time he began to address an audience until he became warmed up. At first he appeared somewhat awkward, diffident, and uneasy; but as soon as he got hold of his subject, or it had got hold of him, he was another man. He seemed inspired, and was immensely imposing and dignified.

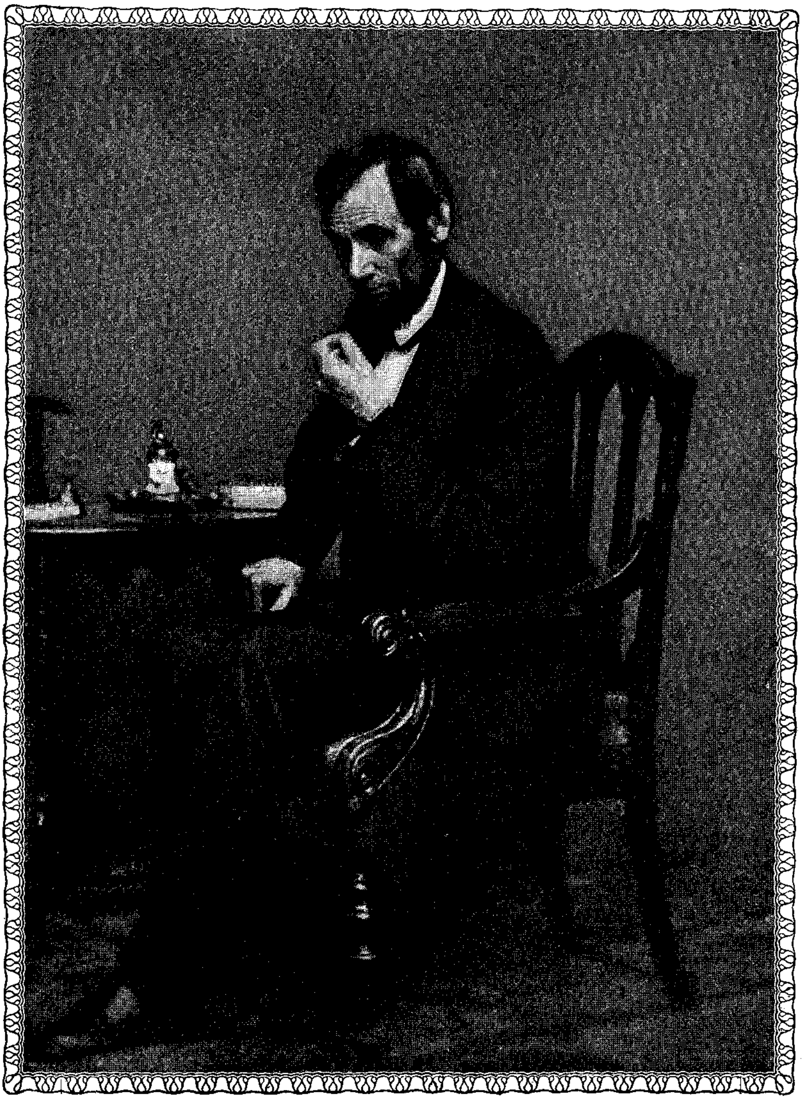
He is thus described: — "The act of expressing a great sentiment or concluding a fine period transformed Lincoln's awkwardness, uncouthness, and boorishness into beauty and nobility of bearing. In making a speech on a subject that deeply interested him, he often quivered all over with emotion nearly stifling his utterance."

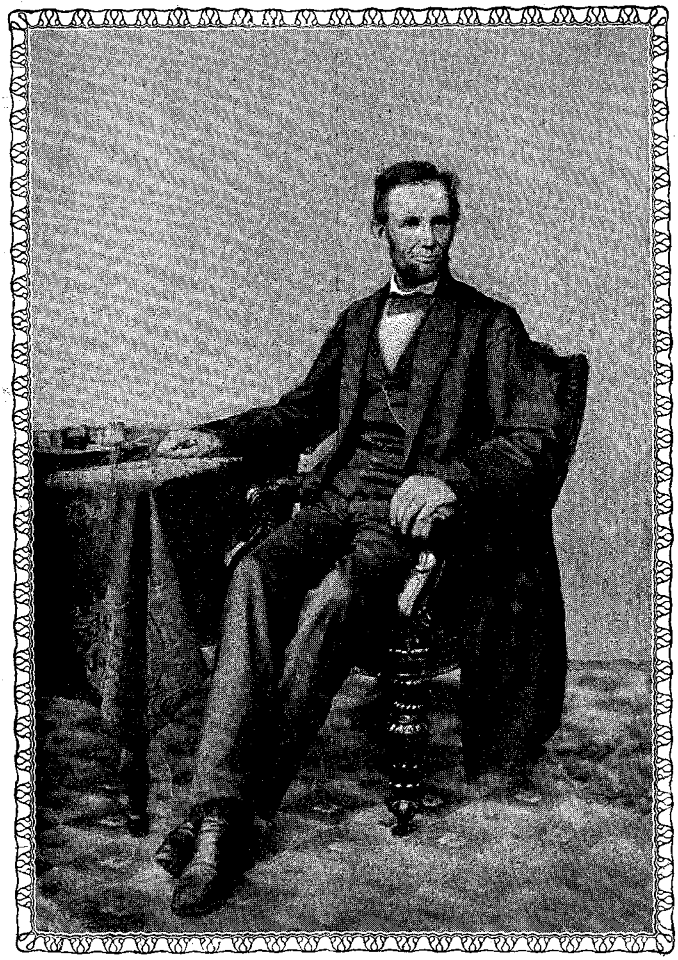
Of Lincoln's stretching-up capacity, or vertical elasticity, there is also no difference of opinion, and this, as the artist knows, is a quality marked only in people of the highest physical construction. That he could stretch up to a height beyond his usual stature is well authenticated.

In interesting conjunction with Lincoln's facial and physical transformations — the ready expression of a rich and sensitive emotional nature — may be placed his great muscular strength and activity, and the terrible character of his anger when aroused by injustice to himself or to a friend, though he was averse to any combative exercise of his strength save in a friendly wrestle, or to help some one in trouble.

Now we come to the crucial questions: Do not the beautiful character of Lincoln's eyes, the sudden and peculiarly impressive change in his facial expression, his unusual power of stretching up, or vertical elasticity, and the rapidity and strength of his bodily movement, suggest the idea that there were admirable qualities in his physical make-up not included in the popular belief? It seems to me that these things suggest a splendidly sensitive, responsive, and powerful system of nerves,— a muscular organization of a rare and superior kind,— and that instead of

AN UNUSUAL PHOTOGRAPH OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN





LINCOLN FROM A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN THE SUNDAY BEFORE THE GETTYSBURG SPEECH

"A great portrait, — a great ready-made statue or picture. As such it ranks with the best portraits in any art." — See page 405

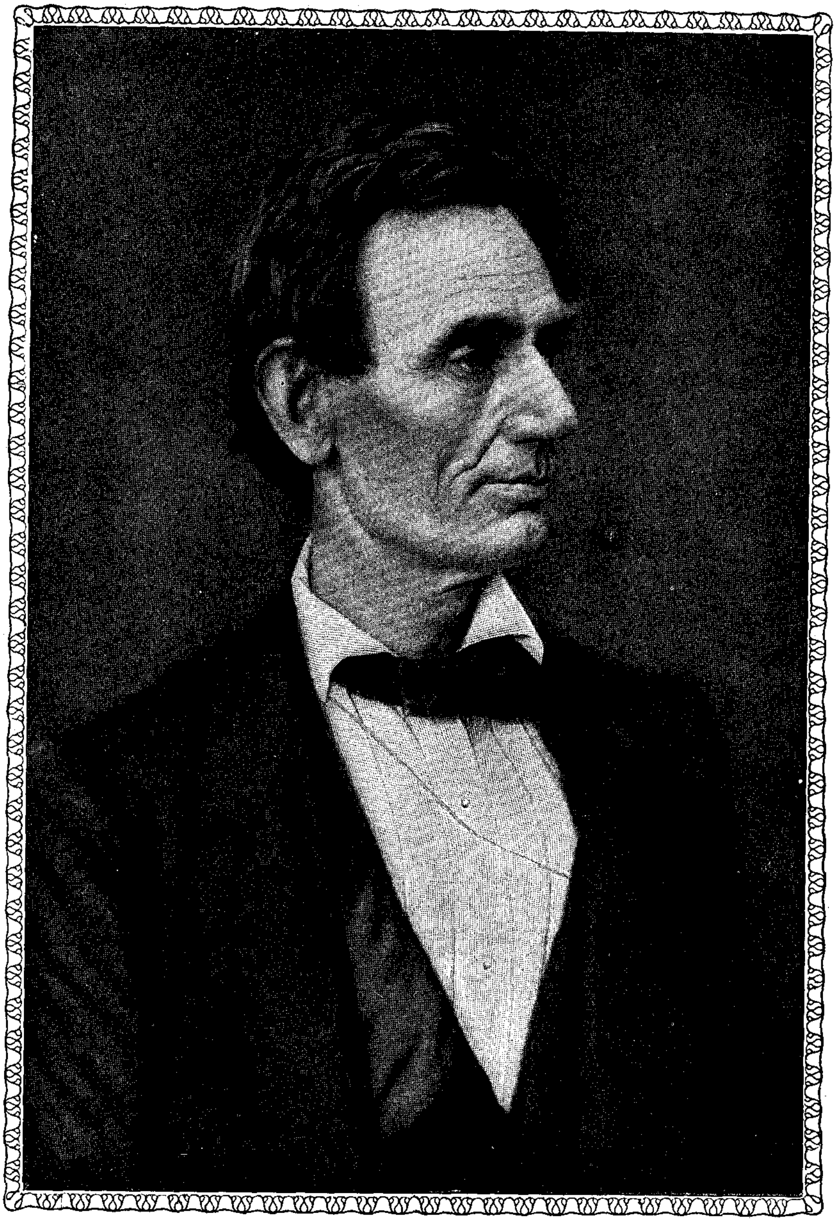
high intellectual and emotional qualities incased in an ill-assorted body, it will be found that there was an admirable body and a deep harmony between the outer and inner man. An examination of the portraits of Lincoln will help to make this apparent.

It is doubtful if any personage in history has had as many portraits made from life in the short space of seven years — by human workers in oil and clay, by sunlight in photographs, ambrotypes, and tintypes — as Abraham Lincoln. It began during the Douglas debates in 1858, became a campaign necessity in Springfield the second day after his nomination, and continued almost without interruption until forty days before he breathed his last.

Not the least part of the interest of these portraits is the great variety of circumstance, observation, and diversity of time and place connected with their origin; in other words, the how and why they came into existence, the history of their travels, and the peculiarities concerning their ownership. This, sought out in all its varied and unusual details, forces upon one the temptation to regard it as providential.

Mr. L. W. Volk, a Chicago sculptor, was the first artist to whom Lincoln sat for his portrait — a bust, finished a month or two before the Chicago convention. An event occurred in the progress of making this bust that may be justly called the second most important in the history of American portraiture — the taking of a most perfect mask of the future President's face; the other being a like process with the face of Washington, in 1785, by the French sculptor Houdon.

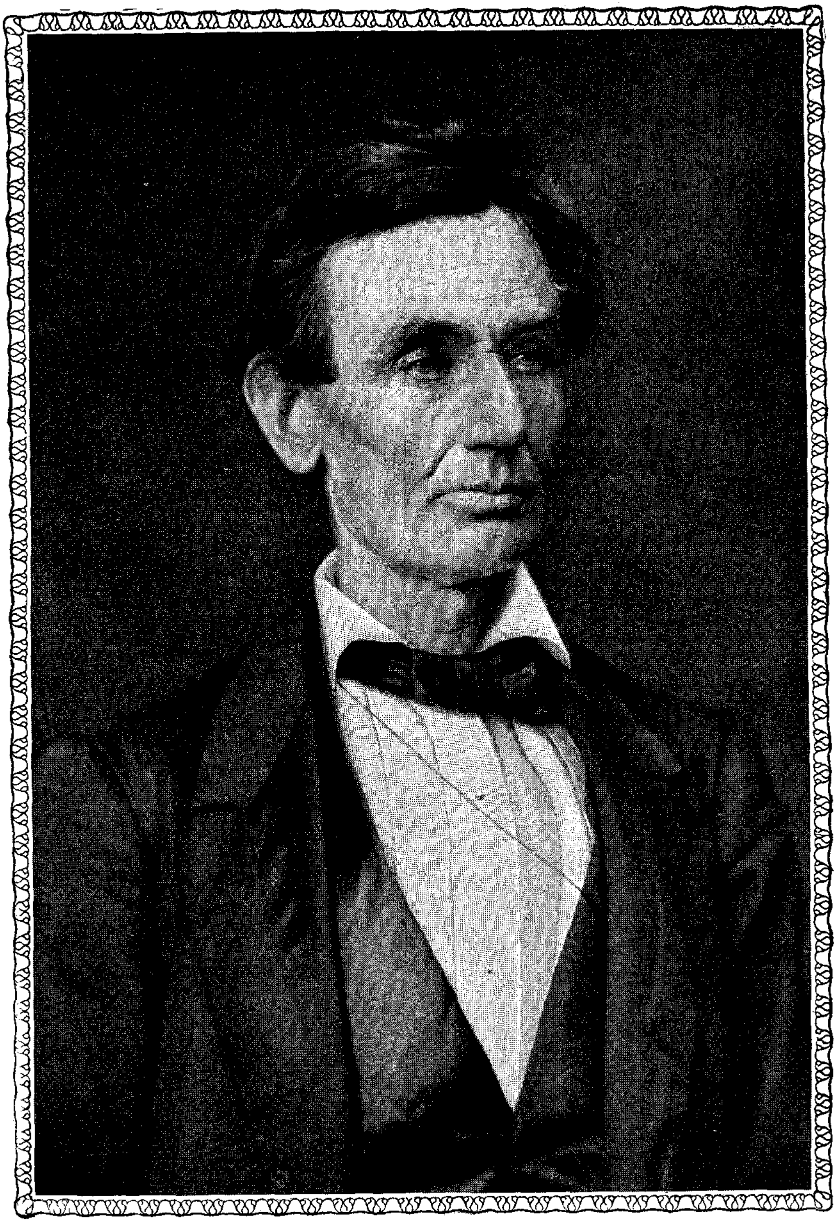
This Lincoln mask (see page 392) is the first reliable contribution to the material upon which a safe examination of the forms of his face can



These two photographs of Abraham Lincoln were taken for campaign purposes at Springfield, Illinois, in June,
Ayres who, after the custom of the "wet photography" of those days, began to clean the glass plates to prepare
Mr. Ayres was about to wash these negatives like the others, but the President's recent assassination induced
which consumed the Hesler gallery the following year and from the Chicago conflagration of 1871. The

be made. The photographs, ambrotypes, and tintypes made before and after he became President are also a valuable contribution. All this, with casts of both his hands, taken a few days after his nomination, completes what there is of unquestionable material by which to judge of the character of Lincoln's face, figure, and physical movement.

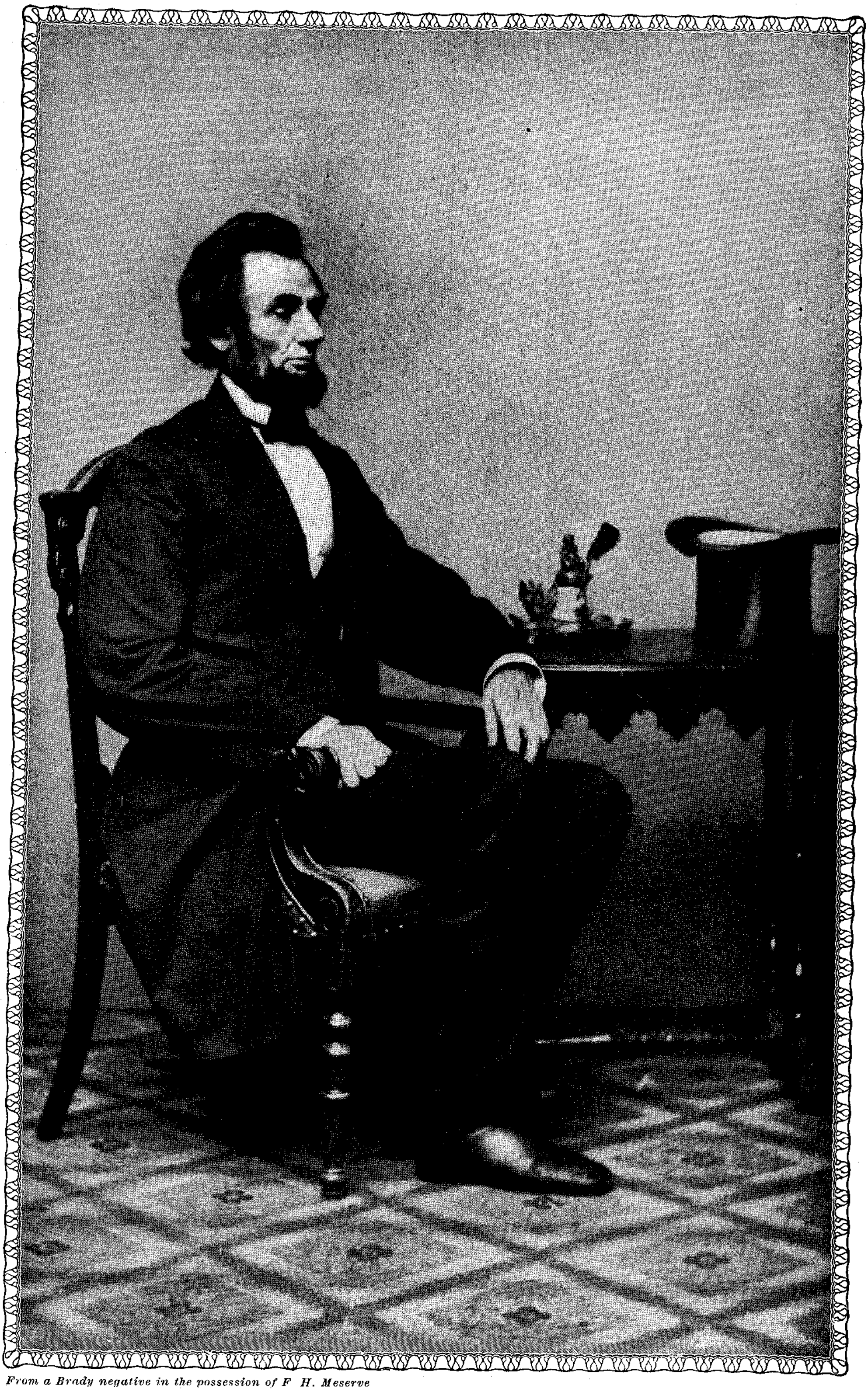
It is to Frenchmen that is due the credit of first seeing the true beauty of the life mask, of appreciating it and describing it. When I took a plaster copy, in 1877, to the oldest Paris bronze-founder to get it cast in bronze, I put it down on a table side by side with a mask of the Abbé Lamenais. The first words of the founder were: —"What a beautiful face! Why, it's more beautiful and has more character than the Abbé's, and we think that is the handsomest one in France! What an extraordinary construction, and what fine forms it has!" Then he asked



1860, by Alexander Hesler of Chicago. After Hesler's death in 1865 his collection was purchased by George B.
them for new films. The photographs of Lincoln with a beard had so superseded his earlier portraits that
him to save them. In 1867 Mr. Ayres moved his collection to Buffalo, and so preserved them from a fire
negatives were totally forgotten by Mr. Ayres until he discovered them among his effects about 1890

who it was, and added, "I shall take pleasure in showing it to So-and-so," — naming several of the principal sculptors in Paris for whom he did work.

Some weeks after, when I went to get the bronze copy, the founder told me that these sculptors and others had seen the Lincoln, and expressed themselves in the most appreciative terms of what they saw in it. Here, in substance, is what they said:—"It is unusual in general construction, it has a new and interesting character, and its planes are remarkably beautiful and subtle. If it belongs to any type, and we know of none such, it must be a wonderful specimen of that type." Like things were said of it by other French artists, as I took pains to show it for examination. I lent the mask and a number of Lincoln photographs to the best French genre sculptor of modern times for several months, that he might see what he could get out of

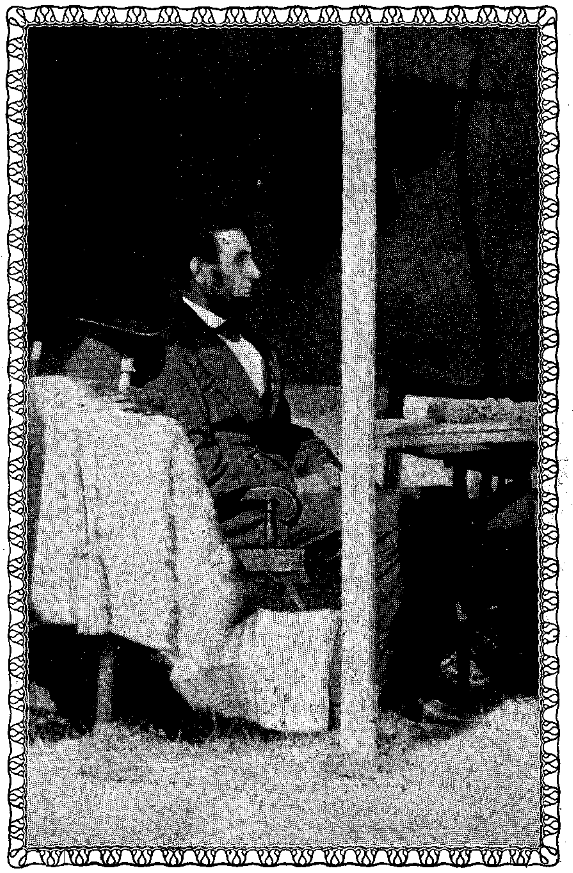


From a Brady negative in the possession of F H. Meserve

"IN NONE OF THE SITTING VIEWS OF LINCOLN IS THERE ANY SIGN OF A DISPOSITION TO SPRAWL. NO MEMBER, LIKE THE HANDS, FOR INSTANCE, IS INTRUSIVE." FROM THE SCULPTOR'S POINT OF VIEW, THIS PHOTOGRAPH MAKES A NEARER APPROACH TO STIFFNESS THAN THE OTHER SITTING PORTRAITS it in making a face in clay. When he got through, he made these observations:—"I can do nothing with that head, and I doubt if any one in these times can. The more I studied it, the more difficulties I found. The subtle character of its forms is beyond belief. There is no face like it."

Frémiet was particularly interested. He said, among other things: "It seems impossible that a new country like yours should produce such a face. It is unique." Then he asked: "Do you know anything about the physique of this man? He must have been tall and slim, having little flesh, and very alert in action." As I was then making some sketches of a statuette, based upon very little knowledge of Lincoln's physical appearance, Frémiet's suggestions were of great value, as I knew him to be a learned ethnologist. He then recommended me to get for a model a man of the neighborhood who was tall and slim, but very compactly built. His height was six feet, four inches, the same, as I learned long afterward, as that of Lincoln. At the close of our conversation, Frémiet said: "You have in hand a wonderfully interesting subject — I envy you."

No word was uttered or suggested by any of these persons indicating consideration of the mask from a popular or so-called classic point of view — it was invariably looked at from the point of view of individual character, as an original and interesting piece of facial construction, for the harmony of the face with itself. There was no reference to ugliness, coarseness, or flabbiness of form. It was the same with the photographs shown to them.



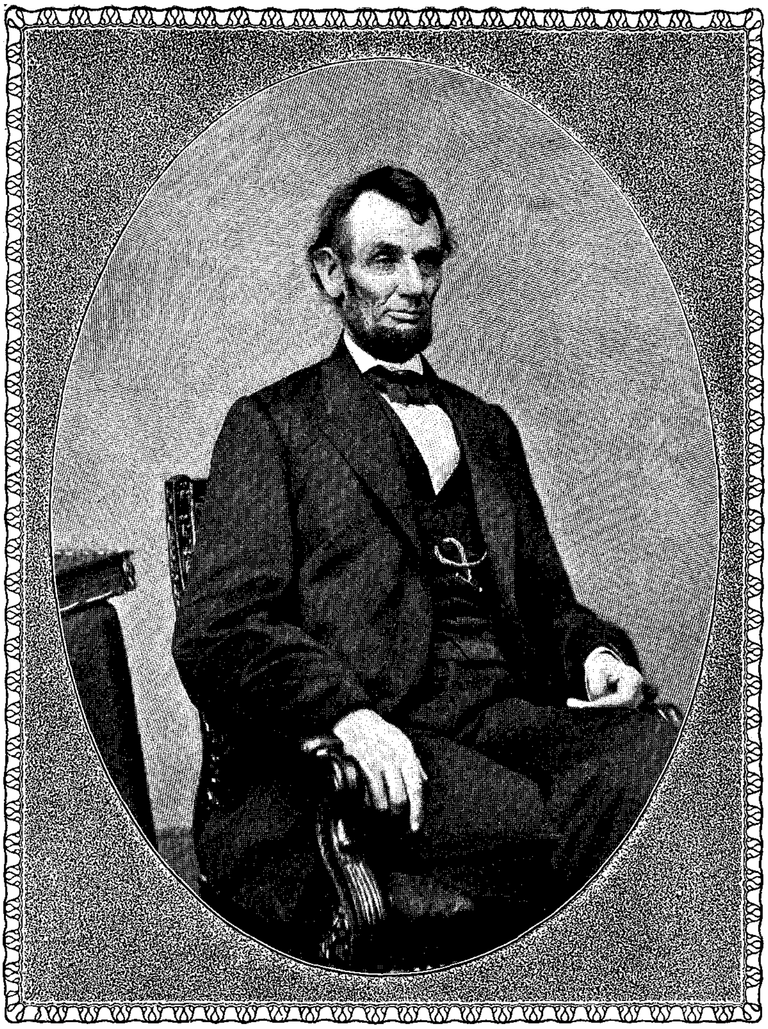
LINCOLN SITTING IN McCLELLAN'S TENT

"A wonderful example of concentrated physical action, of ease and primitive naturalness. The poise of the head is the perfection of simple attention."—See page 406

The mask is indeed priceless, for without it, it would have been practically impossible to have arrived at any very definite judgment of the true character of Lincoln's facial construction.

A short, detailed review of the mask would be something like this:—A projecting face with unusual vigor and contrasts of planes; long, large, protruding ears; strong, angular lower jaw, and high chin. All lines of face muscular or bony, strongly, firmly, and delicately marked; the forehead wrinkled to the roots of the hair. The fullness above and immediately back of the temples very rich and firm, not only giving an important contrast to the line of the face below, but finishing that part of the head with a commanding form and outline.

The character of the profile is also unusual, in the character of the lines and in their construction:—first, the full line of the forehead, carried from the top of the nose upward; second, the projecting nose, practically straight, and the distance from its end back to the upper lip, which is greater than with ordinary noses. The nose is thick in its body and wide on the top when looked at in front, and thus helps to make a harmonious face, by catching more light than an ordinary nose. The distance from the top of the nose, when seen in profile, to the inner corner of the eye, is again unusual. The end of the nose appears almost blunt, but its outline, when carefully examined, is varied in form and very delicate. The skin, so far as can be judged from a somewhat worn mask, is not marked into small sections, as in most skins, but is comparatively smooth, and indented with little holes, like enlarged pores,



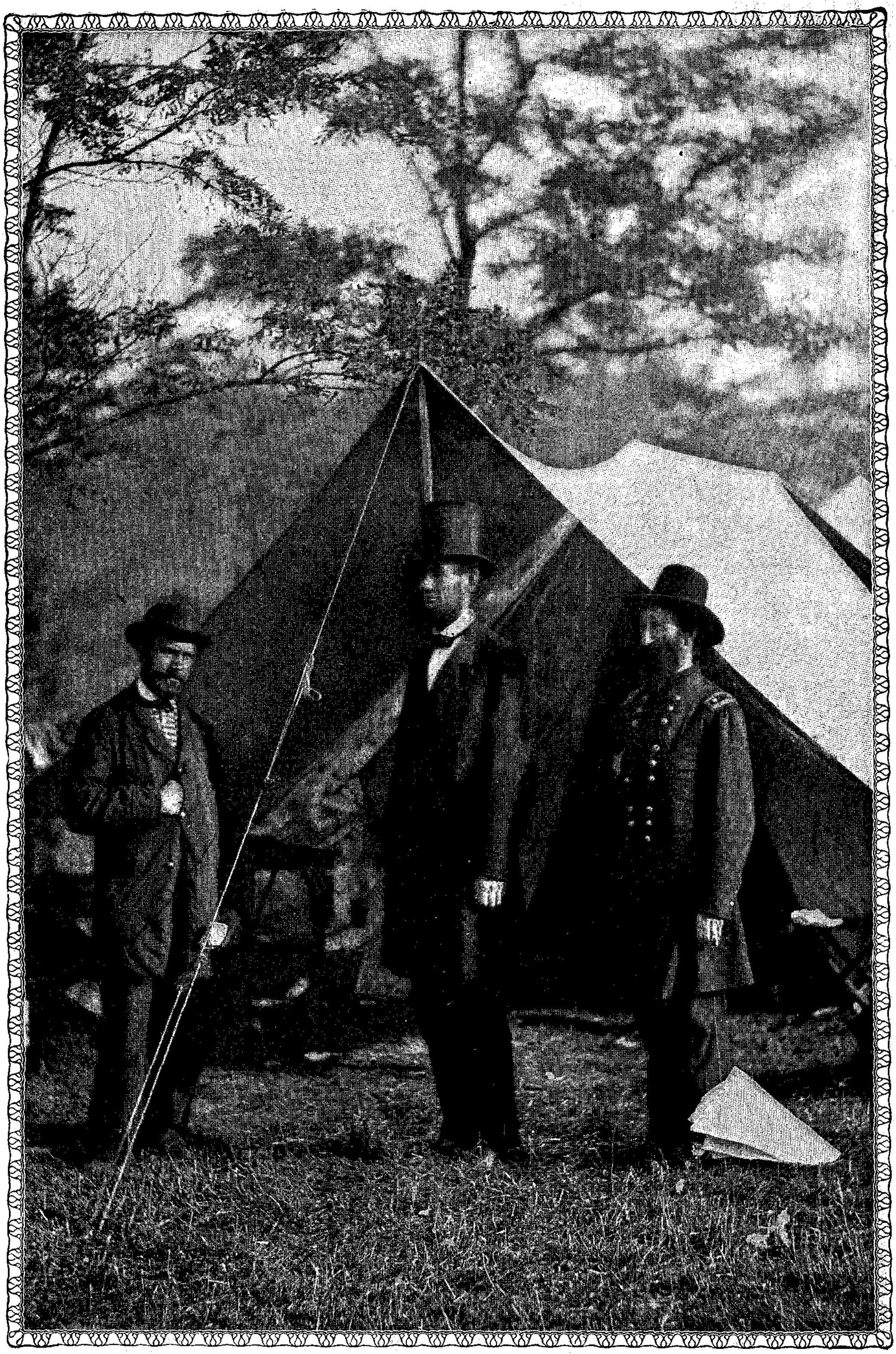
PRESIDENT LINCOLN

From a well-known photograph said to have been taken at the request of Secretary Seward

suggesting an individuality of its own. The firmness of the skin and muscles is evidenced by the correctness of the forms of the mask, as there is not the slightest indication that any change in them was made by the weight of the plaster. The mask is, in short, a perfect reproduction of Lincoln's face, and greatly beautiful in its human style and gravity.

The large, thick, and protruding under lip injures the general harmony and delicacy of the face in the estimation of some keen observers, though not disturbing or lessening the very sensitive line of mouth. These persons reconcile this fact by connecting it with Lincoln's lack of sensibility in many matters, his absolute indifference to art, to the nicer comforts of physical life, and with a certain want of delicacy in observing the minor customs of a refined state of society. In other words, they interpret it as his face-mark of a certain physical obtuseness. Were it not for the high, firm chin, powerful jaw, and decided upper lip, all forming a well-proportioned combination, and thus reducing the lower lip to a less obtrusive effect, this member of the face would indeed seem unpleasantly large. Still, it is to be remembered that the right kind of a thick lower lip is a physiognomical mark of sensitiveness and tenderness of nature.

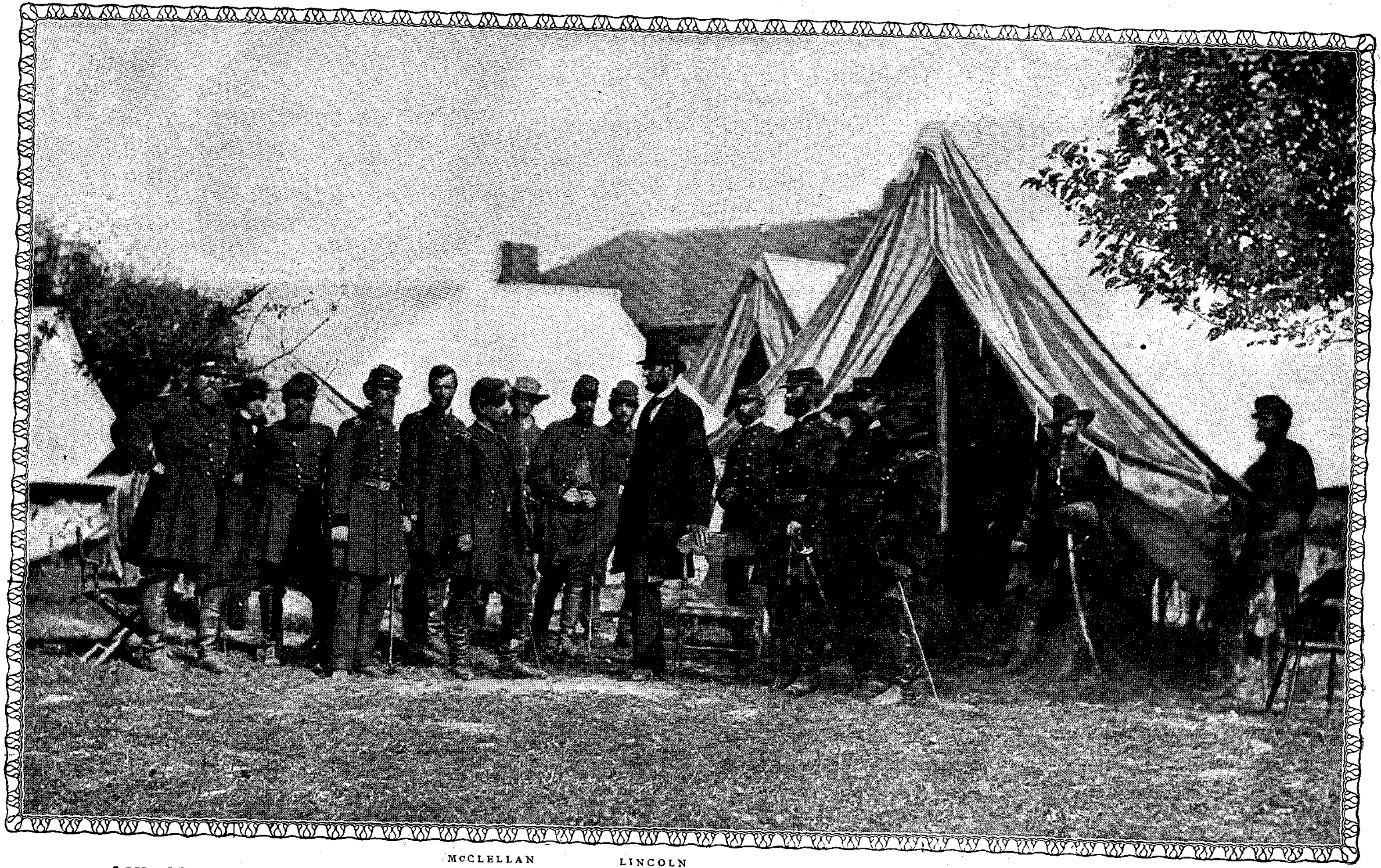
The Lincoln mask, as may be seen herein, does not lose in character by a comparison with the profile views of Washington and the Greek Jove, the last being regarded as the most majestically impressive face in existence. The force of Lincoln's individuality in such a connection is alone sufficient to stamp it as a



From a photograph by Brady

PRESIDENT LINCOLN AT ANTIETAM HEADQUARTERS

General McClernand stands at the right and Pinkerton, the army detective, at the left.—See page 406


McCLELLAN
LINCOLN

LINCOLN AND THE GENERALS OF THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC, FROM A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN IN OCTOBER, 1862, JUST AFTER THE BATTLE OF ANTIETAM.—See page 406 wonderful one. Washington's head is a perfect example of its type.

The casts of Lincoln's hands (see page 393) were made a few days after his nomination for the presidency. They are large, long hands. The first phalanx of the middle finger is nearly half an inch longer than that of an ordinary hand. The bones are finely shaped, not unusually large, muscles thin, strongly defined in their own construction and in their relations, finger-nails of good form and of ordinary length. The joints are very supple. Were it not for the length of the fingers, the shape of the nails, and the movement of the muscles on the inside of the right hand, one would doubt that it was the mate of the other. In contrast and variety of form, the hands are as fine and original as is the mask. Both mask and hands are distinguished for exactitude of form.

Nearest physiognomically to the mask are two photographs (see page 394) taken at different times, one a little more and the other a little less than profile. Except for the nose and the way the head sets on the neck and shoulders, these heads would hardly be taken by the ordinary observer as belonging to the same person. There are only a few measurements that distinguish Lincoln's head and face from any other good head and face. First, the distance from the end of the nose back to the upper lip; second, the length and depth of the mouth from the profile line backwards; third, the distance from the wing of the nose up to the inside corner of the eye; and fourth, from the eye up to a horizontal line passing through both eyebrows. All these measurements are important and significant. The distance from the top of the nose just below where it joins the forehead, down to the inside corner of the eye, is another noticeable measurement. These, with the heavy, projecting, and easily moving eyebrows, make a combination of distances and forms of imposing distinction. Add to this the fine forms immediately above the eyebrows, and we have a setting for the wonderful eyes such as rarely occurs in human physiognomy. All these constructive effects strike the observer unconsciously, and emphasize the effect of the eyes themselves. We shall appreciate this part of Lincoln's face more fully in the front view photographs.

It is not alone the measurements, but the character of forms between them that make Lincoln's face and head unique. The prominence of the cheek-bones is due more to an absence of fat and full muscle than to unusual size of bone. The character of the facial muscles, thin, firm, and elastic, is in accordance with Lincoln's light weight for a man of his height,— from one hundred and sixty to one hundred and eighty pounds,— his great strength and quickness of movement when excited, and his actual muscular construction as given by Herndon, which the latter called, with a good deal of truth, a set of sinews, or extended tendons. It all indicates economy of construction, and agrees with the descriptions given of the economical workings of his mind.

The best front view of Lincoln is from a photograph (see page 395) asserted to have been taken March 9, 1864, at the same time a similar view was made of Grant's face, and on the afternoon of the day that the latter received his commission as Lieutenant-General. As a whole it is probably the most impressively proportioned picture ever taken of Lincoln. It is all strange, in no respect like any other head. It is a large one, not in inches, but in the style of its construction, — a head that will hold its own in space, in the open air. In this rare respect it belongs with the few faces that are inherently decorative. It must be estimated by a standard authorized by itself. No such eyes were ever seen in mortal head, and no such setting was ever given to any other eyes. In all the photographs we see that the eyes and their framework confirm this statement. Careful examination shows that the muscles around the eyes are of extremely delicate and sensitive texture.

One of his most interesting photographs is that taken seated, on the 2nd of November, the Sunday before the delivery of the Gettysburg speech (see page 397). On the table at his right hand is a paper containing Everett's oration. Until I saw this photograph in Washington, in December, 1874, I supposed that Lincoln was as popularly described. When I first saw it, I was amazed at the difference between it and current tradition. It struck me as the most original, easy, dignified, and impressive representation of a man in a sitting position I had ever seen. Years of looking at and studying it, by itself, and in comparison with many others of the eminent men of modern times, have confirmed that impression. Still greater confirmation is found in the opinions of three of the greatest sculptors of modern times, — Frémiet, Rodin, and Aubé; they were astonished at its original and imposing presence. "It is a new man; he has tremendous character," they said. Everything about this picture is surprisingly suggestive and admirable. The head, in its massiveness, the way it is poised on the shoulders, the lines of the legs and arms, and especially the bend of the body, in spite of their coverings, are firm, fine, and easy. The knee-pans are not over large or shapeless, nor do the hands show any incongruity in mass, line, or movement. There is nothing in the hang of the clothes or their lines and folds that indicates anything but a well-shaped form beneath. No monarch ever sat with more natural truth and dignity.

The simple, easy line of the hand on the table, that made by the foot and leg and the bend of the knee, suggest quite the opposite of clumsy and awkwardly constructed or moving articulations. It is a great portrait, — a great ready-made statue or picture. As such it ranks with the best portraits in any art, and as far as I know it is absolutely unique; again, as such, it means that Lincoln's mind and body not only worked together in perfect physical harmony, but exemplified a dignified and gracious ease. He made his own statue. A statue is no more nor less than a study in physiognomy with reference to the effect of light upon it as represented in marble, stone, or bronze.

Lincoln is dressed in modern costume, a costume condemned by every one, and especially when reproduced in sculpture. Yet I doubt if one person in a thousand would think of the costume when looking at this portrait. The simple fact is that Lincoln's body completely dominates his clothes, and would continue to do so in sculpture if properly executed.

I take this first view to be a perfectly natural position, taken by Lincoln without the aid of the photographer. He is completely together, unconscious and absolutely indifferent to anything outside of himself.

There are many other significant details in this sitting portrait, of which a few may be mentioned. The legs are kept well together. Every action of leg, arm, hands, and feet, is decisive, completing its intention, and all in natural harmony. This is a very important and significant fact, so much so that it may be taken as an ample starting-point for a full consideration of Lincoln's intellectual construction. So definite is the completion of intention, that the right foot is placed fully upon the floor, and the full length of the other foot is also prone upon the floor. The position of these feet shows not only a flexible but a well-formed articulation. This flexibility of ankle joints permits the left foot of this figure to fall down, and thus not only saves it from being awkward by pointing up into the air, as nine hundred and ninety-nine feet in a thousand would do, but makes a fine line in connection with the leg. The size and character of Lincoln's feet, as shown through his boots, are in admirable accord with his body. They are well and forcibly formed, and of noticeable importance as a constructive fact.

In none of the sitting views is there any sign of a disposition to sprawl or spread around, as the majority of men do when sitting. No member, like the hands, for instance, is obtrusive. These facts indicate natural elegance, high style in bodily action, and a concentrative physical economy in accordance with the beauty and character of Lincoln's mind.

From a point of view of physical and mental harmony of an unobtrusive and self-centered kind, its simple variety and contrast of planes, betokening to an extreme the humble character of the man, the photograph of Lincoln in McClellan's tent (see page 401) is, to me, the most unusual and strangely interesting of all the pictures ever taken of him in a sitting position. If the first sitting photograph that we have examined is as a ready-made statue, marvelous in its composition and more than kingly in its ease and dignity, this one is a wonderful example of concentrated physical action, of ease and primitive naturalness. The lines made by the bent arms and legs are not those of ungraceful members or rude articulations. The hands are closed in front, the toes turn in, the whole body is squarely in accord with itself. The poise of the head is the perfection of simple attention. An essay could be written about it.

The world's great statues and figure pieces in painting are made like great orations, great poems, and great judicial disquisitions, upon the lines, and in harmony with the authoritative divisions of their subjects. Like all high, inspired productions, they hide themselves save to the deep and sincere student. The sitting photographs of Lincoln that we have rapidly examined are akin to them; and merit the same grave scientific and artistic consideration.

We shall now examine some photographs that will tax our best discrimination and appeal to our most considerate judgment, — pictures of such extraordinary significance that justly to understand and appreciate them we shall be obliged to put aside our habitual standard of judgment and pay tribute to the inherent authority of their own physical and mental construction. They represent the President at Antietam headquarters. (See pages 403 and 404).

The pictures of Lincoln at Antietam, and with the generals of the Army of the Potomac, give a sufficient opportunity to compare Lincoln's unconscious simplicity of vertical structure and pose with a dozen or more generals and civilians, not one of whom is not more or less conscious and trying to stand well, without success.

At first sight Lincoln appears strange and even grotesque, with his unusual height, narrow shoulders, long arms hanging so listlessly by his sides, and that oddest of tall hats. The large majority of people would be strongly tempted to laugh at this strange object standing there so absolutely alone. Few, if any, would think of making it a subject of careful study, or in any way regarding it as vitally related to the intellectual and human fame of one of the most wonderful beings that has appeared upon the earth, — a weird and mysterious being who came into the world against convention, who performed functions as unique as they were far-reaching, and who left the world by the old, mysteriously cruel road so often trod by its noblest.

He reminds one of the isolated figures in archaic sculpture, — straight, stiff, and uninteresting. But if we examine closely, we shall see that Lincoln's position is not only the sum of simplicity, but that his straightness is easy and unconscious, — all again illustrating the economy of his bodily action, the natural tendency toward the simplest movements, and a reliance upon himself. Even when excited in speaking, he made few gestures, so few that many say he made none. In walking there were no useless movements, and in sitting he got himself closely together, as we have already seen. Herndon, who studied his partner with more persistence than any one, says that he always stood squarely on both feet, both legs under him, never one ahead of the other, and never leaned on or touched anything while speaking. In this, also, Lincoln was in harmony with his mental action. These figures are the most interesting ones I have ever seen of a man standing.

An added and almost pathetic interest gathers around this form when looked at isolated from the others. Its suggestiveness multiplies until it becomes a text for a discourse upon the entire character of the man, its sadness, its pathos, its isolation. It seems like a solitary dolmen in a deserted and barren plain, that has withstood the ravaging decay of centuries. As Lincoln's whole nature presents to history the most intricate and mysterious individual problem, so the photographs we have seen represent the only new physical organization, of which we have any correct knowledge, contributed by the new world to the ethnographic consideration of mankind.

TO A. E. HOUSMAN

BY

BLANCHE ALLYN BANE

THE cherry branches are white with flower,
The green's on meadow and fen;
O let me come to you for an hour
And walk with you again!

Tell me your tale of the poplar-trees
That bordered the brook you knew
And with never a wind to stir their leaves
Sighed with the soul of you.

Take me away into Wenlock Town
Where the broom is yellow as gold,
Where you broke the boughs from the hawthorn-tree
As full as your arms could hold.

And show me your tender trysting-place,
Under the aspen-tree
Where the aspen whispered as you went by
Its pitiful prophecy

Take me away from this noisy street,
And these crowds of hurrying men;
Let me come to you for an hour
And walk with you again.

THE POWER OF THE DOG

BY

M. GAUSS

AUTHOR OF "THE LOVE STORY OF A CAD"

LUCILE PROEBEL stood on that low stone coping which runs about the north and west ends of the state-house grounds; behind her a background of evergreen shrubbery; before her the smart, asphalted street of the Capital, the prison-warden's dog-cart,— and Gus Londoner. Lucile was evidently flirting with Londoner, who could not take his eyes from her face; her chin was all dimpled with restrained laughter, but she had let her lashes droop so that he might think anything he pleased about her eyes. Her eyelids were very white, her hair and her lashes very dark; and her white dress had been planned to set off her face.

You would have known Londoner for an old beau at the Capital; he was at that time filling the post of State Treasurer, but he had been holding some State office ever since his twenty-first birthday. Everybody knew him — a muscular, heavily-set man, with the head of a young and handsome woman, barring a very masculine jaw and chin; very blond, very polite. Londoner was a literary man, in his way; he not only owned and read a great many books, but he had once written a novel which was never published. As he stood on the front sidewalk, he pulled out a little pocket volume of philosophic maxims.

"Isn't she pretty, though?" The remark floated to Lucile, who did not betray in her look that she heard, or that she knew what was implied in the word "though," which the warden's wife had slightly emphasized. Those women had been telling one another that the new arrival at the Capital was a niece of old Captain Page, that Gus Londoner had given her an appointment in his office, that she and her sister had been "gossiped about." Lucile, catching a word or two here and there, could fill out the rest: — "Oh, yes, both those girls were wild; and this 'Lucile' is just real tough! The one that died wasn't so bad."

Londoner called her attention, and following his thick, white thumb, she read from his book a favorite sentiment of his. Not being intellectual, she could not grasp the meaning, but, unaccountably to herself, she blushed; he threw back his head and laughed. "I reckon I'm a Philistine, Miss Proebel!" he said.

A tall, prim-looking woman came down the state-house steps; she was Londoner's half-sister, who worked in the auditor's office, and she detested such people as the Pages and the Proebels. When she reached Lucile's side, she paused; Lucile, whose eyelids drooped again, went on laughing and listening to Londoner, and did not betray in her look that she knew his sister was near. But Londoner, when he caught the lady's eye, lifted his hat and went off. A big mastiff, which had been sneaking about the pavement waiting for him, leaped on him in delight, catching one of his strong, white hands with its teeth, releasing it, biting it again.

Miss Londoner assumed that she and Lucile would walk home together; she tried, as they strolled again through the grounds, to put a long, thin arm about the girl; the arm was firmly rejected.

"I have a compliment for you, Miss Proebel!" she said, in an odd tone. "From a gentleman, too! And a man's a man, if he *is* married!"

Lucile's lashes fell.

"She doesn't display any interest!" cried Miss Londoner, laughing. "Well, then, I sha'n't tell you what Gus said about you!" The girl's transparent skin whitened for an instant, but she walked a step or two without speaking. "I didn't know Mr. Londoner was married!" she finally said; his sister caught her breath at the blunt remark; they had turned a corner and could see the familiar figure of the Treasurer just entering the lobby of the Grand Hotel. "I think," said Lucile, "it was very strange he never told me he was married!" Then she stopped in utter confusion and shame — *why* strange? If Miss Londoner should ask her that, she would not know what to say; but she was trembling impotently. She hated that man who had made people think as they must of her. "Why, certainly, Gus is married," continued

Miss Londoner. "His wife lives in Springfield on account of the river-fog here! Mrs. Gurney was just saying to me, 'How Mr. Londoner must tire of the hotel!'"

They passed out into the street. "Gus is so odd!" cooed his sister, with a spiteful little flush. "He never has acted like a married man! He *will* carry on, you know! It's a habit he's got! He can't help — well, I guess you'd call it flirting, he don't mean it for flirting, though. I tell him he flirts with *me* to keep in practice; he'd flirt with a rag-doll! You'd think, you know, he was in love with half the girls in town — but nobody who has any sense takes him in earnest!" Lucile lifted her eyes, and the flash in them silenced the woman.

The tears burned Lucile's eyelids; if she let them fall, this woman would think she cared about Londoner! — she! She had liked such evident admiration, and she had liked it that he was State Treasurer — but she would show him how much she cared for *him!* She resolved never to speak to Londoner again; then she remembered she would have to help him with the work.

A place at the state-house is too hard to get to be easily let go; Captain Page had pulled a great many wires for his niece, and Lucile did not wish to teach school for her living. She knew why the place had been given her; the Treasurer had induced Captain Page to invest in some oil ventures, and when the money was lost, he tried — as was quite the gentlemanly thing — to make it right. So he told Captain Page he might dispose of an appointment, and the old man sent to Howard County for Lucile. Lucile reflected that she could take care of herself; she liked the invitations which came in her way, she liked the prison-warden's son, who was already in love with her. It would be terrible to go back to that farm where Hallie had died and where she had been so lonely. She would stay. But her eyes flashed when she thought of Londoner.

II

It was Sunday night, six weeks after that walk home from the state-house. As Lucile sat in church before the service, she was trying to recall exactly how it had happened that she and Londoner were warm friends again. For a few days, at first, she never spoke to him unless it was necessary — and all that time, though he gently laughed at her and she came to feel so silly that she blushed when he looked at her, he was very kind, and did not make love in the least. One day he made an opportunity to remind her that he was not "young." It was rather embarrassing to feel that he had *not* been making love, but treating her as a younger sister; but she did not care so much, since it was Londoner. After that day, he resumed his custom of walking home with her in the evenings; now and then he lent her a novel; at an entertainment, he had asked her for a waltz — and that was all! He danced with all the young ladies; and as for his calling her "Lucile," that was a privilege he frequently took with young girls whom he liked. She did not blame herself in the least, and she did not believe people were silly enough to have gossiped about her. The reason she had fewer invitations was just that she had tired of the boys about the Capital and had forgotten to be "nice" to them. It was they who left her out.

But somehow she could not shake off a strange feeling of blame, a sense of sin — when she had done nothing! For a few minutes she put down her head; but instead of praying, her thoughts ran over a walk through the Capitol grounds the afternoon before; all Londoner had said to her; the trees, which were coming into heavy leaf; a cat she had seen lying in wait for fledglings in the grass. She wanted to pray; she had come to church with a longing to be very "good" again, and Lucile's yearning after holiness had been very powerful since Hallie's death. But she felt weak and passionate. When she lifted her eyes, they fell upon a frescoed text in the wall over the preacher's head —"Deliver my soul from the sword, my darling from the power of the dog!"

The prison-warden's son slipped into the vacant pew beside her. "Seen Londoner lately?" he inquired, almost at once; and for the reason that she especially wished to keep her self-control, the blood flashed over her face and neck. "Then you don't know about his luck!" resumed the boy, not taking his eyes from her face. "He made a big thing out of oil, last week. He does it through a broker, of course, but — " While he ran on about the boom and Springfield, Lucile was getting her self-control. "You know we have the annual lawn-party next week," said the warden's son. "May I have the honor?"

Lucile accepted his escort heartily, glad he had asked her right upon her resolution to see less of Londoner. There was a note from the organ; the boy returned to his sister; and with a faint ache at her heart, Lucile again bowed her head.

A soft step passed down the aisle. She would not look up, though her heart beat to suffocation, and when the late-comer passed her pew, she saw only a familiar white hand with a bloodstone ring. Then she could not help looking; Londoner's handsome blond head stood out above the congregation; in taking his seat, he turned, so that his eyes met hers.

Lucile felt sick and unhappy after a moment; she turned her face toward the preacher, who was reading that same text—"Deliver . . . my darling from the power of the dog." It set her thinking of Londoner's pet mastiff; her thoughts flew away. If she had cared for Londoner, she thought, it would have been very wrong. But what if he did care for her? What if he bitterly resented the bond which bound him, these days? A daring little smile played through her lips. Why not acknowledge that the Treasurer was in love with her? That was no sin — for *her!* Not when she would *never* have married him, anyhow!

They began to sing the last hymn. After the service she met Londoner in the entry; she was nervous and awkward with him of late, and she did not wish him to walk home with her.

"But, Child, you can't go alone!" said Londoner; and they strolled away together, the mastiff sneaking at Londoner's heels. There was an odd likeness between this man and his dog, both so powerfully, so coarsely made, both with an air of aristocratic lineage. Lucile was afraid of the dog because once he had nipped her hand with his teeth.

"Look at me, Lucile!" said Londoner, as they drew near Captain Page's. "Why, I thought they were brown!" She colored, he threw back his head with the characteristic noiseless laugh. "Now if I were one of these young fellows," he resumed, "it wouldn't do for me to tell a girl she had pretty eyes!"

Lucile's lashes fell. There were generations of Southerners behind that face of hers; plenty of sin of ancestors, for neither Proebels nor Pages stood high in public estimation. But the girl's dead mother had been all fire and snow.

In her confusion she did not see the dog; and when his nose brushed her hand, she gave such a little cry that Londoner caught the hand in his. "He didn't bite you!" he cried.

She drew her hand away, laughing hysterically. "I believe he did!" said Londoner. He was holding her hand again, turning it in his to look for a scratch. "Child!" he said, suddenly — with so much in the voice!

She did not wish him to hold her hand, with that look on his face, and, drawing it away again, she ran up the terrace. Her frail, dazzling face, thrown out by the prison lights, looked wonderfully like her mother's, or the sister's who died.

"Lucile! — " There was something in his face which startled her. He followed her up the terrace. "Who has been talking to you, Child?" he asked. "Why did you treat me this way, to-night?"

She lifted her eyes to his; for an instant she was terribly afraid he would say all she saw in his face. "Are you just so afraid of the dog?" he asked, laughing. "Then I'll shoot him! Good-night."

From her bedroom window, Lucile saw the Treasurer and his dog disappear into Fourth Street, beyond the prison. Feeling overheated, she pulled off her thick shirtwaist and let the river cold play over her arms and neck, while she tried to think what had happened to her with terrible suddenness.

At a window next door, a young mother was lulling her child to sleep, and Lucile saw the abandonment of its little limbs to love and rest. That was what she wanted! — not to struggle, but to fling her whole soul on his love, and rest! For the first time she understood what rest is! She and Hallie, up to the very last weeks of Hallie's life, had shared one wild yearning, the longing to be loved. Now Lucile was loved! What Hallie had found in that awful Death, she had found in love. His power over her was so great that it swept her soul along, effortless; she loved him, she loved him!

And Hallie — Lucile lifted her eyes to the blue vacant space encircling the moon, and wondered if Hallie could be satisfied with only God and holiness. A great experience had been left out of Hallie's life. But the thought of Hallie startled her — this love had come to her in the form of a great sin which she must presently, when she had tasted it, put by forever. She struggled and prayed; she longed, for but one half hour, to let her soul lie still under his power, and belong to him ——

Suddenly, with a convulsive movement, she flung herself against the window-sill, her cheek resting on her bare, cool arm, her loosened hair falling over her face. Every fiber of her body relaxed in rest.

III

Lucile stood upon the porch waiting for the warden's son to take her to the lawn-party. Old Captain Page had just said a terrible thing to her; when she recalled it, her lips felt cold where she had pressed them together, but she smiled as she fastened and unfastened one of her white ribbons. The old man had remarked a moment before — "Seems to me you have a heap to say about Londoner, here lately! He's a married man, separated from his wife! I'd let him pretty much alone, if I was you!" Lucile suffered in every nerve; her escort was coming, and must not see anything amiss; her uncle and aunt were still talking of Londoner, when she began again to hear them.

"Fifteen years ago," said Mrs. Page, "Gus Londoner was the handsomest man I ever saw in my life. He clerked in the auditor's office then, just like the warden's son, and went out a great deal in society. And Miss Sally Britton was a kind of a — well, an *old* girl, you know. I was struck dumb when I heard Gus Londoner was going to *marry* her!"

"She had money!" put in Captain Page.

"But she might have known! — Thirty-five years old, and as ugly as a cat! They've got one little girl, the image of him; she's going to be a beauty! Well, of course, he would flirt, and they say he ill-treated her. Her folks won't let him get a divorce. You never saw her, Lucile? Little pinched-up, sallow face —— "

"Who's little and pinched-up?" put in Lucile's escort, who had appeared on the porch. "Oh! — Gus is a good-looking fellow!" And he looked sharply at Lucile, who hated him for the look.

The sting of Captain Page's remark remained in the wound. Walking to the Capitol grounds that evening, she felt that at last her bond was broken. *Now*, she would never want to look Londoner in the face again! She had almost died of shame under the sharp eyes of the boy beside her; she would not speak to *him*, but that evening, when she had opportunity, she would say to Londoner, calmly and deliberately, something she had planned before to say. She thought the words would come to her; Londoner was too kind, too loving, to willingly hurt her reputation; he must not look at her as he did; he must not, must not — what? She could not think.

After one dance with the warden's son, she went away by herself; and as she sat in a lawn chair under the cedars, she saw Londoner picking his way through the wet grass.

He sat down upon the arm of the bench. Lifting her eyes in a confidential way which had become habitual between them, she said: "I want to tell you something." She was afraid to begin.

"Not here!" replied Londoner, shrugging his shoulders. "Come, let me show you the river by moonlight!" And shaking out a white shawl he carried for his sister, he folded it about Lucile's lace-covered shoulders.

But when they were alone, and she leaned upon a fragment of masonry on that little promontory which extends behind the state-house, Lucile again felt weak and passionate; Londoner's look filled her to intoxication with a sense of her own beauty; she knew how instantly a kind of gentle ridicule could replace the tenderest expression of his eyes; moreover, he had never said that he loved her, he might make her an answer which would cut!

"Well," he said to her — "confess to me? I reckon I'll do for a priest."

"I've thought better of it," answered Lucile, choking a little.

"Is it the Ceremonial Law?" half whispered Londoner. (And then she knew he knew what was the matter!) "Oh, Child, Child, you must get over that! Listen to me! No, I won't meddle with your traditions!" She smiled up at him, holding the white folds away from her bare throat.

"You never looked down from the Dome at night?" he asked, getting out his official key to the state-house. She blushed; he laughed and put the key away. Then they sat for some minutes in silence, and Lucile began to feel sore and defiant.

"I thought we were going to the Dome!" she finally said.

"Not if you feel as I think you do." He looked into her eyes as he spoke; she rose, and he followed her. "I think this is Victory Number One," he said, as he put the key in the lock.

And ten minutes later, Lucile stood with him on that little circular porch at the summit, looking down the black staircase by which they had come; the startled bats flew out of the tower in such a cloud that people might guess; the thought of what might be said excited Lucile; the night was glorious, as she leaned into it — regally resting on one arm, the black ivy falling about her. Then Londoner began to sing "The Danube River"; she knew he was singing to her, and the tears came to her eyes. A bat encircled her head, but she did not flinch.

"Can I forget, can I forget that night in June — " The passion in that voice! The repressed music!

"Lucile —— "

She tilted her head; she felt like a queen.

"When you get married — oh, yes, you will! You'll forget all about *me*, and marry some boy!" Her heart beat, beat ——

"But *when* you get married," his voice went on — "marry the man you love! Because —" His voice was very low, his fingers just touched her hair, in a gentle, dispassionate way — "Because, in this country, they believe in holding people together, once they're married! Look at me, Lucile!"

And she looked.

"We keep the Law, you know — that's our penalty for being born too soon! We keep it till other people shall learn that Love is higher than Law!" Suddenly, he laid his hand behind her shoulders. "Do you love me?" he asked.

Before the answer had quite left her lips, he kissed her — calmly, and only once. And all at once she understood what he meant by the spiritual marriage — a union which should be enough for itself! With that kiss she had married him! All the exquisite feeling in her awoke; she loved him! And there was no sin in it, her heart could have its way.

Looking into her eyes, he folded the white shawl carefully about her.

IV

Lucile sat alone in the musty little parlor at Captain Page's; across her chair lay a heavy raincoat and a veil, and every time these things reminded her that she was going away secretly and in the night, a shiver seized her, and she had to remind herself how and why she was going to Londoner — not to yield, never to yield! Only to prove to him that she was right, and what he wished her to do, a sin. She could not have let him go away in anger, not when he was going away forever!

She walked to the window. Across the street the night guard was pacing the wall of the penitentiary; around that corner in another hour and a half would come the carriage Londoner had promised to send. She pictured to herself the ride through the midnight streets, the crossing of the ferry; then, on the Belleville side of the river, his face again, and his voice — and what next? She caught her breath a little.

Three hours before she had been sitting alone on the terrace; she had never kept a tryst with Londoner, but often, when she sat alone in the evenings, he would stop for a few minutes' talk. He never made love — but the great and solemn fact that they were, as he had put it, married to one another, was always present between them — a spiritual thing, which was, as he said, new in the world and a coming fact. She had expected him that evening, for it was upon the eve of his vacation, and she knew he would bid her good-by on his way to the train. All day she had been in trouble, for an ugly tongue had been wagged against her, and Captain Page was furious; she wanted Londoner to talk with her about this, and she knew that he had heard. The warden's son, pausing as he went down to work a while for the auditor, had leveled upon her that hideous look of his; everybody had heard.

In the dusk, Londoner had come. He had not passed beneath the prison lights, but brushed through a hedge of hollyhocks toward her white dress. "No, nothing the matter," he had said, breathlessly. "I hear I've lost a little money, and I'm going to run up to Springfield to see about it — on the 7:55. Lucile ——"

From what had followed that ecstatic "Lucile," the girl's memory shrank. It had been terrible to hear from his lips that this high and pure passion was an old, old thing in the world, to end as it had ended for other women. But he had misunderstood her! It was *not* that she cared for "disgrace"; she knew her own soul; it would not have been anything to face the world afterward! But the sin of it!

Lucile returned to her window; it was now long past eleven o'clock. She saw the chair in which she had sat on the lawn while he bent over her. The shadow of a telephone pole swayed across it, the dew glistened in the grass. When he had explained his words to her, they had seemed not quite the same; it came of the scandal floating about the town, and he had only meant to say, since he was going away on account of it, he would not leave her to bear what she would have to bear! Then he said the vacation would be permanent; he had decided to "resign." Because of her? Yes, because of her, and for her sake.

"And so, Lucile," he had added, taking her hands in his, "you will never see me again. I will not write, I want you — since you think it *wrong* for us to be happy, which means, I take it, since your neighbors think so —" She could not bear that! "I want you to live it down, if you can! With your standard, I have hurt you terribly, I've cost you terribly!"

She had burst into tears.

"Unless," he resumed, "you should give yourself to me of your own free will. Say the word, and I'll meet the one o'clock boat at Belleville, to-night. Lucile, it hurts me to think you are as much lost in the world's eyes, as if —" She put his arms from her. "Kiss me good-by, then," he had said; but before his lips touched hers, he had drawn his arm suddenly, resentfully, away. "I'll do my best to clear that 'good name' of yours. But if you love the Praise of Men more than the Praise of God, I mustn't kiss you again. Oh, Child ——"

She sobbed out to him her fear of sin.

"Child, I don't worship the kind of God you do! I don't worship a God who keeps people apart when they love one another!" He caught her in his arms; she sobbed on his shoulder. "If you think it's *wrong*," said Londoner, "I'd cut off my right hand before I'd ask it of you! But come to me at Belleville, to-night; and if I can't show you it's right and wise and holy, you may go back in the morning, I'll want you to go back! I wouldn't *let* you go to London with me!"

"London!" she had gasped; and then had realized that he was actually going away from her forever; going out of her life. When she would have parted from him, she was not strong enough, she felt that she must see him again, once! She would not deny herself that last hour at Belleville; he softened toward her at once, planning the little journey, urging her to dress warmly that she might not increase the cold on her chest. He would have given her time, had not it all come to him so suddenly — he knew he had frightened her, poor child!

And now — soon — she was to see him again! Then she would come home.

It was twelve o'clock, and very quiet. Her chest burned and ached. She lay down on a hard little sofa near the window. Surely she was very sick, for she could not stand. It did not seem desolate yet, for she was looking forward — she would see him for an hour at Belleville.

She must have fallen into a doze, for it seemed that he glided in through the wall, folded his arm about her, and breathed, "Lucile!"

She sprang up, awake — half-past twelve, the carriage nearly due!

The pain in her chest had increased; while she was putting on her raincoat and tying the veil to conceal her face, she was all but strangled with repressed coughing. The street, when she walked to the window, looked terribly still. On the prison wall she could see the shadow of a patroling guard. The carriage was now due.

The stillness grew heavy and oppressive; she could hear the tick of the dining-room clock, and the loud breathing of somebody asleep. Her chest was on fire. Doubtless, when she had parted from him forever, she would die as Hallie had died.

She stole into the dining-room, and when she saw that it wanted but ten minutes till one, and knew that in less than one hour he would have her hands in his and be begging her again — her heart seemed to skip a beat.

Some vehicle turned the next corner; she was glad, but the beating of her heart sickened her so that she could hardly fasten her gloves. Would the driver ask her anything ——?

The vehicle rattled past the house; all was still again, and Lucile sat down. The clock went on throbbing.

Footsteps approached the terrace. She flew to the hall-door and noiselessly turned the knob. It was only a negro, carrying two satchels to the ferry-landing. She could see the arc-lights swing drunkenly, and long shadows flutter across the street. She had fever, now — burning fever! Once she thought she heard hoofs in the next block, but there was a roaring in her ears. She went out into the porch.

A carriage appeared, driving furiously; she ran down the walk to meet it, but before it passed the house, it turned into a cross-street which runs down to the ferry. Now, far away on the damp night air, sounded that whistle which means they are about to uncable. She was numb, trying to think, and listening. She could smell the coal-smoke from the boat. It wanted two minutes of one — but the clock was fast!

Now it was all but one o'clock, for they were changing the guard on the prison-wall; she felt very cold, as if her fever had suddenly dropped to the point of death.

A prolonged shriek of the boat announced that it had cut loose. She watched, in her dull way, its red eye as it steamed toward Belleville — without her. She did not realize it fully till she had crawled up-stairs. Suddenly, with a bitter cry, she flung herself, face down, across her bed.

At last the night was nearly over. A sickening gray light began to steal through her closed shutters.

Lifting her head, she looked about her room — all in perfect order, as if the girl who lived there had been leaving it forever. She *had* meant just that! She would yet love him, and be loved by him, in spite of God!

The passer-by paused; and when he softly called — "Oh, Cap'n Page!" she knew the voice of the auditor's clerk, who had looked at her so hatefully the night before. Captain Page threw up the window of his room.

"Piece of news for you!" cried the warden's son.

There was an instant's pause. "I can guess it!" cried the old man.

"You can't in a million years. Londoner has defaulted!"

Captain Page let out a mouthful of oaths.

"He was arrested last night as he was taking the train for Springfield," continued the auditor's clerk. "He says he was going down there to save what he could from the wreck and then give himself up to his bondsmen. I think he was telling the truth — a man like Londoner wouldn't just skip out, you know! Oh, he's sure to go to the Pen — if he lives. I never felt so sorry for anybody in my life."

"If he lives ——"

"Yes; he shot himself."

"Don't you worry about Londoner!" said old Captain Page. "He'll get over it! He didn't shoot to kill!"

"Let me tell you, anyhow — He went up to his room there at the Imperial, and Billy Harris was with them, and the auditor — we've been going over the books all night! Well, he talked it all over — told 'em yes, he'd risked the State money, and he was afraid he'd lost it. But he acted so cool they didn't think what he was up to till he got at a gun under his pillow there, and——"

A wave of darkness swept over Lucile; when she coughed, a drop of blood came against her lips. She turned on her pillow, thrusting her rough cloth sleeve under her cheek. God must let her see Londoner again — only once! Only to look upon his face, even if it were from far away, in a crowd! She must *see* him again!

In her fever, the room seemed full of dancing specks; she became drowsy, and immediately *he* seemed to be bending over her! She sat up, with a start. Then the fever completely overcame her; Londoner seemed to glide in through the wall and fold about her the only arm on which she could rest. She slept.

And then the dream came — that fitful, illusive thing, a dream, which once, in many lives, becomes a prophecy. It may have been, in Lucile's hour of passion and pain, that the dream was no miracle done for her by the angel of the future, but merely a revelation of her own soul to itself; for, in her sleep, that to which she had refused consciousness became real to her, and she dreamed what she did not know, or knew faintly and shudderingly.

The first part of it was very simple. She seemed to be at Belleville, walking the dark little strip of prairie which runs between the tracks and the water-tank there; he was at her side, and once she felt his arm about her as he wrapped her from the chill of the night. Drawing down her face so he could see it, he kissed her on the forehead and on the lips.

Then the revelation dawned; she began to know what she was doing. At first it did not seem terrible, but wild and vivid, with the fascination of an awful sin. They did not go away, in the dream, but stayed on at Belleville; and Belleville seemed to be across the sea.

The end of it came in Londoner's face; she saw him, in sleep, as clearly as she had seen him the evening before, when he kept his eyes averted in anger. In her dream, she was terribly afraid of his anger, and she wept and begged him to be kind to her. Suddenly he lifted his eyes — she had seen his contempt before, she had borne, sometimes, a moment of it; he had held it over her heart the night before, like a lash — but she had never seen him look as he did in her dream! In that look her realization was complete, and she knew what they had done. The pure, childish heart could bear no more; she woke, sobbing aloud.

The church bells were ringing — Sunday morning! She would have been with him, flying toward Chicago ——

But the shame of the dream burned over brow, cheek, and breast; the dream had done its work, so that if it had been possible to rise and go to him, she could not have looked him in the face — not if he were alive! She was not hating him, not despising him — only ashamed. In the glare of her own revelation to her own soul, she could hardly believe, herself, that she had not known before. She could not bear to be alone with her new consciousness, and by and by, as the familiar household sounds came up from the kitchen, she rose to bathe her face in the stale water on the stand. Just as she thought she was strong, a torrent of weeping swept over her — it might have been for Londoner's sake, it might have been for the girlhood lost in a night, the bloom and mystery all brushed away from life. As she braided her hair, she felt afraid of it all; she wished she might die and have only God and holiness and Hallie, forever. But she wanted to look once more into Londoner's face, she felt that she must have that — only she did not wish him to see her, her whole body quivered if she thought of facing him.

The door opened from without, and Mrs. Page came in, closing it carefully behind her. There was a little light in the close-shut room, so that she could see the girl's face. That heartbroken look, that crushed and ashamed look, could mean to her but one thing, for she knew very little about innocence. She was a proud woman, and she looked very white and stern; crossing the room, she laid a firm hand on the girl's hot, bare shoulder. "Lucile! —" she said sternly.

The girl looked up. "How is he?" she asked.

"Lucile," said Mrs. Page, "you must tell me the truth."

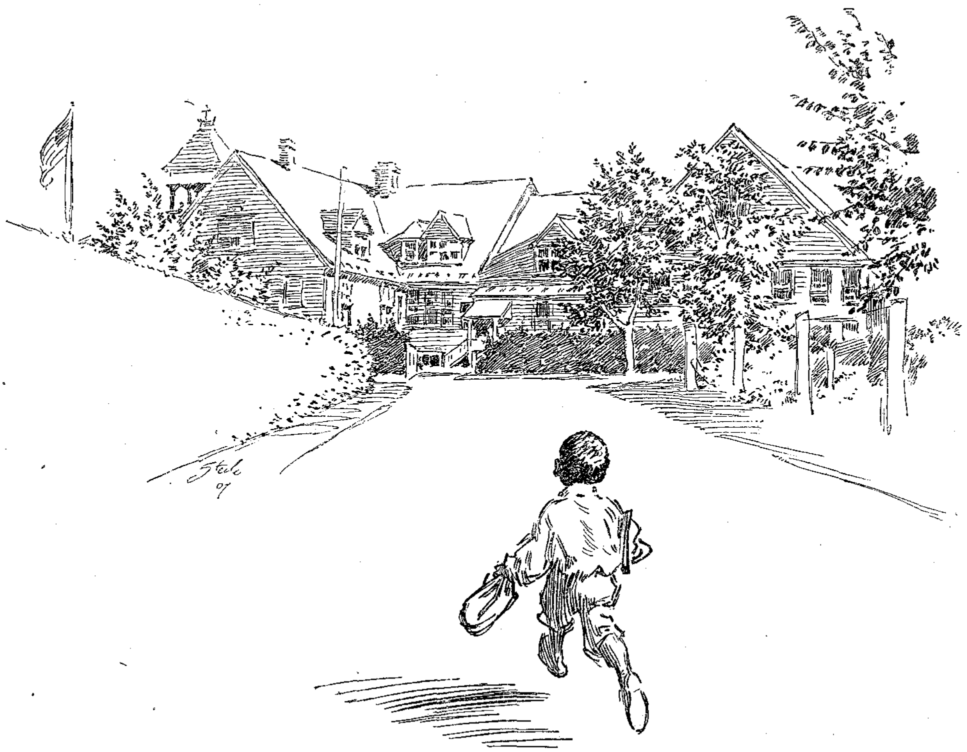
Lucile looked her in the eyes — and suddenly Mrs. Page was abashed, for it was not the face of a girl, now, but of a pure and passionate woman one dare not question too far.

"How is he?" repeated Lucile, in her new dignity.

"He is dead, Lucile," replied Mrs. Page — "he died an hour ago."

The girl turned her face aside — numb for a minute; then caught in the uprooting storm we all know. Dead! Not wanting her now, not thinking about her! The world passeth away, and the lust thereof! Dead! And in a numb way she knew it was best.

The woman who had told her stood awkwardly a moment, then went out.



EZEKIEL IN TRANSIT

BY

LUCY PRATT

AUTHOR OF "THE ENTRANCE OF EZEKIEL"

ILLUSTRATIONS BY FREDERIC DORR STEELE

MISS Jane Lane sat in a straight-backed chair on her clean, white veranda, and, quite ignoring the glistening, alluring Hampton Roads which beckoned to her in the morning sun, gave her undivided attention to a small note which she held in her hand. And as she read, Miss Jane's face became both shocked and grieved. Her protégé, Ezekiel Esquire Jordan, sat on a step below her and, looking both cheerful and resigned to anything, regarded the glistening, alluring "Roads" which also beckoned to him in the morning sun.

But Miss Jane had laid down her paper and was looking at him, still both shocked and grieved.

"To think, Ezekiel," she finally began, taking the bull fairly and squarely by the horns, "to think, that after all the trouble and pains that have been taken to get you *in*to the Whittier School, and after their consideration in being willing to admit you there, to think, that after all this, you can't manage to get there *on time.*"

"Yas'm," murmured Ezekiel contritely.

"Well now, just tell me why it is that you *can't* manage to get there on time."

"*I* dunno'm," murmured Ezekiel again.

"Four mornings!" went on Miss Jane. "For *four mornings,* so I hear from the Principal, in a note written yesterday afternoon, you have been late. Why, I *am ashamed* of you, Ezekiel!"

Ezekiel failed to respond, even briefly.

"What excuse did you have to offer, I should like to know? What reason did you give Miss Doane? Any?"

"Yas'm. I jes' 'mence tellin' 'er all 'bout 'ow I'se comin' down de road, an' all 'bout ole man where's pushin' 'long li'l' ole cyart an' a-sellin' li'l' hot cakes — an' she say dat ain' no 'scuse, an' she ain' gwine lemme come 't all lessen I kin git dere time de res' does."

"I should say not," agreed Miss Jane, in no doubtful tones. "I only wonder that they have kept you as long as they have. Now, the truth of the matter is, Ezekiel, there is not the *sli*ghtest excuse for your having been late once. Not once."

"Yas'm, Miss Doane she say 'tain' no 'scuse nudder. An' I jes' 'mence tellin' 'er 'bout ole man where's sellin' li'l' hot cakes——"

"But that had nothing to do with *you*. Absolutely nothing."

"No'm, 'tain' nuth'n' do wid me. But ole man come 'long a-pushin' on 'is cyart, say:

" 'Heyo, boy! Ain't yer want a li'l' hot cake fer yer breakfus'?' Speak jes' dat-a-way, Miss Jane. Say:

" 'Heyo, boy! Ain't yer want a li'l' hot cake fer yer breakfus'?'

"An' co'se I ain't. An' yit co'se I'se 'blige answer 'im, too. So,

" 'No,' I say, 'I ain' want no li'l' hot cake fer my breakfus'.'

" 'Ain't yer?' ole man say, 'ain't yer? Cuz I kin give yer li'l' hot cake fer a penny.'

" 'Penny nuth'n',' I say. Yas'm, it's jes' de way I answer 'im, Miss Jane. 'Penny nuth'n',' I say. Cuz co'se I knows I ain' no time fer no sech foolishness. But same time I jes' 'appen ter kine o' feel in my pocket, yer know, jes' kine o' feel in my pocket."

"Now this is all entirely unnecessary, Ezekiel," put in Miss Jane; "you were late to school, and that is enough."

"Yas'm. But w'en I putten my han' in my pocket, yer see, yer see I jes' natchelly——"

"Yes. I don't doubt you found a penny. Now really, aren't you ashamed, Ezekiel, to have made yourself late to school in this inexcusable way?"

"An' co'se ole man, jes' soon's he seen dat penny, he jes' whup outen a li'l' cake an' putten it on de fiah twell it begins a-sizzlin' an' a-smokin' an' a-poppin' jes' like praesen'ly somebody'll be '*blige* ter eat it. An' ole man say:

" 'Hyeah's yer li'l' hot cake fer yer!'

"An' co'se I'se r'al mad w'en he talk dat-a-way, too. Cuz co'se I ain' no time ter eat nuth'n'.

" 'G'long!' I say. 'I ain' gwine eat no li'l' hot cake,' I say, 'cuz I ain' time! You hyeah?'

"Ain' time!' he say, 'an' after I'se jes' been a-cook'n' it fer yer! Ain' time! Well, yer is! Yer's 'blige ter eat it!'

" 'I ain' nudder!' I say. 'No suh! I ain't!'

" An' same time, co'se li'l' cake's jes' a-sizzlin' on de fiah.

" 'Yer ain't!' he holler, 'well, who is? I ain't! Somebody's 'blige ter, ain't dey? An' I ain't!'

" 'An' I ain't!' I say.

" 'An' I ain't!' he holler back.

" 'An' I ain't!' I holler back 'gin.

"An' li'l' cake's jes' a-sizzlin' on de fiah."

"Ezekiel!" put in Miss Jane. "This is altogether *too* ridiculous. Now I should like you to talk common sense."

"Wha'm yer say, Miss Jane? Yas'm.

" 'An' I ain't!' I holler back agin. Yas'm, I jes' *hol*ler back, Miss Jane."

"Very well. I don't care what you hollered back. And I don't care to hear anything more about the old man or the little cake, either."

Ezekiel looked momentarily crushed.

"Of course," she added, more leniently, "I suppose you ate it, didn't you?"

"Well, yer see, Miss Jane — he jes' keep on a-holl'in' an' a-holl'in', twell praesen'ly — yer see — I'se jes' '*blige* ter eat it."

"Yes. I thought so. Now, Ezekiel. This morning *I* will see that you get to school in time. No, it isn't time to start yet. I will tell you when it is. I can't get over your seeming lack of appreciation, Ezekiel. I sometimes wonder how it was that you were ever admitted to the Whittier School, anyway."

Ezekiel looked rather mystified about it, himself.

"And especially after that very queer story that you told that first afternoon — about —"

" 'Bout 'Manuel an' 'is li'l' dawg," explained Ezekiel. "Yas'm. Miss No'th she tole me I kin tell a story ter de chillen. An' 's all 'bout 'Manuel an' 'is li'l' dawg. An' 'bout after de li'l' dawg gotten drownded, 'Manuel he's jes' 'blige ter live dere all 'lone."

"It was very good of Miss North to let you tell it, I am sure. For of course she must have known that it was an entirely made up story."

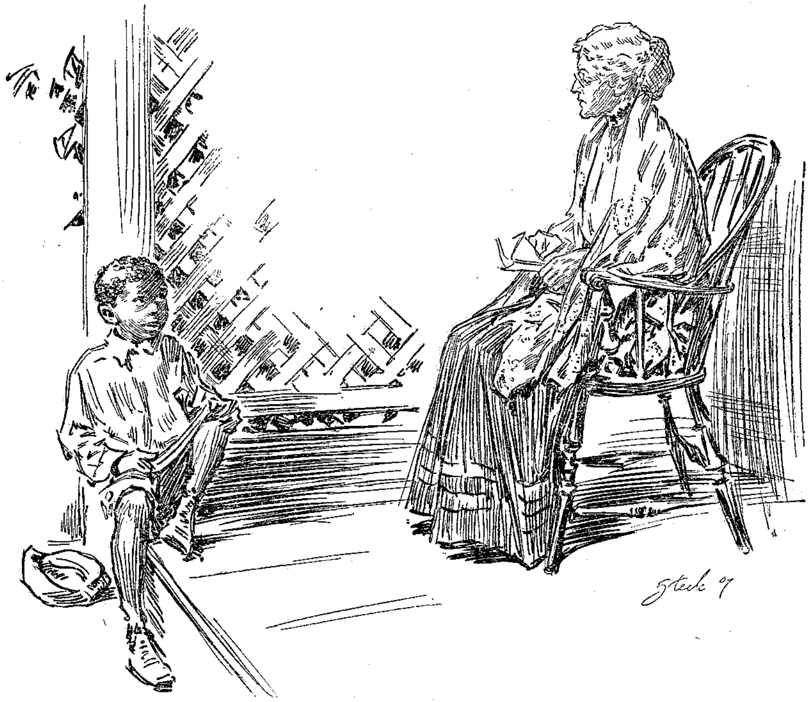
"But I ain' tole 'em *all* 'bout it, nudder. Cuz af' de li'l' dawg's drownded, w'y, af' dat, co'se 'Manuel's all 'lone 'gin. So praesen'ly he's jes' 'blige git 'im anudder li'l' an'mul.

"An' after studyin' 'bout it long time, he 'cide ter git 'im a li'l' chick'n."

"A chicken?" questioned Miss Jane, "I shouldn't think that a chicken would have made a very satisfactory pet."

"Yas'm, he gotten 'im a li'l' chick'n. An' fus' time he ever seen 'er, she come a-flyin' right in fru de do', a-settin' on a li'l' leaf."

"A leaf? But a leaf couldn't have held up a chicken."



"Why, I *am ashamed* of you, Ezekiel!"

"Yas'm, a-flyin' right in fru de do' a-settin' on a li'l' leaf. An' she keep on flyin' 'long on de leaf, right up, an' right up, twell she gotten clare up ter de tip top o' de room. An' den she turn 'roun', an' jes' set righ' down on a li'l' sunbeam where's comin' in fru de winder."

"But she *couldn't* have sat down on a sunbeam, Ezekiel. Be sensible."

"Yas'm, she is. Jes' a-settin' up dere on a li'l' sunbeam. An' praesen'ly li'l' boy calls out:

" 'Oh, ain't yer gwine come down? Ain't yer gwine come down? Come down, an' we'll git us some breakfus'!'

"But li'l' chick'n on de sunbeam, co'se she ain' gwine be fool dat-a-way 'thout axin' a li'l' mo' 'bout it. So she answer back:

" 'W'at's yer gwine have fer breakfus'?'

" 'Gwine have some tea, — an' some cake — an' — '

" 'Well, I ain' comin' down fer no sech a thing,' chick'n say.

" 'But it's *co'n* cake,' 'Manuel call out. 'Wid li'l' kernels o' *co'n* a-stickin' right into it!'

" 'Well, w'y ain't yer say so 'fo'?' she say. An' she jes' hop right offen de li'l' sunbeam, an' flew righ' down on de flo' siden de li'l' boy.

"An' 'Manuel he jes' kine o' has ter laf to 'isself ter think she been ser sassy. An' yit he speak up r'al deep an' kine o' big like, say:

" 'W'at's yer name, chick'n?'

" 'My name Joshua,' chick'n say r'al peart.

"An' she give 'er lef' wing a flop, an' snap 'er eyes at de li'l' boy twell he's mos' 'blige ter laf agin.

" 'Joshua!' he say, 'ain' dat kine o' funny name fer — fer a chick'n?'

" 'No, 'tain' nuth'n' funny 'bout it!' Joshua say, r'al mad, an' flap bofe 'er wings jes' like she's gwine fly up on de sunbeam agin.

" 'Dat's de trufe,' 'Manuel say, 'cert'nly is de trufe. 'Tain' nuth'n' funny 'bout it. Cert'nly hope yer's well, Joshua.'

"An' af' dat li'l' chick'n an' 'Manuel live dere 'lone tergedder.

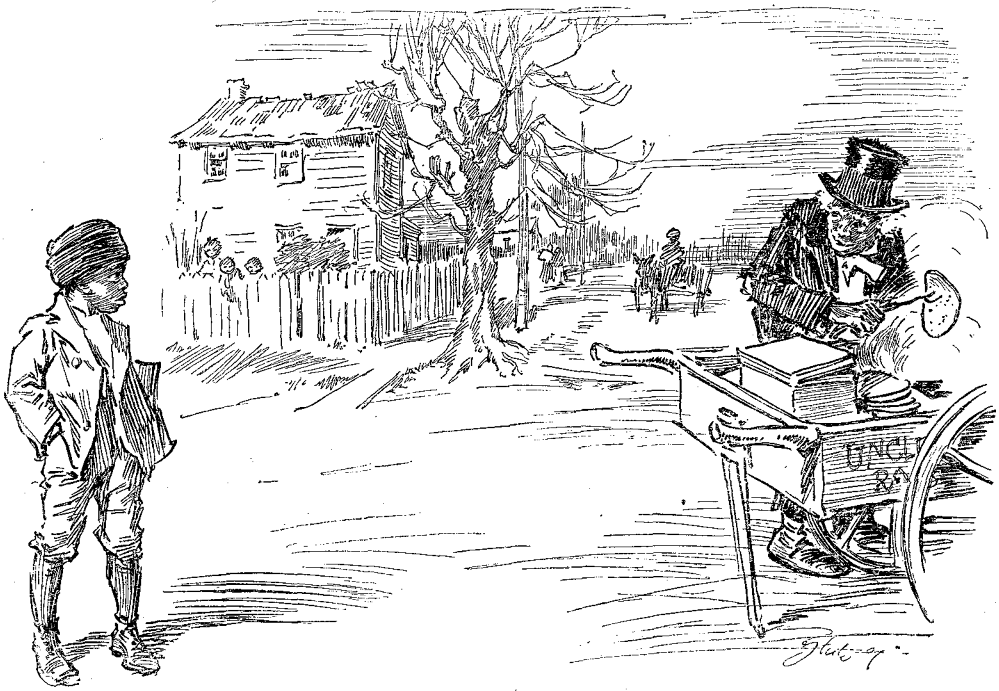
"An' li'l' chick'n's name Joshua jes' same's befo'.

"An' eve'ything jes' goes 'long so, 'cep'n' w'en Joshua git mad at de li'l' boy. An' den she allays stick outen' 'er fedders, an' snap 'er eyes, an' flap 'er wings like she gwine up on de li'l' sunbeam agin, twell 'Manuel speak up quick an' say:

" 'Oh, co'se I ain' 'ten' no harm, Joshua! 'Scuse *me!* Co'se I ain' 'ten' no harm!'

"But one mawnin' li'l' boy he seem ter kine o' fergit 'bout Joshua bein' s' easy ter git mad, an' jes' after breakfus', w'en dey's fixin' ter clean up de house, he slap 'er kine o' laffin' an' easy like siden de haid, an' call out:

" 'Come 'long, ole chick'n! Who you think y'are, a-tippin' 'roun' yere 's ef yer's to a party? Come 'long, now, an' git yer wuk done!'



“Praesen’ly—yer see—I’se jes’ *’blige* ter eat it”

“An’ Joshua, ain’t she mad! Oh, my! She jes’ stick outen ’er fedders, an’ swell up, an’ snap ’er eyes at de li’l’ boy, an’ begins flappin’ ’er wings, flap, flap, flap! An’ she’s gwine right up on dat li’l’ sunbeam agin, sho’.

“ ‘Oh, w’at yer stan’in’ up dere a-flappin’ away like a ole win’mill fer?’ ’Manuel say. ‘W’at yer stan’in’ up dere like dat fer, huh?’

“Oh, my! Joshua ain’t ’er eyes snap! An’ flap, flap, flap she went agin, flap, flap, flap! Right stret up, up, up, ter dat li’l’ sunbeam! An’ den she turn ’roun’, an’ se’ down an’ look down at ’Manuel agin, an’ ’er eyes keep on a-snappin’, an’ ’er fedders a-stickin’ out, an’ ’er wings still a-gwine flap, flap, flap!

“ ‘Well, w’at yer s’ mad ’bout now?’ ’Manuel say, ‘yer better come down now! Yer better come down now, Joshua! Cuz co’se I ain’ ten’ no harm!’

“But li’l’ chick’n ain’ say nary wo’d, jes’ set dere on de li’l’ sunbeam, an’ ain’ say nary word.

“An’ all day ’Manuel keep on a-callin’, an’ all day Joshua she jes’ keep on a-settin’ dere, an’ ain’ say nary word. Twell praesen’ly, w’en it ’mence gettin’ kine o’ late, li’l’ boy call out:

“ ‘Well, w’at yer gwine do w’en de sun’s went down? W’at yer gwine set on w’en de sun’s went down?’

“An’ Joshua she speak up fer de fus’ time.

“ ‘Gwine set on de moon,’ she say.

“An’ doan’t yer know, jes’s she spoken de words, li’l’ sunbeam begins ter flicker back an’ fofe, back an’ fofe, an’ praesen’ly it jes’ flicker right out fru de winder. An’ same time it all ’mence gittin’ ser kine o’ dark, seem like ’Manuel he cyan’ see nuth’n’ ’tall. An’ all he kin hyeah ’s jes’ li’l’ chick’n still a-flappin’ jes’ same way’s ’fo’. So he jes’ wait — twell it begins gittin’ a li’l’ lighter, an’ a li’l’ lighter, an’ sho’ ’nuff w’en he looks up agin he seen a r’al shinin’ li’l’ moonbeam a-comin’ right in fru de winder jes’ where sunbeam’s went out.

“An’ Joshua she jes’ turn ’roun’ an’ set righ’ down on de moonbeam.

“An’ li’l’ boy he look up fru de light where’s comin’ down ser bright an’ shinin’ from de li’l’ beam, twell he seen Joshua a-settin’ dere, an’ den he jes’ lay down on de flo’ where it’s a li’l’ nudder dash o’ light, an’ — drap right off ter sleep. An’ he sleep dere all night long on same li’l’ dash o’ light.

“An’ Joshua keep on a-settin’ dere all night too, on same li’l’ moonbeam.

“An’ so she keep it up — jes’ same — an’ ain’ nuver come down — keep on a-settin’ on de sunbeam all day an’ de moonbeam all night. An’ she git thinner an’ thinner, an’ smaller an’ smaller, an’ still she ain’ come down.

"An' one night de li'l' boy look up in de light an' begins ter cry an' say:

" 'Oh, yer's gettin' smaller an' smaller, Joshua! Yer's s' small now I cyant sca'cely see yer!'

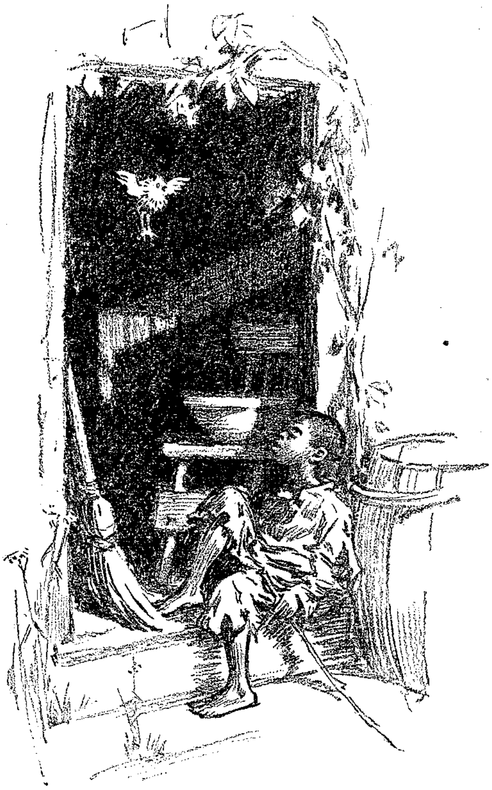
"An' it's mos' mawnin' w'en he spoke.

"An' praesen'ly he kin hyeah sump'n' where soun' like de li'l' chick'n's voice kine o' far 'way, say:

" 'Good-by! I'se ser small I seem ter jes' be gwine right off in de moonbeam!'

"An' it flicker an' flicker agin, an' at las' flicker out fru de winder.

"An' 'Manuel he jes' wait a-lookin' up. Jes' wait. An' de sunbeam come back. An' still he's lookin' up. But she ain' dere. Not no li'l' chick'n a-settin' on de beam. Not nary one. Cuz Joshua's went off in de moonbeam, an' dat's de en' o' de story."



"Fus' time he ever seen 'er, she come a-flyin' right in fru de do', a-settin' on a li'l' leaf"

Miss Jane passed her hand over her forehead and glanced off at the beckoning Hampton Roads.

There was a faint, far-away sound down the road.

"What a very — queer sort of story, Ezekiel. How did you ever happen to think of such a thing?"

From away down the road came the faint, far-away sound again.

"Ezekiel! What's that?"

He looked back at her, half confusedly at first, then with sudden, vivid realization.

"It's de school-bell a-ringin', Miss Jane! It — it's de school-bell — a-ringin'!"

"I know it." Miss Jane looked suddenly horrified. "And I told you — *I would tell you!* Run, Ezekiel! Run as fast as you can!"

Ezekiel jumped from the clean white veranda and swept off into the road. Miss Jane stood looking at him as he gradually faded before her eyes. Into the road — around the corner — into another long, straight road — and he was gone.

Other people, big and little, traveling on in the long, straight road, stepped aside and looked curiously at him.

Cling! Clang! came the clear, small note of the little Whittier bell — still far away, and he was still sweeping on, a strange, ever-increasing thing of speed. A something real seemed actually to have taken hold of him.

"Not no mo'! She — she say — I cyan't come — no mo' — ef I'se late!" he gasped between his breaths. "Not no mo'!"

And the Whittier School stood at the other end of the road, growing gradually in distinctness.

"Not — no mo'!"

It grew gradually, surely. He could see it standing up there — almost mockingly. He thought — he could see it all, too, just as it was inside. The children just getting ready to march to the Assembly Room, listening to the first music from the piano, coming in to them faintly — Miss Doane on the platform and Miss North looking — perhaps she was looking for him — she always looked so sorry when he was late — and yet — she always seemed so quick to understand. Oh, he didn't mean to be late this morning!

"*Not no mo'!*"

A boy striding on ahead of him fell kicking in the dust, but Ezekiel—didn't know. Ezekiel was tearing, flying, sweeping breathlessly on to the Whittier School. Another boy dodged and shied off into the hedge at one side, but Ezekiel — didn't know. Ezekiel was tearing, flying, sweeping on. The last note of the bell died away and reverberated, and he was in the school-yard.

And just here something unexpected but fully realized happened. A small kindergarten child stepped suddenly before him, and down went the child. Then, for the first time, Ezekiel stopped. It was something like the quick, jolting stop of an electric car, and he looked down breathless, distressed and haggard. But it was only a momentary setback. In another moment the child was picked up, thrown up, and he was on again, up the steps, through the back hall and into the school-room, while the kindergartner hung back over his shoulder crying miserably.

"Why, Ezekiel!"

Miss North looked at him, endeavoring to comprehend. And the children looked too.

Ezekiel dropped into his seat, and the kindergartner dropped gently to the floor beside him.

"I — I — I ain't late — is I? I ain't late — is I, Miss No'th?"

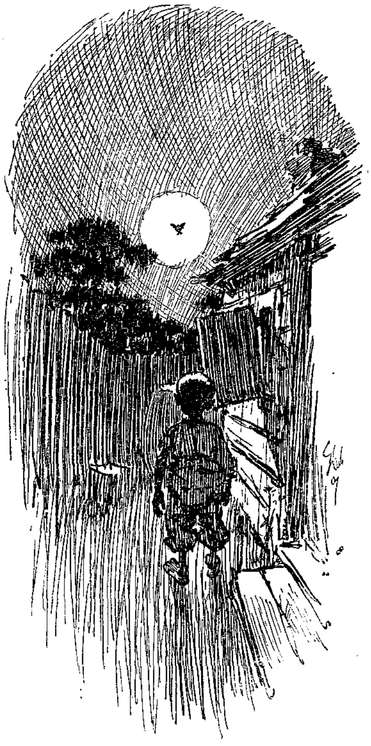
His head dropped down on his chest, which heaved with convulsed, exhausted little gasps.

"Why, no, you aren't late," she began gently, looking at him wonderingly, "but — what in the world have you been doing, Ezekiel? What in the world —" she picked up the small kindergartner and sat down wiping away its big, unhappy tears.

And just then the door opened, and a boy with a muddy, scratched face came shuffling into the room.

"He — he knock me inter de brier bush!" he began, pointing wrathfully at Ezekiel.

Again the door opened, and another boy came in. He was limping with conscious heroism, and a big black and blue bump on his forehead stood out with unmistakable distinctness.


"An' still he's lookin' up. But she ain' dere"

"Ole 'Zekle Jerden knock me down, Miss No'th," he began, with perhaps an even more violent show of wrath. "I'se jes' walkin' down de road, an' ole 'Zekle Jerden come 'long an' knock me down!"

Miss North, with dawning comprehension, and a sudden faint, rebellious contraction at the corners of the mouth, looked at the new-comers.

"I — I am sorry. Sit down, both of you."

The small kindergartner still sobbed softly, and Ezekiel looked up wearily.

"Is I — hurt dat li'l' chile — Miss No'th?" he whispered. "I — I seem ter be gwine ser fas' — I couldn' seem ter stop."

She put her cool hand on his hot, thumping forehead.

"No, you haven't hurt him. But how did all this — happen, Ezekiel?"

"I didn' — wanter — git sent — 'way," he whispered again, faintly. "But I wisht I'd — started — jes' a li'l' bit earlier. I — reckon 'tain' been — quite — s' much trouble 'bout it — ef I had."

"I wish you had, Ezekiel."

And once again the door opened, and this time Miss Jane Lane walked into the room.

"Miss North," she began, in a low tone of abject apology, "I am very sorry that Ezekiel was late, but I want to explain that it was my fault, entirely my fault. I really told him that I would tell him when it was time to start. But — he was telling me a story —" Miss Jane looked positively foolish — "and I didn't realize the time."

Miss North's smile was comforting.

"He was telling you a story?" Miss North's smile broadened. . . . "But he was not late, Miss Lane. He came in at the last moment, to be sure, behind the others — but he was not late."

"Not late? He just escaped being late? Why, how very glad I am! But surely it would have been better if he had started earlier, much better. I will see that he *does* start earlier in the future, Miss North."

Miss North glanced around the room, which presented a strangely battered up appearance, glanced at the boy with the scratched cheeks and the boy with the bumped forehead, and then down at the small kindergartner, still sobbing softly into her skirts. And finally her glance went back to Ezekiel, sitting limp and exhausted in his seat, with his head dropped wearily.

"Yes," she agreed. "Yes, I do think that it would be better for him to start — a little earlier."

CAN AMERICANS AFFORD SAFETY IN RAILROAD TRAVEL?

BY

CARL S. VROOMAN

DURING the past few months the question of railroad accidents has been vigorously discussed by all of our newspapers and most of our magazines, as well as by Congress and many of our State legislatures. Moreover, as the apprehension felt by Mr. J. J. Hill "lest every railway journey might be his last," has been shared for some time by practically the entire traveling public, the question, "What are we going to do about it?" has at last become a subject for debate on every street corner and a topic of conversation at every fireside in the land.

While it is perhaps true that so far this agitation has generated more heat than light, yet we must not fail to recognize that it has produced at least one notable result. The problem before us has finally been reduced to a single ultimate issue: — Can we, the American people, afford a reasonable degree of safety in railroad travel? From whatever standpoint we approach the question of railroad accidents, we are certain in the end to be brought up sharply face to face with this decisive question. Safety costs money; are we able and willing to pay for it?

Accidents in America and Europe

Practically every other civilized nation in the world has attained a far greater degree of safety in railroad travel than we enjoy. Whether this is because they value their money less or their lives more it is hard to say. In any event, it is both interesting and important to know that countries vastly poorer than our own can afford and do afford the luxury of railroad safety which, so far, we have denied ourselves.

Owing to differences in the statistical methods employed by the various countries, it has been found impossible to obtain results which, from a theoretical standpoint, are entirely accurate and satisfactory; but some of the best statisticians and ablest railroad specialists in the world have been at work on the subject and have arrived at results which are quite accurate enough for practical purposes. The greatest of these specialists are agreed that in this country railroad travel is from three to five times as dangerous, and that railroad employment is from three to six times as dangerous, as in the leading European countries.

Mr. Ackworth, the most conservative as well as the most prominent railway authority in England, says that the English companies do their work "at one-third the risk either for passengers or employees, which is incurred in America, according to American figures."*

Prof. Frank Parsons of Boston, in his recent monumental treatise on the railroad question, sums up the situation by saying that "railway travel in the United States is about six times as dangerous as in Germany, seventeen times as dangerous as in Belgium, three times as dangerous as in France, and four times as dangerous as in Great Britain."†

Mr. Caroll W. Doten, of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, in his careful and detailed study of railroad accidents in the United States and Great Britain, made for the American Statistical Association, shows in a series of eighteen statistical tables that in the United States the danger to passengers is about four times as great, and the danger to employees about five or six times as great as in the United Kingdom.

Messrs. Hoff and Schwaback, in their remarkable work entitled "Nordamerikanische Eisenbahn," have demonstrated that while American roads kill 6.43 and wound 50.01 persons for every million kilometers traveled by the traveling public, the Prussian roads kill only 1.70, or one-fourth as many and wound only 3.38, or one-fourteenth as many.

Of all the methods of comparison which have been employed by writers on this subject, that of comparing the number of killed and wounded, per million miles traveled, is universally admitted to be the fairest and the most exact yet discovered. The following table gives the results of an effort to reduce the railroad accident statistics of four widely different countries to this common denominator:

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* "The Railways and the Traders," p. 233.

† "The Railroads, the Trusts, and the People," p. 444.

NUMBER OF PASSENGER MILES TRAVELED FOR EACH PASSENGER KILLED

	1901	1902	1903	1904
United States	61,537,548	57,072,283	58,917,645	49,712,502
Hungary	110,505,399	137,010,094	175,128,537	130,366,425
German Empire	144,275,000	172,266,000	189,956,000	261,724,000
Belgium	243,226,295	292,074,182	458,541,243	315,044,286

The next table shows that in the year 1904, every time a passenger traveled a mile in the United States, he ran a risk of being killed that was over two and a half times as great as he would have run in Hungary, over five times as great as he would have run in Germany, and over six times as great as he would have run in Belgium while traveling the same distance.

RELATIVE DANGER OF TRAVEL IN 1904

United States	1	killed	for	every	49,000,000	passenger	miles	traveled
Hungary	1	“	“	“	130,000,000	“	“	“
Germany	1	“	“	“	261,000,000	“	“	“
Belgium	1	“	“	“	315,000,000	“	“	“

In response to such an array of facts, it is sometimes urged that if we are to make railway travel as safe in America as it is in Europe, we must more than quadruple our railroad capital and build our roads as solidly as the English people have done. That it will cost a considerable amount of money to make railroad travel in this country as safe as it is in Europe, cannot be doubted. But the fact that the German and Belgian railroads afford even greater safety than the British roads at less than half the cost, indicates clearly that safety in railroad travel is as dependent upon an intelligent expenditure of money as upon a sufficient expenditure.

It is urged also that we cannot expect our fast trains to be as safe as are the slower European trains. This sounds almost axiomatic until we come to realize that Germany, France, and England all have as many if not more fast trains per thousand miles of track than we do. Messrs. Hoff and Schwaback have shown in some minutely detailed tables,* that the single German State of Prussia has forty-three trains which maintain an average speed of thirty-eight miles or more an hour, whereas our great lines connecting New York, Buffalo, Pittsburg, Chicago, and St. Louis have only twenty-six such trains. Moreover, they show that as to punctuality and attention to local service the advantage is all with the Prussian roads.

Travel in United States Increasingly Dangerous

We might more easily excuse our unenviable preëminence among civilized nations in the matter of railroad disasters, were it not for the fact that our record in this particular is growing steadily worse. Not only have our railroads killed about 10,000 people and mangled over 80,000 more each year for the past four years; and not only is this frightful slaughter increasing with the increase in number and length of our roads, and growing with the ceaseless growth in density of traffic on existing lines; but, in spite of all our present life-saving appliances, accidents actually are on the increase per mile of road and per passenger carried. To such an extent is this true that every time an American takes a railroad trip, he runs more than twice as great a risk of being killed and over three times as great a risk of being injured as he did ten years ago. This is demonstrated to a mathematical certainty by the following table prepared by the Inter-State Commerce Commission:

Year.	Number of Passengers Carried for one Killed.	Number of Passengers Carried for one Injured
1895	2,984,832	213,651
1904	1,622,276	78,323
1905	1,375,856	70,655

Where is this growing horror going to stop? In another ten years, at the present rate of increase, our railroads will have killed and maimed over a million and a half of people. The number of victims for the tenth year — 1915 — alone will be more than 215,000. If this wholesale butchery were the result of war, of famine, or of pestilence, those age-long enemies of our kind, the entire nation would long ago have risen up to demand that at any cost, save that of honor, this slaughter be made to cease.

If, on the other hand, this continuous and sickening roll-call of death were a necessary concomitant of our growing industrial supremacy, we might feel inclined, as an intensely practical and commercial nation, to make a virtue of necessity, and point with pride to the number of our industrial victims as an indication of bravery, as we are wont to point to the number of our dollars as an index of intelligence and worth. But even this poor satisfaction is denied us. At least sixty per cent of our railroad accidents are unnecessary and inexcusable.

Vigorous Legislative Action Needed

The first cause of this intolerable condition of affairs is the strange lack of adequate legislation on the subject by our States or by our National Government.

Safety appliances have found their way into general use everywhere as a result of governmental compulsion. The history of the introduction of the automatic coupler and the air-brakes in America is familiar to us all. A majority of the railroads fought the law compelling their introduction, and, after it was passed, in 1903, retarded its execution in every possible way. The following diagram, prepared by the Inter-State Commerce Commission, shows how accidents caused by the coupling and uncoupling of trains have decreased steadily from the year the law went into effect. The upper line in the diagram shows that accidents arising from other causes, concerning which there has been no legislative action, have increased no less steadily:

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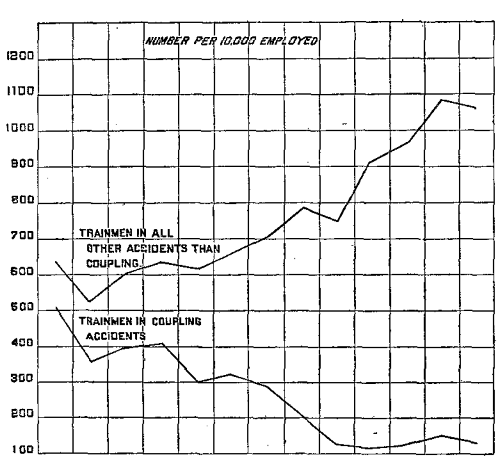
* "Nordamerikanische Eisenbahn," pp. 60, 63.

DEATHS AND INJURIES OF TRAINMEN FOR THIRTEEN YEARS.



"TRAINMEN" INCLUDES ENGINEMEN, FIREMEN, CONDUCTORS, BRAKEMEN AND OTHER TRAINMEN

In England the absence of grade crossings in cities and towns, and the careful provision made for the guarding of dangerous ones in the country districts, is due, not to the initiative of the companies, but to requirements laid down by Parliament from the very start; a provision for some means of communication, such as our bell-cord, between passengers and the engineer was also introduced only after a bitter parliamentary struggle, extending through many years; a little later, as a number of accidents were traced to the excessive fatigue and consequent dulling of the faculties of overworked engineers, switchmen, and despatchers, the government was forced, finally, to take a hand in the regulation of the hours of labor of "railway servants"; and still later the Board of Trade found it necessary to make compulsory the general use of air-brakes, the "block system," and other safety appliances. In addition to all this sort of State regulation, provision has also been made for prompt investigation, by a trained governmental expert, of every railroad accident, in order to ascertain its cause and point out how its repetition can be avoided.

In Belgium, Germany, and Switzerland, where the railroads are State owned, even more careful precautions against accidents are taken than in England. A striking illustration of the superiority, in this particular, of State over company railroads is to be found in Japan, where the number of accidents on company roads is more than twice as great as that on State lines:

NUMBER OF PASSENGER MILES TRAVELED IN JAPAN FOR EACH PASSENGER KILLED

	1902-3	1903-4	1904-5
State Railways	366,368,741	164,110,284	205,561,844
Company Railways	103,714,029	60,800,312	89,324,349

Grade Crossings

One of the most frightful causes of death-dealing railroad accidents, and one to which surprisingly little attention has been paid by writers on the subject, is the fatal "grade crossing." Every one knows that unprotected or badly protected level railroad crossings are nothing more nor less than death traps, and yet their name is legion in this country; their victims numbered 827 killed and 1,567 injured during the year 1905, alone. The general rule among civilized peoples is that in cities and towns a railroad shall run over or under highways and other railway tracks, and that in country districts all dangerous crossings shall be protected by a gate, a flagman, or an electric alarm-bell. If American railroads inspected their tracks and guarded their grade crossings as thoroughly as the German roads do, they would have to employ over 600,000 switchmen, track inspectors, gatemen, etc., instead of the paltry 50,000 employees of this kind which they now have on their pay-rolls. Owing, however, to the greater alertness of American working-men and the wider use of the "automatic block system" and other automatic appliances in America, together with the fact that our roads sometimes run for thousands of miles through sparsely inhabited regions, it seems probable that if an additional 200,000 employees were added to this branch of the service, practically the same degree of efficiency and safety might be obtained.

There has been a great variety of legislation, but at the same time a lack of adequate legislation on this subject in the different States. A recent publication by the Inter-State Commerce Commission says: "Since 1890 there have been thirty-two enactments in thirteen States affecting the separation of grades at either new or old crossings; twenty States now have provisions permitting the separation of grades at highway crossings; sixteen States require the separation of such grades when ordered by the Railroad Commission or Court or other agency; moreover, six States have laws requiring the separation of grades at railroad crossings when ordered by the Railroad Commission or a Court."

According to the Chicago Coroners' Report for 1905, eighty-five people were killed and a great many more were wounded at grade crossings in that city alone, not counting those killed in the railroad yards and in the streets along which railroad tracks are permitted to run. This record is all the more shocking when we realize that, as a result of a fatal accident at Forty-eighth Street and Colorado Avenue, in October, 1904, the railroads have been required ever since to place a gate or a flagman at all such crossings. The fact thus becomes only too apparent, that the combined efforts of gatemen and policemen do not suffice to prevent the constant harvest of death which is reaped each year by these traps for the unwary. Grade crossings in cities and towns can be made safe in only one way,— by being abolished. This lesson has been thoroughly learned by the Chicago city authorities, and the gradual abolition of all railroad crossings at grade, within the city limits, is being pushed steadily forward.

It would seem that the time had come for every other municipality in the land to carry out a similar program. There are grade crossings in innumerable small towns and cities in every State in the Union which are a never-ceasing menace to the lives of all passers-by. And as no national legislation is required, there is no excuse for allowing a continuation of this evil. As a matter of fact, this problem furnishes an excellent opportunity for the advocates of State's rights and local self-government to demonstrate by effective State or municipal legislation that local governments are better able than the federal powers to deal with certain categories of social and economic questions. If State legislatures last winter had taken up the comparatively simple question of grade crossings with the same vigor they showed in dealing with the extremely intricate question of passenger rates, it is highly probable that even greater good would have been accomplished. The problem of abolishing grade crossings is not only a simpler but a very much more vital question than that of regulating railroad rates. No one, I believe, will dispute the fact that it is more important to ride safely than to ride "cheap."

The Block System

It is not generally known that the "block" system, which is used on over ninety-nine per cent of the railroads of Great Britain, is in use on only twenty-three per cent of the railroads of this country, while on our single track lines almost no use, as yet, has been made of the splendid "train staff" system which has yielded such extremely satisfactory results in England. The Inter-State Commerce Commission in 1903, and again this year, recommended to Congress the passage of a bill requiring the general extension of the "block" system to all our passenger carrying roads. This is an excellent idea as far as it goes. But the introduction of the "block" system on every line of American railroad would do little good if the system were to be made a mockery of, as it is to-day by many of our roads. The vital principle of the system, the principle which is lived up to religiously in European countries, and without which the system has little value, is that one train and only one train at a time shall be allowed in a block. This principle is habitually disregarded every day and every hour by a great majority of the American roads pretending to employ the system.

In an important contribution on this subject, F. W. Haskell says:

"Many roads, having installed a perfect system of block signals, destroy its entire effectiveness by establishing the 'permissive block,' or 'going ahead under the green.' By this system a following train is given discretionary power to run into a block already occupied. This permission is always coupled with the injunction that the engineer must use caution, and 'at all times have his train under perfect control.' But in actual operation 'caution' usually means *not exceeding the maximum possible speed of the engine.*

"I once stood by the side of a busy line, with the signal engineer of the road. This line had a complete installation of block signals. We watched a dozen heavy freights rush by at thirty miles an hour, with not a hundred yards of daylight separating any two of them. I expressed surprise at the reckless disregard of signals; and the officer said, 'Freights run regardless of the blocks. We couldn't get them over the road if we kept them a block apart.'

"I was once riding on the rear car of a through passenger train. We were being closely followed by the second section of our train. Our section was stopped in a deep rock cut, on a sharp curve. It was a very dark night and raining hard. I went to the rear platform, and for fully three minutes listened to the conductor and flagman swear about the weather. Finally the conductor said: 'Well, I suppose you'll have to go back.' The flagman started back, but had not gone two car lengths when the conductor yelled to him that he had gone far enough. Half an hour later we reached the terminus of the division, and we had not come to a full stop when the second section rolled in on an adjacent track.

"On the return trip of the same journey, I was again in the rear car. It was night, but clear. Our train stopped between stations, and again I went to the rear platform. In a few moments I heard the roar of an engine's exhaust. Then the headlight showed, the noise of the exhaust ceased, and I could hear the application of the brakes. The locomotive of the following train stopped within twenty feet of the rear of my car. I said to the brakeman: 'Isn't this division equipped with block signals?' He replied, 'Yes, but that is the second division of this train.' I said, 'Oh, I see. It doesn't hurt to be hit by another section of the same train.' The brakeman said nothing, but looked weary and left me."*

Such habitual violation of railroad rules and regulations by employees, not only with the connivance of the highest officials, but with the knowledge on the part of the employees that if these rules are not regularly and discreetly broken, in order to "save time" and "get the work done," a man has no chance of preferment and little chance even of holding his job, is fundamentally vicious.

The present situation brings up the question as to the possibility of rendering compulsory the utilization, by the roads, of the latest improvements on the "block system," such as the "Kinsman automatic stop," which automatically arrests a train at a danger signal, in case the engineer, from stupidity, fatigue, or negligence, fails to stop it himself; or the "Youngblood automatic switch operating device," which would do away entirely with the ever-recurring derailments and collisions due to the fatal "open switch." There were nine wrecks due to this one cause during the month of March alone, and in one of them, on the Southern Pacific at Colton, California, March 28th, twenty-six people were instantly killed.

These and other inventions of various sorts, if properly installed, would be the means of saving hundreds of lives every year. But the railroads show little inclination to make any general use of them. It is a matter for hearty congratulation, therefore, that the Inter-State Commerce Commission has secured from Congress an appropriation of $50,000, to be used in defraying the expenses of "experimental tests of such automatic devices for the prevention of railroad collisions as have, in their opinion, been so perfected as to justify tests of their practical usefulness." Doubtless the Commission will recommend that the introduction of a number of the most effective of these devices be made compulsory on all passenger carrying roads. It will then remain to be seen whether or not public opinion will express itself with sufficient vigor to induce Congress to pass a bill embodying these recommendations.

Conditions of Labor

Still another constant cause of disaster and death has been the extraordinarily long hours of labor of American railroad employees, many of whom have often been compelled and allowed to work anywhere from fifteen to fifty-odd hours on a stretch. The English Parliament in 1903 gave the Board of Trade the power to regulate the hours of labor of "railroad servants." In France the legal maximum for engineers, train despatchers, etc., is twelve hours a day, with at least ten consecutive hours of rest at home or seven hours elsewhere. In Belgium the legal maximum for trainmen is thirteen hours, including time for meals. In Italy the maximum for engineers is thirteen hours, and for other trainmen fifteen hours. In Germany the legal maximum for trainmen is sixteen hours, with shorter hours the day preceding and the day following. It is worthy of note that, although the bill regulating the hours of labor of railroad employees, which Senator LaFollette forced through the Senate, was killed in the House by railroad influence, yet so strong was the pressure of public opinion on Congress that a measure reducing the maximum for trainmen to sixteen hours, and the maximum for train despatchers and telegraph operators to thirteen hours, except in cases of emergency, when seventeen hours is made the limit, was finally adopted in conference.

Vitally connected with the question of the hours of labor is the question of its quality. Several recent accidents, such as the one at Altavista, Kansas, January 2nd, when thirty-nine people were killed, have been traced to the inefficiency of mere boys holding positions of trust, involving every week the lives of thousands of passengers. In its recent report on the "block" system, the Inter-State Commerce Commission says:

"The facts of the accident records justify a strong presumption that American signalmen are not so carefully selected nor so well trained as those of England. The average signalman in America is young, and has had probably from six months' to two years' instruction — not systematic training — under another signalman, whose superiority to the student is due entirely to what he has learned by experience, and not at all to methodical and authoritative instruction. The average block signalman in England, on the contrary, has served as such from five to twenty-five years and has been through a long course in a signal cabin as 'booking boy,' or as assistant, before being trusted with full charge of the block signals. This difference in personnel of the signalmen of the two countries undoubtedly explains in large measure the nearer approach to perfection of the block signal service in England. The fact that youth and inexperience are factors in our 'failures in block working' has been repeatedly illustrated in the accident records, as given in the quarterly bulletins."

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* *Engineering Magazine*, December, 1904, p. 10.

The Commission has been quietly investigating this question for some time and has brought to light some astonishing facts. For example, last year, the Louisville & Nashville Railroad was found to be employing as telegraph operators in the train service a boy fifteen years old at Pink, Alabama; two boys sixteen years old at Opp, Alabama; and a boy fourteen years old, wearing "knee-pants," at Birmingham, Alabama.

"A large percentage of our railroad accidents," said a western railroad official to me recently, "are due to the belief on the part of the railroad directors that it costs less to pay for accidents than to prevent them." And yet to the lay mind, in view of the fact that railroad dividends from 1895 to 1905 have risen from $85,287,000 to $237,964,000, or nearly two hundred per cent, whereas the amount of stock outstanding has increased only thirty per cent, it does not seem unfair or unreasonable to insist that all railroad homicide, which is preventable at a moderate expense, should be declared unjustifiable homicide or murder, and done away with.

Reform Measures Demanded

It thus would seem apparent that drastic legislation is needed to secure, first, the abolition of all grade crossings in cities and towns and careful provision for the guarding of all dangerous country grade crossings by gates, flagmen, or automatic bells; second, the universal use of the most effective safety appliances; and third, the adoption of a series of examinations to test the ability of railroad employees to meet the requirements of the service.

This program by no means exhausts the list of needed reforms. Among many other less important ones which have been highly recommended by experts, are, first, the employment of a third man on all our monster high-speed locomotives; second, an extension of the practice of employing two conductors on our long, high-speed trains, — one to look after the running of the train exclusively, and the other to collect the tickets; thirdly, the employment of some new and more efficacious system of notifying agents and passengers at stations of the arrival or passage of trains. In all probability the Inter-State Commerce Commission will make no recommendations to Congress relative to these minor reforms, and even if it should, such recommendations undoubtedly would get lost somehow and somewhere in the legislative shuffle. The fact is that there are many little matters in connection with railroad operation — comparatively unimportant each in itself, and yet most important when taken in the aggregate — which now are being totally neglected simply because Congress cannot take the time and trouble to consider them and legislate on them in detail. In other countries it has been found necessary to put such matters in the hands of a Commission, a cabinet minister, or some other executive bureau or official, specially qualified for the work and exercising ample yet carefully restricted powers conferred upon it by the national legislative body. It is to be hoped that similar powers will soon be delegated by Congress to our Inter-State Commerce Commission.

The Cost of Safety

It is impossible to state with any degree of accuracy just what it is going to cost to render railroad travel in this country as free from accidents as it is in Europe. It will cost the railroads very large sums to abolish or protect all their grade crossings, even if the expense is shared by the local authorities.

It would be a comparatively easy matter to determine the cost of the extension of the block system to the one hundred and sixty odd thousand miles of railroad not at present employing it, were it not for the fact that there are so many different varieties of block systems. But, as the Inter-State Commerce Commission says:

"Like many other items in the operation of a railroad, the cost of the block system is a somewhat indefinite quantity. Few roads have introduced the system in such a way as to keep its cost separate from other expenses. Except on a new line, the significant item is the excess of cost above what was paid for train protection under the old system. Usually, the first cost of introducing the telegraph block system is confined to one additional telegraph wire, say thirty dollars per mile, and a signal, say seventy-five dollars or less, at each station. On many lines the train order signal already in use for train despatching has been made to serve satisfactorily as a block signal. The real financial burden, if any there be, is in the additional telegraph operators required, making a permanent increase in the pay-rolls. On one road on which the telegraph operators already in service managed the block signals, the increased expense for wages of operators (for additional operation) was less than five per cent. There are numerous examples similar to this. The cost of an additional telegraph wire is too small to receive special consideration.

"On the other hand, a road which erects signal cabins specially for block signals, and employs signalmen independent of its existing telegraph service, will expend $500 each for the cabins and from $1,200 to $1,500 yearly for wages, fuel, and maintenance at each. With block stations three miles apart, these items would thus aggregate $16,666, and $40,000 to $50,000 respectively, for 100 miles of line. Whether the stations are three miles apart, or more or less, depends, of course, on the volume of traffic and the required frequency of trains; so that no universal rule can be laid down.

"In considering the installation of automatic block signals, the first financial question is the original cost of the signals, apparatus, fittings, and appliances. The cost of maintenance, while a considerable item, is decidedly smaller than the cost of operation of the non-automatic systems, in which the item of wages is large. Automatic block signals have involved expenditures of from $1,500 to $3,000 a mile of double track road, the precise figure varying according to the type of signal, the number of outlying switches to be connected, and the frequency of the signals or length of the block sections. The maintenance of these signals costs variously from $75 to $125 per signal, per year."

Cost of Improvements Not All Loss

The real question at issue, however, is not, How much capital is required to put an end to preventable railroad accidents? but rather, How much of that capital will prove to be a non-remunerative investment? This distinction is of fundamental importance, for, in so far as safety appliances prove paying investments, to that extent the human lives saved by them are saved without cost to the roads.

A part of the expense incident to the carrying out of each and all of the proposed reforms, and in some cases a very large proportion of that expense, may be deducted on this score. Take the block system, for example — the most expensive of all the safety appliances demanded. After calculating the enormous increase in the traffic capacity of the roads employing it, as well as the huge yearly savings resulting from the prevention of costly accidents on those lines, most of the roads on which it is employed have found it a paying investment in dollars as well as in lives.

While, for all these reasons, it is practically impossible to determine just what it is going to cost to attain the degree of safety demanded, at the same time there is no disputing the fact that an expenditure of many millions will be required.

Where the Money is to Come From

One feature of the situation helps to make the financial problem much simpler and easier than it appears at first sight. However much we may wish to hurry matters, the reforms demanded can only be carried out gradually through a series of years. In the very nature of the case, the financial burden is bound to be distributed over a period of a decade or more. And, moreover, at the present rate of increase in traffic, it is a gratifying fact that the yearly increase in the net profits of the railroads of the United States would more than take care of the expense to which they would be put in carrying out the proposed program of reform.

The increase in net income of our railroads during the past ten years has been over $270,000,000, or an average of over $27,000,000 a year. The increase of 1905 over 1904 was much greater than this, being something over $48,000,000, while the increase for 1906 and 1907 will doubtless be larger still. It therefore becomes strikingly apparent that, barring panics and economic depressions, the railroads are entirely able to afford the expense involved in putting a stop to all preventable accidents, without making any deduction whatever in the honest dividends. Moreover, even if an economic depression should arise and put a stop to this steady increase in railroad profits, dividends could still be paid to stock-holders, and the work of safeguarding human life could be carried out in a most thoroughgoing way, by utilizing for this purpose a portion of the yearly surplus profits of the roads. Every year since 1897 has seen a surplus averaging about $76,000,000 placed to the credit of the railroads of the country. This surplus is the excess of profits which have been left over after "operating expenses, interest, taxes, dividends, permanent improvements, deficits in operation of weak lines and miscellaneous deductions" (whatever that may mean) have all been provided for. To what better use could a portion of this surplus be put than to that of making provision for the proper safeguarding of the lives of that incredibly patient public from whom all these blessings flow?

THE PROBLEM OF THE BROKEN RAIL

BY

DEXTER MARSHALL

AMERICAN railroad managers are every whit as anxious to lessen the number of railroad killings as are the people who support the roads and suffer from the accidents. Partially, no doubt, but not the less sincerely, because of the public indignation, awakened by the appalling number of killed and injured, and voiced by the press, the railroad authorities now feel the horror of the situation quite as keenly as any one can. It will not now be because of indifference on their part if no improvement is effected. Just at present they are making every effort in their power to get better rails over which to run their heavy freight and fast passenger trains.

Their anxiety over the rail situation was made clear just after the spring meeting at Chicago of the American Railway Association — representing ninety-eight per cent of all the lines in this country and Canada — by the publicity given to the Rail Committee's report. It was a document of equal importance to the railroads and to the traveling public. It was called for last October, owing to the great increase in the number of rail fractures since the beginning of the appalling growth of railroad accidents.

It is understood that the members of the committee had before them several sections of broken rails which had caused accidents, and that examination of these broken sections by chemists and metallurgists showed the metal to be imperfect. Proof of imperfection in the metal would explain, in some measure, the increase of accidents and shift the blame in just that measure from the railroad managers to the rail makers. The report, as published, was brief and should be read between the lines in order to be understood completely. It said that the committee had called to its aid a number of experts, that a sub-committee had been appointed to prepare a draft of proposed specifications to form the basis of a discussion with the steel manufacturers, and that when the draft is ready it is the purpose of the committee to take the matter up with the rail makers in an effort to secure improvement in the quality of the material used in the rails.

Unanimous approval by the association of the committee's "reasonable suggestions," it was thought, would lead to substantial accomplishment. The report, which was adopted without a dissenting vote, was signed by the full committee as follows: G. L. Peck, general manager Pennsylvania lines west of Pittsburg, chairman; J. T. Richards, chief engineer, maintenance of way, Pennsylvania Railroad; J. Kruttschnitt, director of maintenance and operation of the Harriman lines; W. J. Wilgus, vice-president New York Central & Hudson River Railroad; R. Montfort, consulting engineer Louisville & Nashville Railroad; E. C. Carter, chief engineer Chicago & Northwestern Railway; William Garstang, superintendent motive power Cleveland, Cincinnati, Chicago & St. Louis Railway; R. L. Ettenger, consulting mechanical engineer Southern Railway; and W. E. Fowler, master car builder Canadian Pacific Railway.

The Railroads and the Steel Trust

Special consideration of the rail question was really begun by the American Railway Association not much less than two years ago, when suspicions of the integrity of the steel rail, as at present manufactured by the Bessemer process, were becoming general; recent developments have forced more radical action than was at first contemplated. It is now proposed by the railroad managers to do away with at least one fruitful source of railroad accidents, no matter what the cost, by insisting on a certain quality of rails. This amounts, virtually, to defiance of the United States Steel Corporation — the Steel Trust — which supplies practically all the railroads in the country. Its rails have not been up to the required level for some time, and, under present conditions, it cannot — or will not — bring them to that level.

Apparently the railroad managers have decided that an unchecked increase in killings would mean ruin, and that if greater expenditures are necessary to reduce the percentage of accidents, they must be met. They say they are willing to pay the price good rails ought to be worth, even if dividends have to be cut; and, undoubtedly, some of them would like to stop buying from the Trust. Harriman has already ordered 150,000 tons from an independent concern which makes open hearth steel rails, but his example cannot be generally followed, because the output of the comparatively few independent open hearth process mills is not large enough to supply more than an insignificant portion of the total current demand.

In a recent issue the *Railroad Gazette* said that no individual or combination of individuals knows better how to make good rails than the Steel Corporation, and drew attention to these points in the controversy: "First, the criminal willingness of the Steel Corporation to manufacture rails that cost human life; second, the attitude, almost equally criminal, on the part of many high railroad officers to ignore the plain truths that are being brought before them by their superintendents and chief engineers."

As shown above, these officers now seem thoroughly aroused. At the meeting of the American Railway Association not one representative of the railroads was satisfied with the rails now being received. Representatives of the steel makers who were present had nothing to say when asked to defend their processes of manufacture.

It would hardly seem possible to defend them. In January, February, and March, 1907, 836 broken rails rolled in 1906 were taken from tracks in the State of New York, as against twenty-nine rolled in 1901, which broke during the same period. The *Gazette* prints pages of letters from railroad officials which go into details upon this question.

On behalf of the steel makers it should be said that there is doubt whether they could make enough first-class rails to supply the demand with their present plants. If the output of rails were materially curtailed, it would embarrass the roads seriously, because they must have rails or cease operations. Even were the manufacturers to begin changing over their plants now, the output could not be different in quality for a long period. But, it is charged by the railroad managers, the Trust shows no indication of making the change at all. Larger profits would be realized on the output after such a change, but meanwhile it would cost many millions to make it. It would involve the discarding of the present plants, as well as the building of the new ones, and the combined outlay would cut the Trust's dividends for a long time.

Meanwhile, whatever is done, it is obvious that the traveling public is likely to continue to be in greater danger of accidents than it should be for some time. But public sentiment and the fear of it by the railroads, and, perhaps by the Steel Trust itself, have been so awakened that something certainly will be done as soon as possible to improve the situation. Further reports of the Rail Committee are to be made, and as soon as a plan which seems feasible is adopted, the American Railway Association will make it public, no doubt.

Causes and Growth of the Broken Rail Peril

The public had little chance to know the facts concerning the causes and growth of the broken rail peril until the recent publication of the New York State Railroad Commission's report. According to that document, 1,178 broken rails were removed from the railroad tracks in the State in the winter of 1904-5, 804 in 1905-6, and 2,899 in 1906-7. Thus, while there was a decrease in the second winter covered by the report, there was an increase of 250 per cent in the third winter. Since the publication of this report it has become known to the public that the railroads of New York State were by no means the only exceptional sufferers last winter. There were an unusual number of broken rails on practically all the roads of heavy traffic except those far enough south to be free from freezing weather.

Years ago this alarming situation was anticipated and predicted, not only by the engineers of the railroads, but by some of the steel makers themselves. One of its prime causes is found in the fact that whereas the ores used in making the steel from which American rails were rolled, a few years ago, were remarkably free from phosphorus, these ores have been practically exhausted and the ores now used contain a constantly increasingly percentage of that deleterious substance. Its presence renders the steel brittle, and unless the rails are made by a process which will eliminate it, they will continue to break under the heavy strains to which they must be subjected on American railroads. This is true whether they are heavy or light, as shown by the fact that most of the breaks have been in new rails, and that increase in rail breakage became more rapid than ever only two or three years ago, and in spite of the fact that the rail weight per yard had been increased from eighty pounds to one hundred pounds, or twenty-five per cent.

It was the invention of the Bessemer process of converting iron into steel that brought about the use of steel instead of iron in rails. This process is both cheaper and more rapid than the other processes, and it is agreed that its introduction into the rail-making mills has had a great deal to do with the enormous growth of American railroads. But for the exhaustion of the ore containing little phosphorus and the vast increase in American railroad traffic, with a corresponding increase in the demand for rails, they could still be rolled of satisfactory quality from Bessemer made steel.

That this cannot be done economically at present, there being practically no more ore not containing an excess of phosphorus to be had, has been recognized for some years, and there is no doubt that the Bessemer process of steel-making will ultimately be supplanted by the open hearth process, by which the sulphur can be eliminated completely in the process of manufacture. This will mean nothing less than a revolution in American steel-making, but its coming is abundantly foreshadowed by the fact that the open hearth process is to be used exclusively in the new Bethlehem steel works and in the great new works now being erected at Gary, Indiana, near Chicago, by the Steel Trust. It has few open hearth steel rail plants at present, however, and it is estimated that it would cost $60,000,000 to transform its plants so that it could roll rails of the proper quality from open hearth steel. Thus the present situation may prove to be something like a crisis in the history of the Trust as well as the railroads.

The latter have reached a point where they demand rails that will not break, while at the same time they are calling for so many rails that the mills are worked to their capacity in supplying the demand. To meet the demand and transform the plants at the same time, it is said, would be a physical impossibility; almost a financial impossibility, also, for the matter of that, despite the big Trust's great resources.

There have been many pointed discussions of the rail question between the railroad men and the steel makers. The latter have charged the railroads with using engines and trains of excessive weight and speed, of allowing their roadbeds to deteriorate, and of using rails of insufficient weight and improper cross section. The railroad men have charged the steel men with making the rails too hastily to make them well. As to the cross section of the rails, the railroad men say they have no preference. What they want is rails that will stand up to their work. The rail mill managers, in reply, have declared that they will make rails of any weight, of any cross section, and according to any specifications which the railroads may demand, if the latter are willing to pay the price. As to open hearth steel rails, they are impossible at the present time and everybody knows it. As to giving more time to the manufacture of rails, that is impracticable if the present demand for them is to be met.

There the matter stands at present, though beyond a doubt the railroads do not propose to let it rest there any longer than they can help, nor do they propose to wait for a change until the Steel Trust can get open hearth steel plants ready. The railroad men do not say what they mean to do, but it is within the possibilities that one or more of the big companies may take the bit in their teeth and build steel mills in which to roll their own rails to suit themselves.

Against the probability of this should be set down the facts that the steel corporation has secured most of the available ore beds and that the directors of the Trust include many railroad representatives. It seems hardly probable that the differences over the rails will be settled otherwise than amicably.

But having shown a willingness to sacrifice part of their dividends, in order to secure safety to their passengers, the railroad managers seem to feel that the Steel Corporation, which is paying bigger dividends than the railroads, should be willing to make some sacrifices, too. They feel, also, that if, during the present exasperation of the public mind, any one is to go to jail because of railroad killings, responsibility for them should be shared by the steel makers. It is perfectly apparent that the lively discussions now in progress between rail makers and railroad operators must lead to some mitigation of the situation, some improvement of the quality of the rails, and some decrease of the number of accidents from broken rails.

The Situation in Detail

Soon after the publication of the New York State Railroad Commission's startling report concerning rail fractures, the editor of the *Scientific American* undertook an investigation of the situation, in person, on behalf of that publication. He was allowed "exceptional facilities for examining the private records of the railroads and the minutest details of the process of manufacture by the rail mills."

To the statement made by the engineers of the railroads that "they are anxious to secure rails of the very highest quality, and that if it should be shown to be necessary, they are willing to pay the higher price which may be demanded for producing a rail of the desired composition, strength, and wearing qualities," the rail mill men made a definite and decided answer. They declared that *subject to the present conditions imposed by the limitations of the Bessemer process, and by the necessity of running* *their mills at the fullest capacity in order to meet the enormous demand,* they are making the very best possible rail that can be produced.

After carefully inspecting one of the largest rail mills in the country, the editor was satisfied that, "subject to the conditions given in italics, the manufacturers are making about as good a rail as they can."

Some years ago, before the exhaustion of the ores suitable for making steel by the Bessemer process, it was customary for the engineers of the railroads to prepare the specifications for their rails, which were accepted by the mill managers, who guaranteed the quality of the rails supplied under each contract. At about the time of the Steel Trust's formation the railroads were informed that their specifications could no longer be accepted. Owing to changes in the rail-making situation, modifications were necessary, especially in the composition of the metal.

Later, there was a refusal of any further guarantee. In other words, the railroads were forced to take such rails as the makers would give them, or go without. Since then, the rails, say the railroad men, have been inferior. The editor of the *Scientific American* is satisfied that the exhaustion of the "best quality of ore suitable to the Bessemer process" is the fundamental cause of the present trouble, to which he adds, "the further fact that to produce high quality rails would so greatly limit the output of the rail mills of the country that they could not possibly keep pace with the demand."

Saving armor plate and projectiles "there is no material in the whole field of steel manufacture which is subject to such severe, such absolutely brutal treatment as the steel rail." It must endure every imaginable kind of stress. It is alternately bent, twisted, and hammered; it must be hard enough to resist crushing and abrasion; it must be tough enough to resist fracture. It must undergo much severer tension than bridge steel; in fact, the rails of a line form practically one continuous bridge from terminal to terminal, and each rail must bear the terrific stress of direct contact with the wheels of locomotives and cars; yet, said a prominent railroad manager recently, the rails are made with much less attention to quality than the different parts of a bridge. Bridge steel is made with all possible care; the specifications of the railroads offering bridge contracts being carried out to the letter by the bridge steel manufacturers, who use only the open hearth product.

In making steel rails by the Bessemer process, the iron is first recovered from the ore by smelting; second, all the carbon and as much of the other impurities as possible are blown out by streams of air in a converter; third, the percentage of carbon desired is introduced into the "blown" metal; fourth, the heated metal, now Bessemer steel, is cast into an ingot. Last of all, the ingot is rolled down into the finished steel rail. It is possible by the Bessemer process to control perfectly the carbon in the ore — the principal hardening element in the rail — but as the phosphorus, which makes rails brittle, cannot be removed by this process, whatever percentage of phosphorus exists in the ore will persist in the rail. An ideal rail should contain sixty-five hundredths of one per cent of carbon, not more than six one hundredths per cent of phosphorus, and one and one tenth, to one and three tenths per cent of manganese.

Rails of such composition wear magnificently and have been known to last a dozen years under the most exacting traffic to be found in this or any other country. According to the *Scientific American* the standard of rail composition adopted by the manufacturers themselves, and now in use by them, is as follows: Carbon, half of one per cent; phosphorus, not more than one tenth of one per cent; manganese, eight tenths to one and one tenth per cent. It will be seen that there is a sixty per cent increase of phosphorus in the rails of to-day, as compared with the phosphorus in the ideal rail mentioned above. It is rails containing this excess of phosphorus that have been breaking so frequently during the past winter.

Trying to Retain the Bessemer Process

When the ore began to show a large percentage of phosphorus, the rail makers attempted to make the rails tough enough to resist fracture by reducing the quantity of carbon in the composition. But while those rails were tough, and did not break unduly under winter traffic and heavy loads, they "battered down badly and wore away quickly on the curves." So the rail makers put in more carbon, with the result that in the three months of last winter there were nearly 3,000 broken rails on the lines of a single State.

There would have been many less fractures of these rails, had not the rail makers hastened the process of manufacture as much as possible, from beginning to end, in order to keep pace with the demand. This, in spite of the fact that the only possible chance for the production of good rails by the Bessemer process, when the ore is undesirable, lies in slower manufacture and not in "hurry up" work. After the carbon has been blown out of the iron and the desired amount has been reintroduced, (by pouring "spiegeleisen" into the blown metal), some little delay is desirable in order that the carbon may become thoroughly incorporated with the metal. In the early days of rail-making an appreciable delay was always allowed, but now there is no delay whatever. The "spiegeleisen" is poured into the converter just as it is being tipped to discharge its contents into the ladle, and from it the metal is immediately poured into the ingot mold.

Furthermore, time is now gained by the insufficient "cropping" of the ingots. Two important actions take place as the metal cools in the ingot molds. The lighter constituents — the carbon, phosphorus, and various impurities — rise to the top. And, since the ingot cools from the outside, the solidifying metal shrinks toward the mold surface. This causes a cup-shaped depression at the top, which extends down into the body of the ingot as a narrow slit or crack. This, with gas bubbles, forms what are known as "pipes."

In the old days, from one quarter to one third of each ingot was "cropped" from the top, in order to get rid of the excess of carbon, phosphorus, etc.,— known as "segregated material," — because it is much more brittle than the remainder of the ingot. The "cropped" portion was then remelted. But now, in order to save time and make as many rails as possible, not more than eight to ten per cent of the ingot is "cropped" away at the extreme upper end. So "cropped," an ingot of standard size will make three eighty-pound rails; "cropped" according to the old practice it would make only two. Furthermore, it used to be the practice to roll the ingot sufficiently in shaping it down, to eliminate the "pipes," thus making the rails sound and homogeneous; to-day, according to the railroad men, the rails are so insufficiently rolled that "pipes" often persist, causing more frequent fractures, even, than the brittleness due to the excess of phosphorus. The rail makers say fractures from pipes are extremely rare, and upon this point are squarely at odds with their customers.

The demands of the railroads are for the open hearth steel rail as soon as possible; they demand that until it can be had, the "cropping" of the ingots be as liberal as it was in the old days, and that the rails be got down into final shape more slowly, with more frequent rolling, so as to eliminate the "pipes." These demands the rail makers object to vigorously. To "scrap" their Bessemer plants and build open hearth plants would cost enormously, and to make Bessemer rails by the slow and careful methods called for by the railroad men would mean an immediate and heavy reduction of output which, they say, they cannot afford.

Bad Road-Beds Partly to Blame

That bad road-beds are partly to blame for the great number of rail fractures and also for a large proportion of the derailments which have figured in such sinister fashion during the last half year of railroad horrors, should by no means be overlooked. Despite the millions on the back of millions spent to make the road-beds better in the last few years, thousands of miles of road-bed in the American railroad system are entirely inadequate to the great traffic which it must carry.

Some of the best eastern tracks, even, (although a vast improvement upon the crude road-beds in less thickly settled regions), are not equal to the stress they are called upon to bear. It has been said that were a competent engineer, who had never seen a modern railroad, called upon to plan a road-bed to meet its requirements "he would design a structure very different from that upon which trains run to-day."* He would never adopt the T rail nor the soft wood tie, nor the "miserable little spikes" which we now use to hold the rails in place.

But the present form of road-bed in this country is due to the same conditions which brought about the grade crossings. The railroads were called for as a necessity, and, to be built at all, in a new country where money was scarce, had to be constructed as they could be — and not as they should have been. As laid down, they were long adequate for the light locomotives, cars, and traffic of the early days, but they are entirely unsatisfactory for the two-hundred-ton locomotives and correspondingly heavy trains of to-day. It is singularly anomalous that with the heaviest traffic in the world there should be so many miles of the worst railroad bed in the world in the United States. At the same time, it must be remembered that many miles of American road-bed are in as good condition as can be found anywhere, and that there are few roads either in England or continental Europe which could carry the traffic of one of our greater trunk lines.

The Awakening of the Railroads to the Accident Situation

The awakening of the railroads to the situation was hastened by the rear-end collision which resulted in the death of Samuel Spencer, president of the Southern Railway, some time ago. The awakening of the people has been manifested in many ways. Railroads with bad accident records have been avoided, more or less, by the frightened traveling public. Petitions, like that sent to Albany from the thickly

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populated region just north of the city of New York, after the frightful accident on the New York Central's recently electrified suburban line last winter, have been signed by thousands of men and women.

Most pathetic of all these popular demonstrations, perhaps, was the mothers' petition, lodged with Coroner Jermon of Philadelphia, the other day, demanding the arrest of George F. Baer, President of the Philadelphia & Reading Railroad, because of the killing of William Johnson and his eight-year-old son at a "death trap" grade crossing.

Ten killings, including the two which prompted the petition, had occurred at that particular crossing within a year. The petition was a real human document. It was signed by five hundred mothers of Rising Sun, one of Philadelphia's old incorporated villages, and was presented in person by fifty of the mothers. "It's murder that Baer's doing up our way," declared one of the women, and the petition set forth the same idea, more formally, but not less forcibly. It is stated that six of the fifty women in the delegation had each been bereft of a child at the crossing where Johnson and his boy were killed, that the crossing had the protection of neither bell nor gate, and that the children of the neighborhood must use the same crossing four times a day or remain away from school. The petition was preceded by several stormy indignation meetings, similar to those held in New York a year or two ago to protest against the railroad killings on Eleventh Avenue in the metropolis, along which the New York Central's tracks run at grade.

It is too early, as yet, to know what the result of the Rising Sun mothers' demand will be, but the Eleventh Avenue tracks have been ordered removed by the Legislature. They are still in the street, but are sure to be abolished eventually. Beyond doubt, the temper of the people all over the land is now such that failure to reduce the percentage of railroad accidents would vastly and generally increase whatever hostility against the railroads already exists.

Some additional measures of Government regulation, partly Federal and partly State, may be necessary if life-saving train devices are to be adopted as generally as they should be, and if the unprotected grade crossing and the fatal low bridge are to be finally abolished. Such regulations, if brought about under proper conditions, will be welcomed by many railroad managers. In the present temper of the railroad authorities and the rail makers it seems probable that they will give us better rails and better road-beds with all possible speed — if they can raise the funds to meet the heavy expense involved.

THE KNUCKLE-PUSHER

BY

WILL ADAMS

ILLUSTRATION BY GEORGE WRIGHT

"I JUST wish you knew Shorty," said my old friend, Sergeant Gerald Stone (known in his troop as "The Stylish Sergeant," "Jerry the Swell," and "The Kentucky Thoroughbred"). "Shorty — that's Captain Campbell, our Troop Commander — is just about the best ever. He's a little, chunky, hard-workin', vibratin' cuss, bent on gettin' the Troop up to the last degree of efficiency; an' he knows how to do it, too. Wants to run the whole shebang, an' his subs don't dare to call their souls their own. I tell you that little fellow knows his business; there's nothin' about soldierin' *he* don't savvey. Shorty's all right. Every fellow in the Troop would back him to hell and back again, an' he's everlastingly weeding out the Quartermaster's mugs an' tryin' to get old soldiers an' men with ginger in them. We're a fast bunch, my son, you don't catch J Troop in the rear-guard. Still, we got along in pretty good domestic peace for such a mixed push, until this same mania of Shorty's for workin' up, brings us, incidentally, and Stevens and Little Matt

Townsend, the wind-jammer, in particular, to grief. This Stevens, by the way, is one of *the* Stevens of Maryland, an' a gentleman all through; one of my very best friends — an' I may incidentally mention that he's another misguided youth who enlisted for his commission, just the same as yours truly; and though he is about the laziest white man on God's earth, he came to be right popular in the Troop, because he's such an open-handed, square, general hail-fellow-well-met sort. That's why we were all so hot over the mess of hard luck he got into.

"You see, Shorty thought he had a find; he went an' enlisted a paragon, named Mike McCluskey, — a great big fine-lookin' chap, with three or four honorable discharges and recommendations to his credit. Shorty crowed 'cause K an' L an' M Troops didn't get him.

"Everything went smooth as glass for a week or two; then, at Saturday morning inspection down at stables, came the explosion. Neither Shorty nor I was there, as I'd stayed at quarters to fix up some papers, an' Heaven knows where Shorty was, that he wasn't holdin' down that inspection. But what happened was that suddenly an' without the slightest warning or provocation, McCluskey goes for Stevens an' Little Matt Townsend an' knocks their heads together till they crack. Then he throws Matt aside an' devotes himself to mashing Stevens' face into a pulp in the most finished and scientific manner. It was all so quickly done, that the boys couldn't pull him off before Stevens was down an' out; an' then McCluskey was in such a frenzy, swingin' his arms an' darin' them to come on, an' sayin' he was ex-prize-fighter an' heavy-weight champion of the North, that they let him mighty well alone.

"Pretty soon the boys began comin' up to quarters, hot as tamales, an' sputterin' with rage. For some time I couldn't make out what they were talkin' about, they were so incoherent, but when Stevens came along, with his poor kid face lookin' like it had come in contact with a pile-driver, my head began to whirl around, and I saw red myself. The first thing I did, though, was to take Stevens to the hospital and get his face attended to, so he wouldn't be disfigured for life. On the way over we met Shorty.

" 'What 'n hell does this mean?' says he, after he'd taken in the squash-pie face the kid was wearin'.

" 'McCluskey hit him, sir, at inspection.'

" 'What for?'

" 'Nothing, sir, that I know of.'

"Shorty's little face got red all over, from his bull neck up to the roots of his hair, and he began to swear a blue streak. He's never the one to spare language.

" 'And all you big, husky giants let him maul the kid like that? Where was Whitney, an' Big Bill Sullivan, an' Pat Melody? I thought they knew what was expected in this Troop. Damn it all,' says he, hoppin' like a game rooster, 'where were you, Sergeant Stone, that you didn't smash him yourself?'

" 'I was at quarters, sir. I didn't know of it till just now, an' you can bet your life, Captain, I'm just as hot as you over it, an' even if I am a light-weight, I'd have gone for him.'

"There was a queer little gleam in Shorty's eye at that, but all he said was, 'Take Stevens to the hospital and have him fixed up, then send Sergeant Franc an' Whitney an' Sullivan to report to me on this matter. Where is McCluskey?'

" 'At present, sir, he holds undisputed possession of the stables.'

" 'Very well, then. When you leave Stevens, go down and put McCluskey under arrest and take him to the guard-house; and if he don't go quietly, knock him on the head with a carbine and drag him over by the heels.'

"So then it was up to me, an' after I'd left Stevens havin' his phiz treated, I started off with some misgivings to arrest McCluskey. But I needn't have been bothered, the big fellow's tantrum was over, an' he came quietly enough.

"But that night the barracks were like hell let loose. You see, the kid had come to be right popular, an' there wasn't a man of them all but wanted a personal revenge. The boys were pretty sick, too, that the big yap had made them sing so small an' no one had done anything to him. Pat Melody, our senior corporal, who'd served six years in the British army, was hoppin' around like corn in a popper.

" 'Faith, I'll show this Knuckle-pusher,' says he, 'whin he gits out, that he's not the only fightin' Irishman in the Troop.'

" 'An' me,' says Big Sullivan, 'I've got it in fer him fer battin' them kids.'

" 'Well,' says Franc, our Top-Cutter, 'why didn't he pick out some one his own size? Why did he pick out them two pore kids? He's a bully, he is. I'll show him he can't run the Troop.'

"I wasn't sayin' much myself, but of course I was out to bust him, because Stevens was my friend.

"Then up gets our big Swede, the Quartermaster Sergeant, Hansen's his name, Knudt Hansen.

" 'Boyss,' says he, sort of slow and ponderous, 'I haf but one piece of advice to gif you. When he comess out, don't wait till too long to handle him, for if you don't do it now, while you're hot, he will not get all that iss coming to him.'

"That seemed a pretty good idea to us, as we knew we were going up to the rifle-range for pistol practice next week, an' we surmised Shorty would take McCluskey out of the guardhouse to go along, as he always wanted to go with a full troop; and besides, might be anxious to see what we'd do to Mike. We knew whatever we did, short of murder, the Captain would see us through. So we agreed to smash Mac, or the Knuckle-pusher, as we came to call him, on the road. There was hot talk and all sorts of wild schemes, and when the sergeant in charge of quarters came around with his lantern at eleven o'clock, we were still at it, an' the sergeant got so interested he could hardly tear himself away, an' never reported us for being awake an' kicking.

"For some days the air was charged with a good deal of electricity around J Troop barracks, an' when Stevens came back from the hospital, with his face all on the fritz, there was a fresh burst. We all wanted to do McCluskey the worst way, still we felt that even if he was a bully and an ex-pugilist, we wanted to do it fairly, if possible.

"So we decided that the best way was to try out all our Troop fighters, find out who was the best, an' then put him up to throw down McCluskey. We knew, too, that a fellow had to be pretty quick to best him; still, J Troop boasted seven or eight first-class bruisers, an' we lived in hopes. We began right away to start the preliminaries, an' by the day we started for the range, Hansen an' Madigan, the knife-swallower, had licked all the others and were waitin' to get at each other to see which was the better man. We saved that mix-up for the first day out, an' were goin' to tackle McCluskey the last night before we made the range. It took five days to get there.

"As we expected, Mac was extracted from the mill an' brought along with us. There was a guard told off to watch him for fear he'd desert, an' you can bet the boys did their duty by him; they weren't goin' to let him get away without his medicine.

"Well, the second night out, Hansen and Madigan tackled each other according to program, and right there Fate, in the person of Shorty, stepped in an' dealt us a pat hand we couldn't have equaled in a thousand years. The two were pummelin' each other down behind the cook-tent, with all of us, but the Knuckle-pusher an' his guards, lined up to see the show, when who should step along but Shorty.

" 'What's doin', boys?' says he.

" 'Just a little friendly mill twixt Sergeant Hansen an' Corporal Madigan, sir,' says Cookie, pulling out a cracker-box for him to sit on. 'Will you stay, sir?'

"Would he? Down sits Shorty, interested as a terrier at a rat-hole, an' the glint of battle lights up his little squinty eyes. Well, the end of it was that after a lively time Madigan knocked the big Swede out. It took time, though, an' was a pretty bloody scrap, as both men wanted to be the one to avenge the honor of the Troop. Shorty all the while was sniffin' the air like an old war-horse who smells battle.

"After Hansen was down, Shorty looks Madigan over and says:

" 'You are bigger than I am an' pretty spry with your fists, but I think I can show you a thing or two,' an' off goes Shorty's little coat, an' up he prances to Madigan, who is feeling fine an' fit an' pleased to death to keep on fightin' an' show what he can do. Well, it was hardly two minutes before Shorty had him stretched on the ground with as nice a combination of right-hand feint at the body and left-hook on the jaw as ever figured in any professional ring. Yes, you may gamble on it, Shorty was surely the champion of the Troop, an' as he walked away wrigglin' into his coat, an' it commenced to dawn on us what the thing might mean if we could play our hand properly, there was such an outburst of excitement an' private opinions as you never heard in your life before.

"Of course, the thing to do was to fix things so that Shorty would tackle McCluskey an' give him just a little bit more than was good for him. We didn't quite see how to do this, as Mac had been meek as a tame cat so far, and didn't seem to have any fight left in him, and Shorty wouldn't put up a hand if he had the least suspicion we wanted him to. But by an' by the mighty brain of Whitney, that tall, dark chap from Texas you met at the exhibition drill, evolved a scheme.

" 'You-all can put up Stevens,' said he, 'to badger this Knuckle-pusher on the picket-line yonder in the evenin'. We-all will egg him on, an' ten to one Mac will line out an' hit him. Shorty's always strollin' around at that time, an' when he sees McCluskey hit the kid, bein' "all hot sand an' ginger," ' (Whitney's always quotin' Kipling, but most of the boys don't know what it is), 'he won't ask anything better than the chance of makin' Mac look like a piece of wet sponge.' That suited everybody but me an' Stevens. I raised a kick. I said the kid had been knocked out once, an' I wouldn't stand for his bein' hit again. They could use some one else for bait. They saw the sense of my remarks an' decided on Teddy Ryan, a chunky, freckled-mug little man who said he guessed he could stand it, bein' it was for the general good.

"The day intervenin' an' the mornin' of the day of the grand coup, the guards worried and joshed McCluskey till they had got him into a smolderin' sort of a temper that the least spark would set off. Then in the evenin' at the picket-line we sprung the mine.

"Word was passed down the line soon as Shorty appeared, an' Ryan side-stepped up an' began making uncomplimentary remarks to McCluskey. Mike stood it for a minute or so, but as Ryan let loose a particularly insultin' epithet, like a flash out went Mac's fist an' down went Ryan in the mud.

"It looked too good to be true — but as Ryan dropped, there stood Shorty in his place — Shorty with his hands up an' his left eye gleamin' along his arm. None of us ever knew whether Mike realized that he was hittin' an officer. I don't think he did. He was the kind of a wild Irishman that soaks first an' thinks afterward. As a matter of plain fact, he didn't hit an officer — first — for as he came on with a regular haymaker swing, Shorty stepped inside his guard an' drove in a straight left, flush to his ear.

"It seemed to steady Mike. He jumped back, side-wipin' at his neck; then he dropped into a Jeffries crouch that showed us he wasn't bluffin' when he said that he had been a professional, an' faced his man. While they stood off that way, circlin', we got a chance to size them up; and I must say that I, for one, had cold feet. McCluskey was every ounce of a hundred an' sixty-five, there wasn't any fat on him — only meat. I don't suppose Shorty ever weighed a hundred an' forty in his life, an' most of it looked chunky in his clothes. Sizin' 'em up for weight, reach, an' strength, there was nothing to it but Mike. I was surely sorry we'd done it, an' I began to wonder what usually happened in the army when an enlisted man wiped up the earth with an officer. An' then — Shorty rushed. I can't tell you the scientific name for it, — it was all too quick for me, — but when the smoke cleared he was clean inside of Mike's guard, drivin' short arm jabs to the body. Mike dropped back, Shorty started to break the clinch, an' Mike got him with a nasty hook, straight at his jaw. It just grazed it, an' I saw Shorty stagger. Mike saw it, too, an' rushed in, swingin' both arms — an' got a straight left between the eyes. He rushed again — an' that time Shorty planted a cross right on his eye that did your heart good. The fight was goin' Shorty's way, all right, but he couldn't seem to hurt the great big yap. An' if Mike got in square one of those swings with his hundred an' sixty-five behind it, it would be all day with Shorty.

"By that time, discipline in J Troop had gone to the dogs. Rooks, cooks, non-coms — everybody was in the ring, beggin' Shorty to eat him alive.

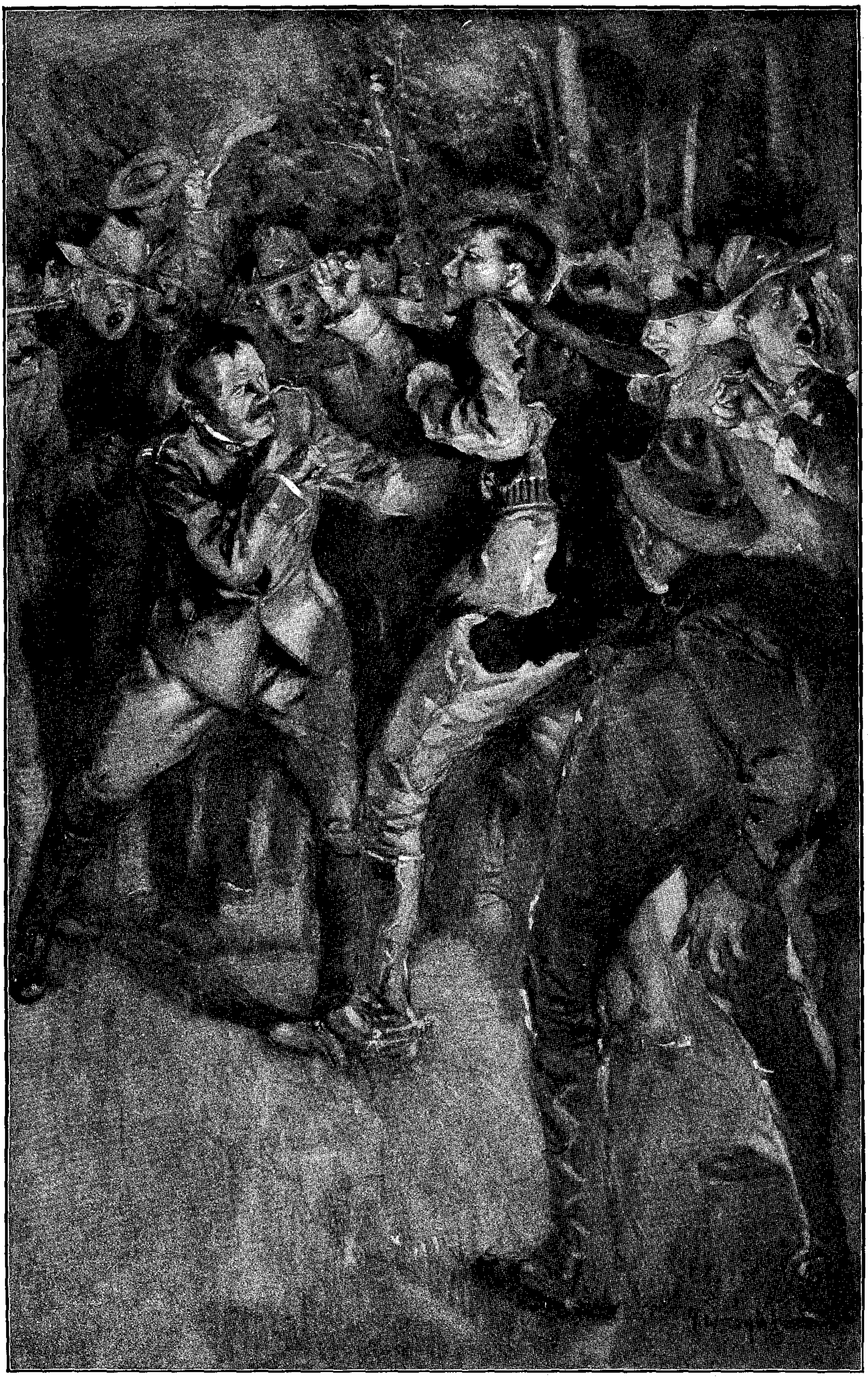
"Mike rushed, an' Shorty countered — that was the whole tale for round after round, — if there had been any rounds. Once in a while Mike would land a glancing blow or get in his lick for Shorty's counter. Shorty's nose was bleedin', an' he was mighty red over one temple, an' Mike had an eye, where Shorty had thrown in six or seven left-hooks, that looked like a beefsteak. An' then — Shorty got careless. Mike dropped his arms a second to rest 'em, an' Shorty jumped in with a left-hook just to keep him busy. But Mike's left wasn't so blamed weary after all. He brought it up with a big punch that passed Shorty's guard an' caught him somewhere on the body — an' I bet he went back ten feet. Three seconds more, an' the whole Troop would have been avengin' the Captain — but Mike didn't wait any three seconds. He jumped in on Shorty, who was restin' on one knee, an' kicked him. An' the whole Troop simultaneously fell onto Mike.

" 'Get out!' yelled Shorty. 'He's mine!' An' we fell back. For Shorty was on his feet — an' mad.

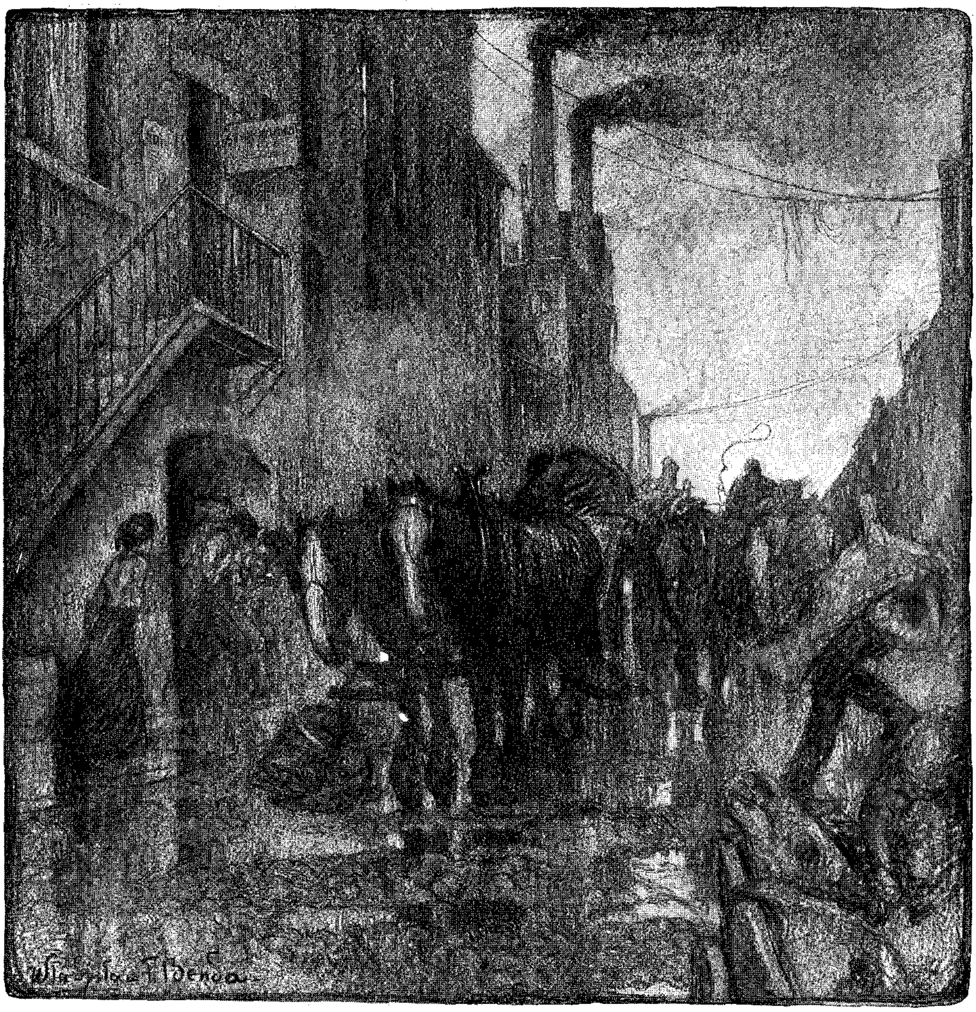
"There are mads and mads. This was no blazin', rushin', wide-open Irish mad like Mike's. No, sir! It was the kind of steel-blue, bone-breakin', straight-hittin' mad that makes things bust. I guess Mike must have caught his eye — for he dropped back, swingin' as he went, an' Shorty slipped inside his guard. Biff! went Shorty's right — an uppercut under the jaw. Sosh! went his left — an awful punch in the stomach. I saw Mike wilt an' double up — an' then Shorty, movin' like a machine, but takin' his time, too, set himself an' swung for the first time in that fight — and down went the Knuckle-pusher on his face — in the same spot where Ryan had been lyin' before he got up to forget his mashed-in face in cheerin' for Shorty.

"It was then, in the midst of our chortlin', that Shorty, as he strode away, moppin' his bloody nose, made the remark that electrified us an' has come to be a byword in the Troop. 'I was once,' said he cheerfully, 'I was once light-weight champion of the Middle West, myself.'

"An' blame if it wasn't true. Some of the fellows looked up the records. Shorty rose from the ranks, you know. They say he was the toughest Top-Cutter in the Sixth."



"'SOSH! WENT HIS LEFT—AN AWFUL PUNCH IN THE STOMACH'"



AN IDYL OF THE YARDS

BY

MAUDE L. RADFORD

AUTHOR OF "THE STORY OF SHEELAH"

ILLUSTRATIONS BY W. T. BENDA

GRETA MEYER turned slowly on her pillows and woke from a dream of the play she had seen the night before at the Bijou. When she saw the sun pouring in through the open window, she jumped hastily out of bed.

"Gee!" she thought; "I'm late to work, sure's preachin'."

She glanced out of the window at the street. Yes; it must be after seven, for otherwise the street would be thronged with workers hurrying to the yards. She looked over the low, squatting houses about her to the spreading area of the stock-yards — the great, irregular, high-shouldered buildings, grimy, narrow-windowed, of close-mouthed aspect. There it stood, the stock-yards city, the gaunt, grim fortress of trade; its chimneys heavily, slowly belching up dense banners of smoke which obscured the very sky.

"Well, I don't care," she yawned.

She dressed quickly and prepared her breakfast on the stove that stood behind her bureau, her arms swinging freely as she moved, her large, fair pompadour marking time on her forehead, her full lips pursed as if she were whistling a tune. If you wanted to identify Greta Meyer among all the women in the stockyards, you would wait till evening, when the thousands of workers were pouring homeward. You would know her because she would be the only one who did not walk and act as if she were tired. You could even recognize her at work; she would be the only one who did not seem anxious. Greta always wore a competent expression. She knew that she could do piecework faster than any one else; she could always count beforehand just what she would make every week. If a boss or superintendent passed near her, she cocked her broad shoulders defiantly.

"Here's one girl ain't afraid of you," she'd think. "Fire me if you want to; I can always find a job."

Greta finished her breakfast and tidied the room.

"Well," she thought; "'s long's I'm late anyhow, I'll go down and see if I can do anythin' fur Granny Lannagan."

She descended the stairs and knocked at a door on the left of the hall.

"C'm in," called a thin voice.

Greta pushed open the door. A crippled old Irishwoman sat in a rocking-chair on a square of sunlight, the one thing worth looking at in the shabby room. Her lean, dingy face was lighted by a pair of keen, blue eyes, for the moment, cheerful.

"Well, Mrs. Lannagan," said Greta; "you look like a million was left you. Last night when I tucked you in, you was going to die before mornin'."

"Sure, Greta," replied Mrs. Lannagan; "I niver expected to have betther bad luck nor I had; but 'tis come, me gurrl."

"One of your kids turned up from the sea?"

"Ah, no; ah, no," sighed the old woman; "but me sister's son, Thaddeus Lozinsky, he's found me."

"That Lozinsky — oh, yes; his boss, Jimmy Martin, mentioned him to me."

"He's comin' here to live and take care uv me," said Mrs. Lannagan; "he have taken the room next, and have moved in already. That'll kape me from the poorhouse fur a while, annyway."

"Good fur you and him," said Greta heartily.

"But you'll help out a little jist the same, Greta?" begged the old woman. "Fur if too much falls on Thad, he may turrn agin me."

"Don't you fear, Granny."

"But 'tain't right," sighed Mrs. Lannagan; "and you always lendin' people a hand. Ah, well, Greta, take an advice from me: don't you go and git marrud the way I did, and have six childher and lose thim all. Ah, 'twud be jist like you; you are that light-hearted and generous."

"Don't you fool yourself," said Greta emphatically. "When I see the sick kids, and their sick mothers hardly able to drag themselves to work, it's a lesson to me. If I marry, it's to better myself, you bet."

"A boss, now, Greta?" questioned Mrs. Lannagan eagerly. "They say Jimmy Martin ——"

"Aw, he jist came to see me once," said Greta, dropping her eyes. "It takes a long while, Granny, before you get a holt on a man. And all the girls run after a boss. Well, I guess I'm late as much as fifty cents' worth to-day. 'By, Granny."

She left the room and the rickety wooden house, and took her way eastward to the stockyards, thinking, as she went, of Jimmy Martin and Thaddeus Lozinsky. The night before, on her way to the Bijou, she had passed the hall where Thaddeus Lozinsky was addressing a union meeting, and, as the door stood open, she had seen his face. Perhaps she would not have thought of it twice, since he was only a "Polack," if the hero of the play had not looked like him.

At the door of the tall building where she worked, she collided with the boss of the casing-room.

"Here," he said angrily; "what you doin'? Oh, it's you, Greta."

He was a stocky, dark man with an alert, suspicious eye, lambent for the moment with admiration of the girl.

"Now, look here, Greta," he went on; "your boss told me you was absent this morning. What do you mean by turnin' up late, hey? You know it sets a bad example. Want to lose your job?"

"Now, Jimmy Martin, that don't go with me," said Greta, leaning nonchalantly against the doorway; "you ain't my boss. And, anyway, let 'em fire; but if they do, who'll speed up the gang fur them?"

"Aw, you're too blasted independent," he retorted. "That won't go forever. Wait till some girl comes in that can beat you at it, and then you'll sing small. Say, Greta," he added with a change of tone, "what would you give me if I got your boss to make you forewoman?"

"You don't mean it, Jimmy," cried Greta. "But why ——?"

"The present forelady is all right, of course," he said; "but in two or three months she's goin' to marry a fellow that has a big farm out ——"

"Gee! won't she get sick on a farm," reflected Greta.

"Would it be worth a kiss, Greta?" suggested Martin, pressing closer to her.

"Aw, gwon," laughed Greta, pushing him away. "You ask me next time you come to see me, if you do happen to come again. But you're all right, Jimmy, and I'm obliged, honest I am, and I'll take the jawin' the boss'll give me fur bein' late like a lamb."

"All right. Goin' right up?"

"In a minute," called Greta over her shoulder.

She was still thinking of Lozinsky. She could shut her eyes and see him as he had stood on the platform, his dark, handsome face with the lips making a vivid line, and his hair waving loosely on his forehead. She had taken the whim to see how he looked at close range, doing his daily work, and she smiled as she reflected on Martin's irritation had he known her errand.

She entered a dim room, badly lighted, and half full of steam. A sickening odor rose from tubs and vats and the damp floor. Stolid-faced Bohemian and Polish women were mechanically tying rounds of wet sausages and swinging them upon sticks. Men and women knocked against each other in their crowded quarters, pushing back the hair from their heated faces, plunging their greasy arms elbow deep in barrels of water — but working, working always, fiercely, mechanically.

And Thaddeus Lozinsky was one of these figures. Greta watched him silently. His face, lacking the animation of the preceding evening, was pale and anxious, but still beautiful. Twice, when he knocked against a woman, he apologized, meeting with no response, or else with a scornful giggle.

"Why, ain't that jist like the hero in the play," thought Greta, amazed. "When the villain shoved him, and his arm struck her neck, why, he acted like he'd killed her. But, gee, I never s'posed people had time fur it in real life."

She noticed that he was working feebly, and she felt sorry for him.

"Well," she reflected, as she went away, "he don't look like the dangerous fellow Martin told me he was. I guess it's thinkin' so hard, and botherin' about unions and organizations has taken his stren'th. But he's smart, and the handsomest man I've seen in the yards, if he is sick."

She pushed open the door of the department where she worked. It was a long room, painted in brown, containing several tables at which scores of women stood, their fingers moving with incredible quickness as they painted tin cans. As Greta walked toward her place, two boys came from an inner room carrying trays heaped with tin cans of four sizes. When they set these down, the women rushed forward, Greta at their head, and fought as openly as they dared, under the eyes of the forewoman, to get the "one and two pounders"; they paid best.

"Humph!" thought Greta, as she went back to her corner of a table. "I s'pose Thaddeus Lozinsky'd have stepped back and let the others take the best, and then politely took, himself, what was left. I s'pose they'd do that on the stage, too. But, gee! this ain't the stage; this is business."

Nevertheless, the next time there was a rush to the trays, Greta went last, and took her share with the feeblest of the girls.

"Never mind," she thought, in answer to the surprised glances leveled at her. "I can work fast enough to make up, I guess."

And work she did, so quickly that she had no energy left for thinking; she was a mere machine like those about her.

That night, after her supper at the corner restaurant, Greta stopped at Mrs. Lannagan's door and knocked. Presently she heard movements in the room adjoining, and Thaddeus Lozinsky stepped into the hall.

"Miss Meyer," he said shyly; "my aunt says come in here; she's eating in my room."

"How'd you know my name?" questioned Greta easily.

"I asked the first time I saw you last year," said Lozinsky, as he ushered her into his room.

Mrs. Lannagan sat beaming at a little table laid for supper. Greta noticed that it looked unlike any table at which she had ever eaten.

"My! but you've slung on style," she said. "It looks somethin' like the dinner-table I saw at the theater last night."

"My father had these ways," said Thaddeus apologetically.

"Sure; his grandmother was a rich lady," said Mrs. Lannagan complacently. "Countess they call ut, and she run away wid her driver."

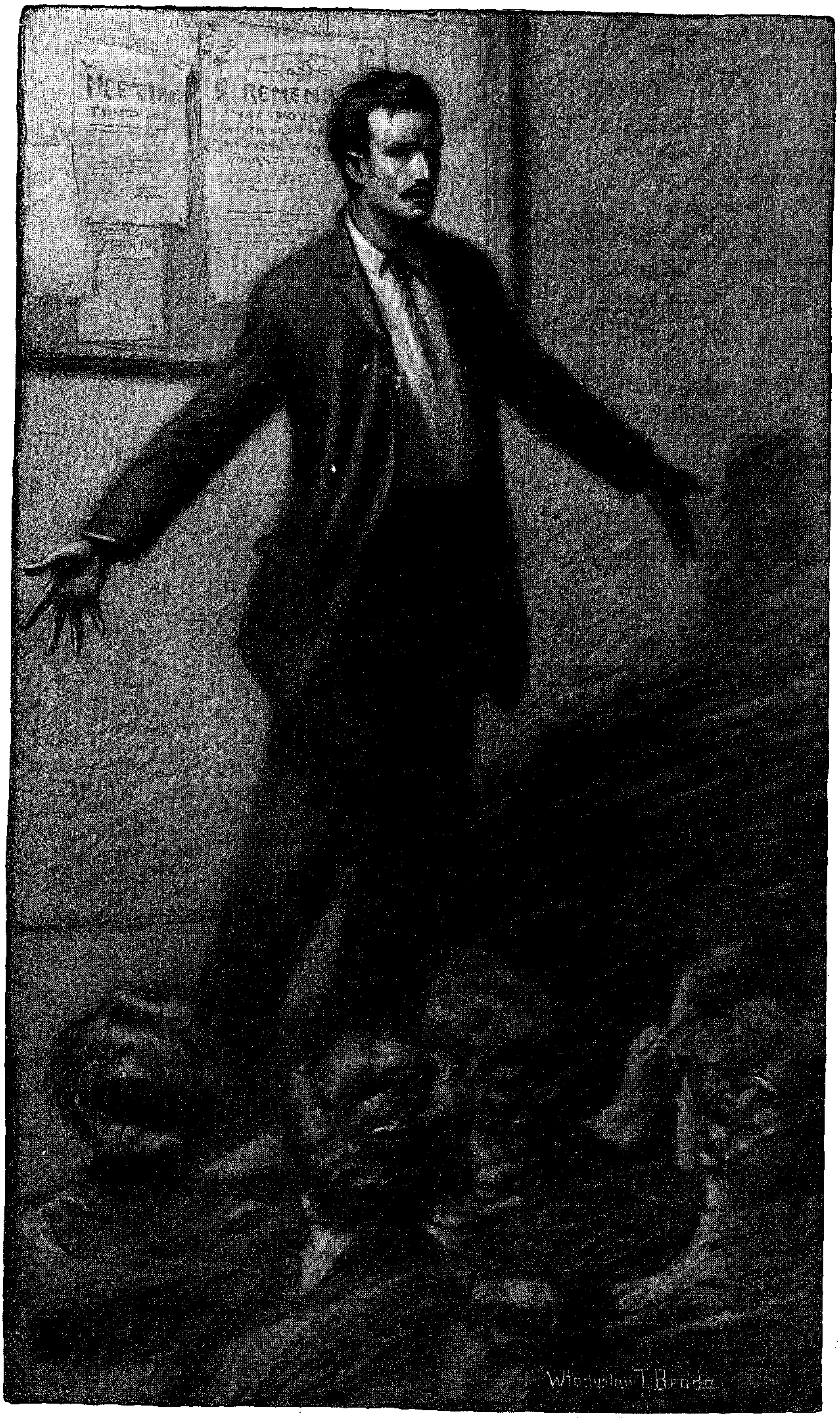
"It ain't done you much good, has it?" said Greta to Thaddeus, with an obscure flash of jealousy, as she took a seat by Mrs. Lannagan.

"No," he said, smiling; "but it ain't made me side with the capitalists."

"Not from all I hear," said Greta significantly.

"You've niver heard him talk," said Mrs. Lannagan. "She do not bother wid the unions, Thad."

"I guess not," said Greta, as she stared around Lozinsky's neat room. "No dues and no orders


MEETING
Wladyslaw T. Benda

"HE WAS ONLY A 'POLACK'"

fur me, thanks. I get all the orders I can carry now from the forewoman and the boss. I can git on without the unions."

"It's people like you," said Lozinsky, passionately, "that are jist the ones it's hardest to convince, for you ain't got class-consciousness. You're jist interested in yourselves, not in other people that are tryin' to git on, too, but ain't so well-fitted as you."

Greta wondered why she was not angry at him. If Jimmy Martin had found as much fault with her as that, he would have seen the last of her, boss though he was.

"Sure, Thaddy," said Mrs. Lannagan; "Greta is turrble good to her neighbors!"

"She may be," he said; "but what's a bit of kindness here and there to individuals? It's the whole class got to be helped."

"Well," said Greta slowly, " 'course I know there are some that has bad luck, but every one can get on that tries. Them that fails has only themselves to blame. There's lots of work for capable folks."

"That's an idea as old as the American Constitution, and false," cried Lozinsky. "There's many a good man and true, in this town, can't get work. And then, ain't the incapable and helpless to be helped? Do you know that seventy per cent of the deaths in this ward are from the yards district? And that seventy-five per cent of all the deaths here are children? Do you think that the workmen'll sit still forever and see their children dyin' like flies?"

Greta swayed back and forth in her chair.

"Well," she said; "I d'know what to say. Says one of them settlement ladies to me, says she: 'Miss Meyer, what is your attitude to all this?' I thought she meant my heighth, and I said, 'Five foot seven.' Then she told me. Well, Mr. Lozinsky, all I say is, I want every one to get on that can, and I can get on myself; I'm so strong——"

She blushed, fearing he would think she was referring to his weakness, and Mrs. Lannagan said:

"Ah dear, ah dear, what is gettin' on, annyway? Here's wan uv our big packers have lost his only child. Do you think he thinks he have got on? For as long as he've always had his comforts, he won't notice thim now. And here's me wid me childher dead or missin', and no money, and niver had ut, but I think I'm gettin' on well, for Thaddy here have lent me the hand that holds me out uv the poorhouse."

"Oh, gee! let's talk uv somethin' pleasant," said Greta. "Le'me tell you about the show I saw last night, Granny, and if Mr. Lozinsky gits sick of it, he can stop me."

Greta made a long call, observing Lozinsky narrowly throughout. She thought he was too excitable and too gloomy; but she liked his attentive manner to old Mrs. Lannagan and to herself, especially when he opened the door for her as she left.

"Maybe it's the way with sickly men," she concluded, as she went to bed; "but it ain't a bad way."

She thought of it again the next Sunday, when Jimmy Martin caught her roughly round the waist and kissed her.

"Say, you might 'a' asked me could you," she said, with a feeling of distaste.

During the next two or three weeks, Greta made frequent calls on Mrs. Lannagan. Lozinsky was nearly always present, and sooner or later the talk turned on unions. At first Greta listened indulgently, partly because he was sick, partly because he looked so handsome as he talked, and partly because she liked him. But after a time she found herself gradually becoming interested in his ideas. She did not expect always to work for her living. She intended to marry a man who would take such good care of her that she need never go back to the yards; who could give her a flat, and a sewing-machine, and maybe a piano. Yet one never could tell what accident might happen. Maybe she would have to work always; and perhaps she might become sick, and then the unions would be a help. She even attended three or four meetings of women, whom Thaddeus addressed, with the object of forming unions, and listened with a faint sense of pleased proprietorship to the enthusiasm with which his remarks were received.

"He's got what they call magnetism," she thought; "and I'll bet that's why Jimmy Martin said he was dangerous."

It gratified her to know that Jimmy Martin kept aware of her movements.

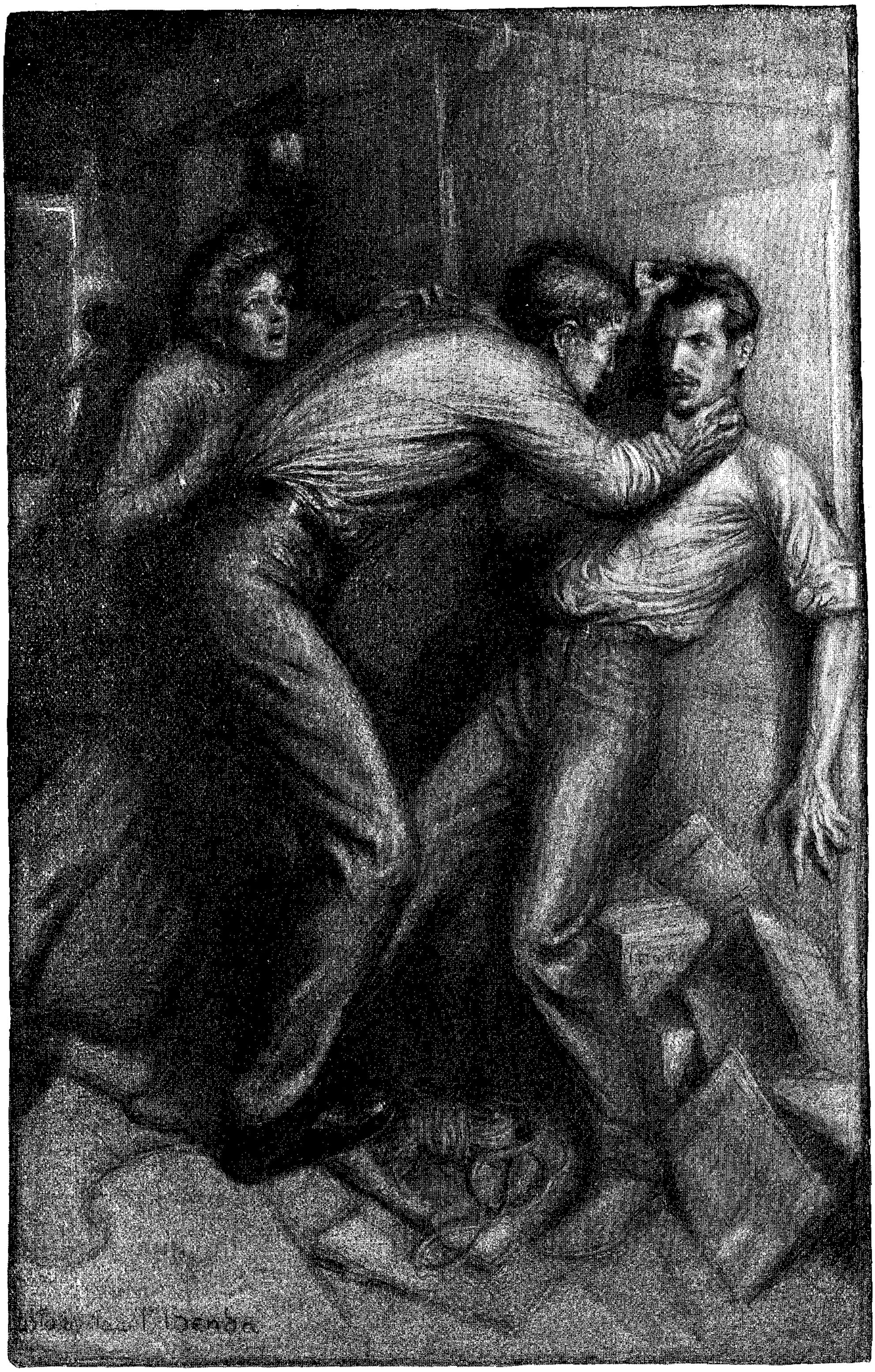
"Say, Greta," he said one evening, when he was walking home with her; "I hear that you've been twice this week to hear that Polack Lozinsky. It don't look well."

"Aw, come off," said Greta. "The rule is that no one that fires or hires can have anything to do with unions. If I had the chance to fire or hire, you'd see how quick I'd drop it."

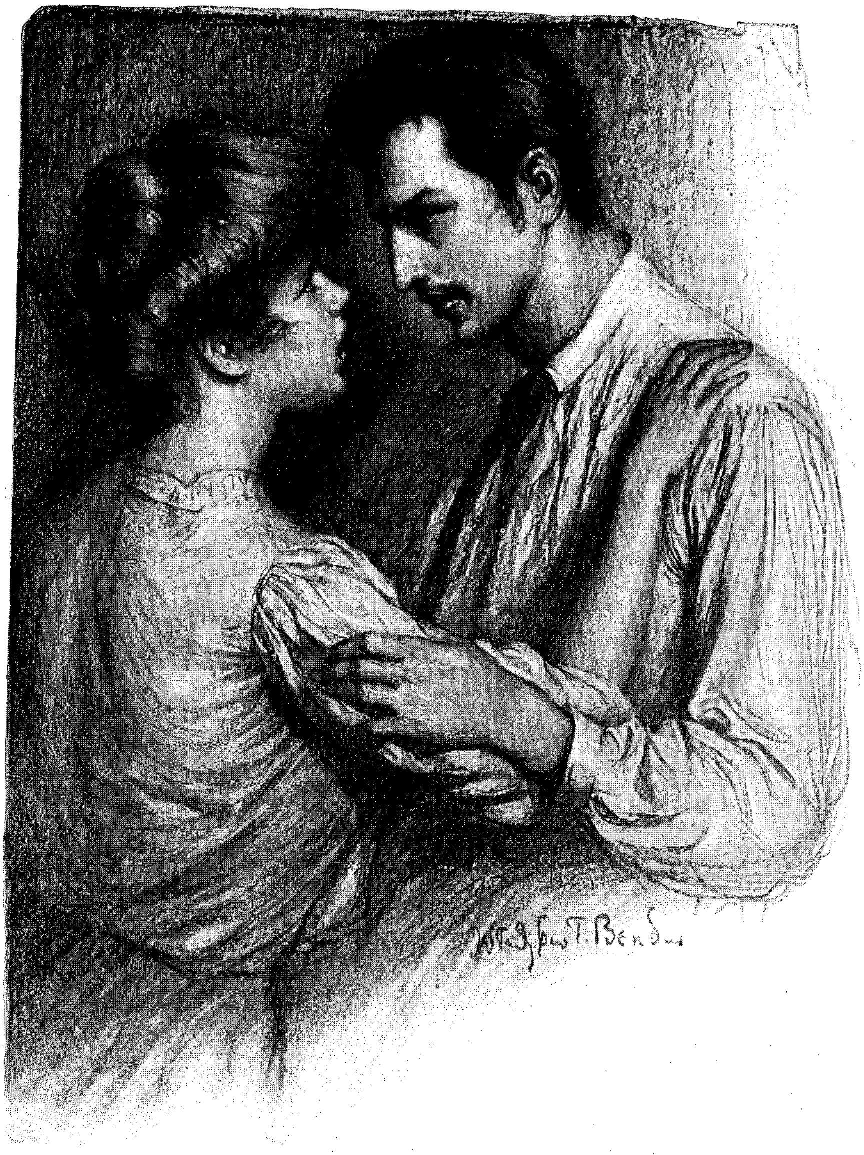
"I hope you ain't got any union ideas really sproutin'," said Martin suspiciously. "You'll never be made forewoman if you have. I tell you, we ain't goin' to stand fur unions among the women. Bad enough among the men."

"Well, we may come to it," said Greta comfortably.

"Not if we know it," returned Martin sharply; "that Lozinsky is a regular firebrand. He'll



"GRETA SPRANG TO MARTIN AND SEIZED HIS ARM"



"'I love you so much that we jist *got* to git on'"

get his quitting papers before long. Not for belonging to the union; oh, no, we remember our pledges to the men. But he's going out. We'll get the chance to soak him for incompetent work soon — the sick fool."

Greta smothered a hostile glance.

"Jimmy's only said what I have myself," she thought, after he had left her. "A girl that'd marry a sick man'd be a fool, and I'd call her pretty near a fool if she didn't try to marry a boss or some one that'd be sure to get on."

The first time that Lozinsky called on her was upon a Sunday night, when she had stayed away from Granny Lannagan's for three days. He had been with her only a few minutes when Jimmy Martin called. Lozinsky rose immediately and went down-stairs.

"Say," said Martin; "you don't let that Polack come here as a friend, I hope."

"Gee! why shouldn't he?" asked Greta.

"Well," explained Martin, "of course, I'm only a friend of yours, myself, but I like to be pretty careful about the young ladies I go with. I must say, no other young lady friend I have would let a Polack come to see her."

Greta was very angry, but she managed to say easily:

"Oh, all my neighbors are welcome to call. As long as I am a working-girl, I'm goin' to draw the line where I like."

"But what if you weren't always a working-girl?" asked Martin, swaying back and forth in her rocking-chair.

"Well, I guess I can always rise to the folks I travel with," said Greta. "I met a very nice gentleman the other night at the theater — he's on the road, and his sister's a school-teacher. He's goin' to bring her to see me."

"I'm jist talkin' for your own good," said Martin; "but anyway, you can see that Lozinsky knows his place. He got out quick when I came."

Greta had made up her mind to marry Jimmy Martin if she could, but she felt a growing resentment toward him.

"Jist wait till my holt over him's strong enough, so I can git even," she said. "Then he'll see."

It was her anger at Martin's interference that finally persuaded her to adopt union principles and offer to help Thaddeus Lozinsky form unions among the women workers of the stock-yards. She translated his abstract arguments into her own terms, honestly believing that class-consciousness had been born in her at last. Lozinsky listened to her with tender amusement. He knew that Greta would always be an individualist. Already, she was planning to be a personal power among the unions. But he was an idealist with plenty of common sense, and he knew Greta's value as an organizer.

"Well, I've learned a lot from you," she conceded; "and I'm much obliged."

As she spoke, she saw a look in his eyes that she had never seen in Jimmy Martin's. He loved her. She was the physical type of what womankind should be. He loved her strength, her courage, her self-reliance, even her egotism; and every hour of the day he resigned her as something forever beyond his reach. All this his look said. Greta did not understand; she only knew that the look thrilled her as the look of Jimmy Martin never had — the bold, admiring look of the man who felt that here, too, he could be boss if he decided he wanted to.

Again, Greta thought of the play at the Bijou, and the hero who had looked like Thaddeus. A dim belief in the reality of romance struggled into her heart. Almost as a child, she had had the terrible sophistication of the girl who is sent out into the modern labor market. For such, no veil is interposed to hide the grim realities of life; they see the world naked. But now she thought that perhaps there was a love that could be tender, not for a month, but forever; a man who would never strike his wife nor even speak roughly to her. She had always said no man would ever strike her, because she could give as good as he sent. But perhaps there were men who could not be rough, because it would hurt them to hurt a woman. Suddenly, she felt like crying.

That night she lay awake a long time. Somehow, life looked difficult, and she was unhappy.

"If that settlement woman asked me what my attitude is now," she thought, "I'd say I think things is rotten."

About two o'clock, she heard Jimmy Martin's voice arguing angrily in the street. She slipped to the window. In the light of the full moon, she saw him staggering drunkenly along the side-walk, supported by Lozinsky.

"Bully for Thad," she thought, as she crept back to bed. "Now he's done Jimmy a favor, Jimmy'll have to be decent to him. He'll not have the face to fire him for one while yet."

As she was dropping to sleep at length, she woke up to ask herself if Thaddeus had helped Martin for her sake; and again, whether Jimmy wasn't just mean enough to hate Thad for having done him a favor. It was dawn before she slept.

Whatever Greta did, she liked to do skilfully as well as thoroughly. In approaching possible members for her can-painters' union, she weeded out those whom she considered in any way doubtful. She was sure all the girls were "safe." And yet the union had not had its first meeting when she was warned that her plans had been spied upon. Jimmy Martin sent for her to come to the casing-room after hours.

"We know what you're up to," he said; "after all I stood ready to do for you! What you got to say?"

She shook her head.

"Well, by God, I've something to say," he shouted.

He poured upon her a torrent of abuse for her ingratitude. She listened with a half smile, thinking how incapable Thaddeus Lozinsky would be of such an outburst. Martin talked his rage away, and then said:

"If you'll say you're sorry and dissolve that union, it'll be all right. If you don't, you'll be bounced to-morrow; and in any case, you don't get that job as forewoman."

"Said all you got to say?" asked Greta. "Then I'll say my say. I won't go back. I'm done with you and the yards."

He let her go to the door, and then he called: "You don't mean that?"

"Well, you'll see!"

Before she could open the door, Martin overtook her. He put his arms about her fiercely.

"I don't know why I don't let you go to the devil," he cried; "but I can't. Look here, Greta, I want you to marry me. Yes, I mean it. I've done my work so well that I'm to be made a superintendent — think of that, Greta! You can have a buggy and keep a hired girl — two, if you want 'em! I've got stock in this place,— and ideas to burn. This combine can't keep up forever. I've ideas, I tell you. I'll be a packer, myself, some day, and we'll be rich. Millions, my girl, and I want you to spend 'em."

Greta leaned against him dizzily. Here was success beyond her wildest hopes. She calculated rapidly. Where could she ever get such a chance again? She had never even dreamed of his being superintendent. And she liked Jimmy well enough; she admired his force.

She dropped her head on his shoulder.

"Gee, Jimmy; I'm too excited to think," she murmured; "but I guess it's all right."

She lifted her head and saw the white face of Lozinsky staring at her. He had been resting for a moment in a dim corner of the inner casing-room, too tired to attempt at once the short walk home. He slipped back into the adjoining room, and Greta said brokenly:

"Let me go, Jimmy. You come round to-night. I — I'm tired."

She broke away from him and hurried out. In the passage she met a pretty Russian girl.

"Ain't locked up, is it?" the girl asked. "I lost my purse, and I do hope it's here."

Greta had gone only a few steps when she heard a scream, and then angry voices. She turned and ran back. Lozinsky had just struck Martin, who was shaking him and knocking his head against the wall. Greta sprang to Martin and seized his arm.

"Let him alone; he's bleeding," she cried. "What's he done?"

"Hit me!" shouted Martin. "He's fired; he's ruined from this day. I've done with him!"

The Russian girl was hurrying to the door, crying.

"Come back here, you," called Greta; "what have you got to do with it?"

"Nothin'," muttered the girl. "I — I just was here, and they fought."

"It's a lie," gasped Lozinsky. "Greta, marry him if you like, but you got to know what he is. When I was comin' out of the room, here, he was tryin' to kiss this girl. She didn't want him to ——"

Martin turned a red, angry face to Greta; but under her steady look, the denial he was about to make died.

"Can't you see it was jist for a minute, Greta?" he said. "You had run away from me, and — and I jist had to blow off steam. And then this Polack ——"

"I wouldn't have him treat another girl that way," said Lozinsky; "just after you ——"

"Here, run home and keep your mouth shut," said Greta to the girl. "Jimmy, you get out and cool off. Thad, you wash the blood off your face. Jimmy, I'll talk to you to-night. We all better go home."

Greta did not feel that she could eat any dinner. She went straight to her room and, throwing herself on the bed, wept violently. Then she washed her face, lighted the lamp, and began to sew on an elaborately trimmed white waist she was going to wear the next evening at a ball, given by the butchers' union. But her heart was not in the work.

About eight o'clock she went down to Granny Lannagan's room. The old woman was sitting in the dark.

"Let's have the light," she said. "I was jist thinkin' uv ye. Thad have told me the grand news that you're to marry the boss. Well, you've had the luck, and I wish you all happiness, Acushla."

Greta silently lighted the lamp.

"Thad's lyin' down in his room," said Mrs. Lannagan; "and I've been sittin' here thinkin' uv me own youth. 'Twas your news put me to ut, me dear. Well, Lannagan was a fine big man, he was; he niver had anny luck, but he was the fine man."

"You liked him a lot, didn't you?" asked Greta, in a low tone.

"I did that. Sich a handy man he was! We were that poor, me dear, that we only had meat on Sundays, and eggs at that! But Lannagan always had a bit uv a song and a laugh. He made the furrst cradle himsilf, and the carrt to wheel the baby in."

"And I suppose you remember well how he looked?" said Greta.

"Ah, in a dim way, yes, me dear; but what does that matther? Well, I'm an ould woman wid nawthin but memories; all me six gone, all me six! Lannagan wud always say, 'Bedad, darlint, why didn't you make ut twins?' He always had the bright worrd."

"Were you ever sorry you married him?" whispered Greta.

"Niver, till the day they carrud him out uv the house feet foremost. But maybe 'twud have been betther had I waited like you fur a man wid money in the bank. Yes; you've chose well."

Greta drew a long, shuddering sigh. She heard Jimmy Martin enter the hall and go up the stairs to her room, and her heart beat violently. Then Lozinsky came stumbling into Mrs. Lannagan's room.

"Oh, I didn't know you were here," he said to Greta.

Suddenly Greta went to him, took his hand, and burst into tears.

"My God, Greta," he groaned, "if only I had the strength, as I have the will, to take care of you!"

Greta had never felt dependent on any one before, but now she wanted Thaddeus to take care of her, and she wanted to take care of him. After a time she said:

"My cousin's goin' to give up his grocery and butcher store. I've enough money to stock it. There's a little empty place next door; we'll rent that and make a restaurant of it, and all the stuff we don't use in the store, we can work off there."

She paused, and drew a long, sobbing breath.

"Granny Lannagan can sit in the store," she went on, "or be cashier. Maybe the unions'll give you a job as agent or somethin', Thad, they'd ought to, and you can attend to it when you ain't runnin' the store. And I bet I'll be made agent of the women's unions yet, and I'll just put a little time on it, and I'll run the restaurant."

Lozinsky smiled.

"Greta, Greta," he said, "ain't you thinkin' mighty little of the unions?"

Greta sighed with a backward look at all Jimmy Martin had offered her. Then she said:

"All right, dear; I'll think of 'em pretty soon. But I love you so much that we jist *got* to git on."

MARY BAKER G. EDDY

THE STORY OF HER LIFE AND THE HISTORY OF CHRISTIAN SCIENCE

BY

GEORGINE MILMINE

THE CHURCH AND THE MESMERISTS

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM PHOTOGRAPHS

FROM 1877 to 1879 Mrs. Eddy was in the law-courts so frequently that the Boston newspapers began to feature her litigations and to refer to them and to her with disrespectful jocularity.

In March, 1877, George W. Barry, one of her students, brought his suit against Mrs. Eddy for twenty-seven hundred dollars for services rendered her in copying the manuscript of "Science and Health," attending to her business, storing her goods, putting down her carpets, working in her garden, and paying out money for her on various accounts. This suit dragged on until October, 1879, when it was decided in Barry's favor, the referee awarding him three hundred and ninety-five dollars and forty cents, with interest from the date of his writ.

In April, 1878, came Mrs. Eddy's suit against George H. Tuttle and Charles S. Stanley, two of her earliest students, to discover the amount of their practice and to recover a royalty thereon, which was decided in favor of the defendants.*

In April, 1878, Mrs. Eddy brought her action against Daniel Spofford to discover the amount of his practice and to recover royalty thereon. Her original idea was to collect a royalty from all her practising students, which arrangement, could she have held them to it, would in time have been very remunerative. This case was dismissed for insufficient service.

In May of the same year came the witchcraft case, Brown vs. Spofford, of which Mrs. Eddy was the instigator and in which she represented the plaintiff in court.

In February of 1878 Mrs. Eddy brought suit against Richard Kennedy in the Municipal Court of Suffolk County to recover seven hundred and fifty dollars upon a promissory note which bore the date February, 1870, several months previous to the date upon which Mrs. Eddy and Kennedy went to Lynn to practise, and which read as follows:

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* From Judge Choate's finding it would seem that his decision was based largely on the fact that when Mrs. Eddy taught Tuttle and Stanley in 1870 she still instructed her students to "manipulate" the heads of their patients, whereas she later repudiated this method and declared before Judge Choate that it was of no efficacy in healing the sick, thus discrediting the instruction she had given the defendants.

"February, 1870.

"In consideration of two years' instruction in healing the sick, I hereby agree to pay Mary M. B. Glover, one thousand dollars in quarterly installments of fifty dollars commencing from this date.

"(Signed) RICHARD KENNEDY."

Mr. Kennedy admitted having signed the note, but testified that when Mrs. Eddy asked him to do so she had said that she would never collect it, and that she wanted the paper simply to show to prospective students to convince them of the monetary value of her instruction. He further testified that though, when he signed the note, he had been studying with Mrs. Glover-Eddy for two years, he believed at the time that she was withholding from him the final and most illuminating secrets of her Science, and that he had reason to believe that if he complied with her request in regard to the note, she would disclose them to him.

In his answer he stated that Mrs. Eddy had "obtained the promissory note declared on by pretending that she had important secrets relating to healing the sick which she had not theretofore imparted to defendant and which she promised to impart after the making and delivery to her of said note, and she then had no such secrets and never afterward undertook to impart or imparted such secrets."

The Municipal Court awarded judgment for the plaintiff of seven hundred and sixty-eight dollars and sixty-three cents, but the case was carried to the Superior Court and tried before a jury, which returned a verdict for Mr. Kennedy.

In October of 1878 Asa Gilbert Eddy and Edward J. Arens were arrested and charged with conspiring to murder Daniel Spofford.

Enmity between Mr. Spofford and the Eddys

It will be remembered that Mr. Spofford had been one of the most earnest and trusted of Mrs. Eddy's students. She had permitted him to assist her in her teaching, had given him the pen with which "Science and Health" was written, and had intrusted to him the sale of her book. She seems at one time even to have considered the possibility of his being her successor.

In a letter dated October 1, 1876, she writes:

"My joy at having *one* living student after these dozen years of struggle, toil and defeat, you at present cannot understand, but will know at a future time when the whole labor is left with you. . . . The students make all their mistakes *leaning on me*, or *working against me*. You are not going to do either, and certainly the result will follow that you will be faithful over a few things and be made ruler *over* many."

She continually consulted Mr. Spofford in the preparation of the second edition of "Science and Health" (the little book which was eventually converted into an intermittent attack upon him), and in a letter written several weeks after the above she says:

"Lynn, Oct. 22, '76.

"DR. SPOFFORD —

"Dear Student — Your interesting letter just read. I am in a condition to feel all and more than all you said. The mercury of my mind is rising as the world's temperature of thought heats up and the little book "sweet in the mouth" but severe and glorious in its proof, is about to go forth like Noah's dove over the troubled waves of doubt, infidelity and bigotry, to find if possible a foothold on earth. . . . I have great consolation in you, in your Christian character that I read yet more and more, the zeal that should attend the saints, and the patient waiting for our Lord's coming.

"Press on; You know not the smallest portion, comparatively, of your ability in science. . . . Inflammation of the spinal nerves are what I suffer most in belief."*

There was no middle ground with Mrs. Eddy, and it was her policy to strike before she could be struck. After her disagreement with Mr. Spofford concerning his disposition of the money he had received from the sale of her book, she denounced him as an enemy to truth, had her students begin to treat against him, expelled him from the Christian Scientists' Association, tried to induce the county papers to publish attacks upon him, and launched two lawsuits at him within a month of each other. Mrs. Eddy and her husband gave such wide circulation to the charge that Mr. Spofford had been dishonest in regard to the sale of the book, that the publishers of the book felt called upon to publish the following statement:

TO THE PUBLIC

Having heard certain malicious statements concerning our business transactions with Dr. D. H. Spofford of Newburyport, we, the undersigned, original publishers of "Science and Health," written by Mary Baker Glover of Lynn, in justice to him desire to correct them. He settled with us July 25th, 1877, paying several hundred dollars cash and giving notes (which were promptly taken up when due) for the further amount of his indebtedness. His account had been carefully examined by counsel and found correct and satisfactory. We desire to STOP the untruths which some person or persons have set afloat.

GEORGE W. BARRY.
E. M. NEWHALL.

Jan. 21st, 1878.

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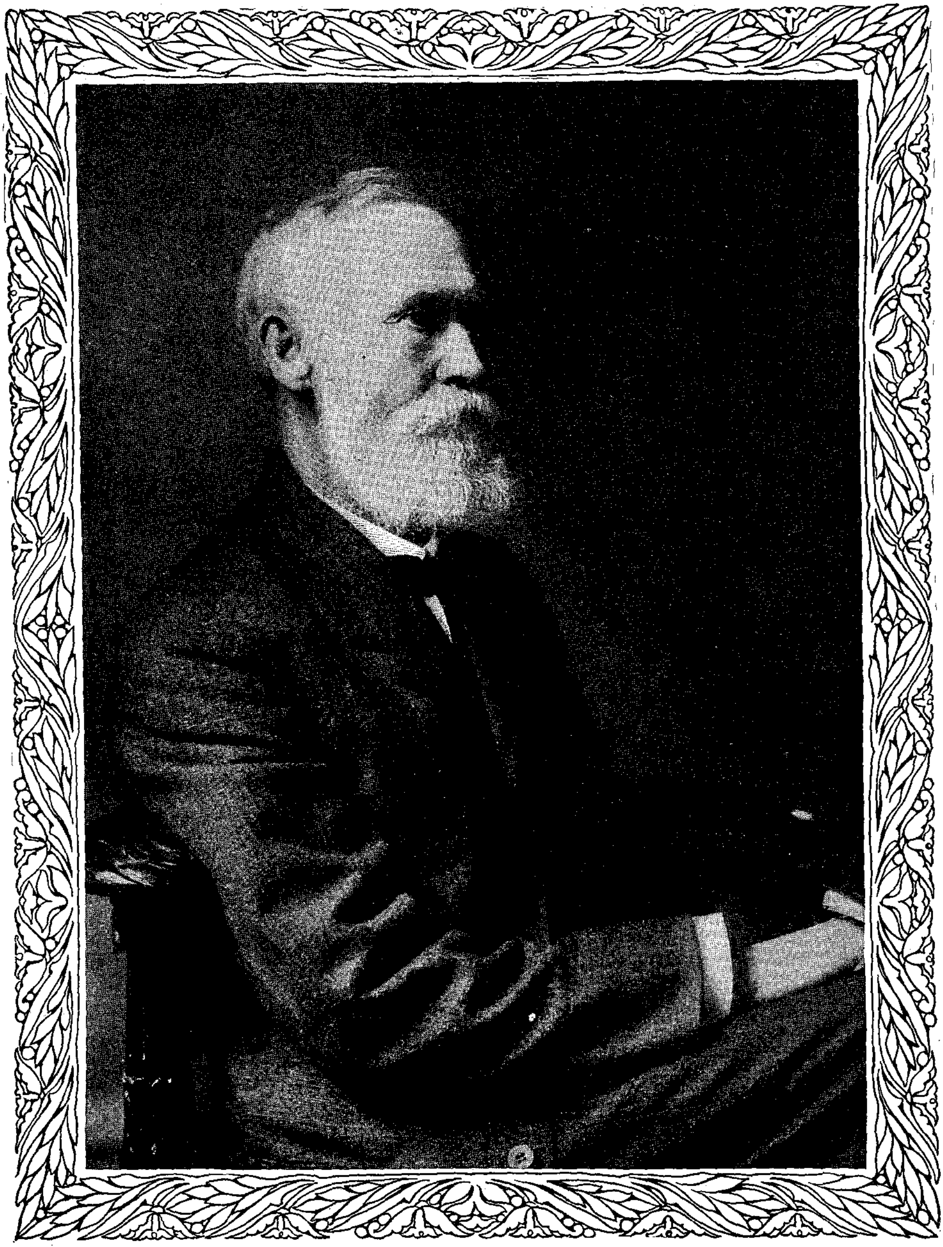
* This refers to Mrs. Eddy's continued ill health.



DANIEL H. SPOFFORD

This photograph was taken only a few months ago, twenty-nine years after the alleged conspiracy against his life

Mrs. Eddy was now convinced that Spofford was a mesmerist and openly denounced him as a malpractitioner.* Her students had orders to discredit him as widely as possible, and Mr. Spofford soon began to see the result of their efforts in the falling off of his practice. It was

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* She thus explained her position in the local press:

"BOTH SIDES

"Mr. Editor:—We desire to say through the columns of your interesting weekly, that certain threatening letters received by ourself, and an esteemed citizen of one of your adjacent towns, had better be discontinued.

"These letters are from a Mr. Noyes [Spofford's attorney] of Newburyport, under orders of D. H. Spofford, who is already prosecuted by us to answer at a higher tribunal than the prejudice, falsehood or malice, before which some people would arraign others.

"We have befriended this former student of ours when friendless, we have effected cures for him professionally, not only in the cases of Mrs. Atkinson, Miss Tandy and Miss Ladd, but others, and we did this without any reward, but to gain some place for him in the public confidence.

"As the founder of a Metaphysical practice, we have a warm interest in the success of all our students, and have always promoted it, unless compelled in some especial instances, by a strong sense of our duty to the public to speak of a MALPRACTICE.

"Author of Science and Health."

Mr. Arens' practice which Mrs. Eddy was now endeavoring to build up.

Edward J. Arens was a Prussian who had come to Lynn as a young man, where he worked as a carpenter until he was able to open a cabinet-making shop. He was a good workman, but was not particularly successful in his business and was frequently involved in litigation. Although his educational opportunities had been limited, he had an active mind. He read a great deal, was restless, eager, and ambitious. When he became a student of Mrs. Eddy's, he gave up his cabinet business and, naturally hot-headed and impulsive, he threw himself into metaphysical healing with great enthusiasm. He came to Mrs. Eddy's succor in a critical hour, when she desperately needed a man who could devote himself effectively to her cause. Mr. Eddy had never been a man of much initiative, and his terror of mesmerism had cowed him beyond his natural docility.

By this time Mrs. Eddy's hatred for Mr. Spofford had reached the acute stage where it kept her walking the floor at night, declaring that Spofford's mind was pursuing and bullying hers and that she could not shake it off. Mr. Eddy, a helpless spectator of his wife's misery, used to declare that the man ought to be punished for persecuting her, and believed that Mr. Spofford's mind was on their track night and day, seeking to break down Mrs. Eddy's health, to get their property away from them, and to overthrow the movement. Mr. Spofford, on the other hand, was scarcely less distraught. He still believed that Mrs. Eddy had brought him the great truth of his life, and that, however unworthy, she had a divine message. He felt his separation from her deeply, and was amazed and terrified by her vindictiveness. He feared that Mrs. Eddy would not stop until she had entirely destroyed his practice, and he never knew what weapon she would use against him next. Only a state of panic on both sides can explain the developments of the autumn of 1878.

Mr. Spofford Warned of an Alleged Conspiracy to Murder Him

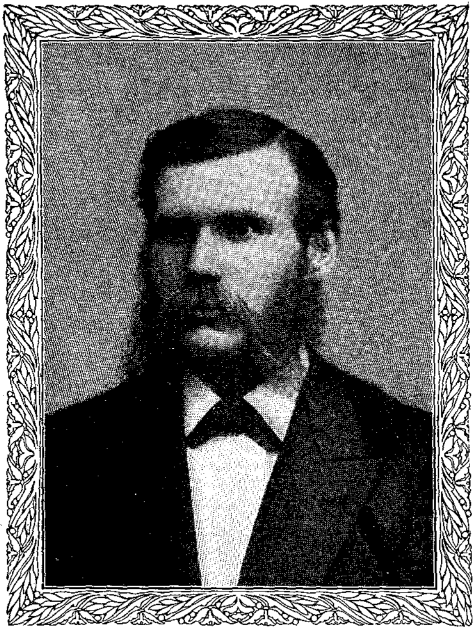
One morning early in October a heavy-set, rather brutal-looking man knocked at the door of Mr. Spofford's Boston office, Number 297 Tremont Street, and said he wanted to see the Doctor. Mr. Spofford glanced at the man and, thinking he was not the sort of person who would be likely to consult a mental healer, asked him if he were sure that he had come to the right kind of a doctor. The man introduced himself as James L. Sargent, a saloon-keeper, took from his pocket a card which Mr. Spofford had left on the door of his Newburyport office, and, pointing to the name on it, said that was the doctor he had come to see. After taking a seat in the consulting-room, Sargent asked Mr. Spofford whether he knew two men named Miller and Libby. Mr. Spofford replied that he did not.

"Well, they know you," insisted Sargent, "and they want to get you put out of the way. Miller, the young man, says you are going with the old man's daughter and he wants to marry her himself." Sargent went on to explain that these two men had offered him five hundred dollars to put Mr. Spofford out of the way and had paid him seventy-five dollars in advance. He declared that, while he meant to get all the money he could out of it, he had no intention of risking his neck, and said that he had already notified State Detective Hollis C. Pinkham and had asked him to watch the case.

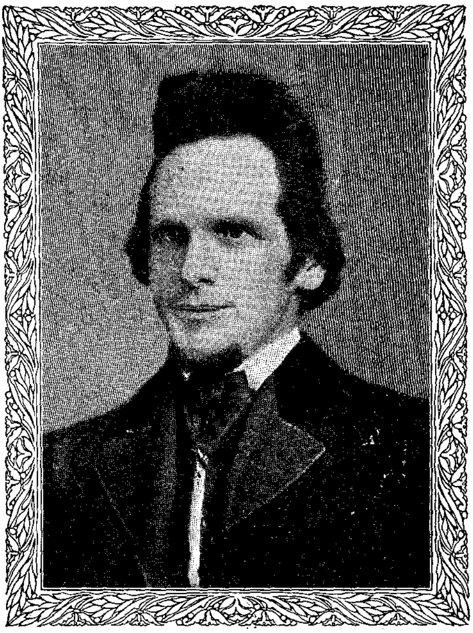
Mr. Spofford immediately called upon Pinkham and found that Sargent had told him the same story. Pinkham said, however, that he had paid very little attention to the story, as Sargent had a criminal record and he had thought that the man was up to some game to square himself with the Police Department. He promised to look into the matter more carefully, and Mr. Spofford went away.

Several days later Sargent came in and said that Miller and Libby were pressing him. He had gone to them for more money, assuring them that Mr. Spofford was already dead, but they had sent a young man to Spofford's office to investigate, and accused Sargent of playing them false.

Mr. Spofford was now thoroughly alarmed. Sargent suggested that he accompany him to his (Sargent's) brother's house at Cambridgeport and conceal himself there while he (Sargent) tried to collect the money promised him by Miller and Libby. Mr. Spofford consulted with Detective Pinkham and then disappeared. Sargent, so he later declared in court, informed Miller and Libby, whom he identified as Edward J. Arens and Asa Gilbert Eddy, that he had disposed of Mr. Spofford, whereupon he received a part of the money promised him. Mr. Spofford left Boston Tuesday, October 15th, and remained about two weeks at the house of Sargent's sister-in-law. Sargent had promised to come out and give him news of the case, but, as he failed to do so, Mr. Spofford then returned to Boston, going first to his brother's store in Lawrence. In the meantime his friends had been greatly alarmed at his disappearance, had advertised him as missing, and had published a description of him in the Boston papers.



EDWARD J. ARENS



ASA GILBERT EDDY

Mr. Arens and Mr. Eddy were arrested and indicted upon the charge of conspiring to murder Daniel Spofford. The case was *nolle prossed* and never came to trial

Arrest of Edward J. Arens and Asa G. Eddy

On October 29th Edward J. Arens and Asa G. Eddy were arrested and held in three thousand dollars bail for examination in the Municipal Court on November 7th.

As Mrs. Eddy afterward indignantly wrote, "the principal witnesses for the prosecution were convicts and inmates of houses of ill fame in Boston." A motley array of witnesses, certainly, confronted the judge when the Municipal Court convened on the afternoon of November 7th. Sargent was a bartender with a criminal record. George Collier, his friend, was at that time under bonds, waiting trial on several most unsavory charges. Laura Sargent, the sister of James Sargent, who kept a disorderly house at Number 7 Bowker Street, appeared with several of her girls, all vividly got up for the occasion and ingenuously pleased at coming into court in the dignified rôle of witnesses for the Commonwealth. Mr. H. W. Chaplin appeared for the prosecution, and Russell H. Conwell appeared for the defendants. Mr. Chaplin briefly opened the case for the Government, contending that he should be able to prove directly that the defendants had conspired to take the life of Mr. Spofford, and that Sargent had been paid upwards of two hundred dollars toward the five hundred dollars due him for the job. The evidence adduced at the hearing was in substance as follows:

Sargent's Testimony against Eddy and Arens

James L. Sargent testified that he was a saloon-keeper in Sudbury Street;* that he had become acquainted four months before with a man who called himself "Miller," but whom he recognized as the defendant, Arens; that Miller, or Arens, came to his saloon to tell fortunes; that Arens had told him he knew of a good job where three or four hundred dollars could be made; that he, Sargent, inquired about the job, and Arens asked him if he could be depended on; that Sargent assured him on that point, and Arens then told him that he wanted a man "licked," and "he wanted him licked so that he wouldn't come to again." "I told him," said Sargent, "that I was just the man for him, and Arens said the old man [Libby] would not pay out more than was absolutely necessary to get the job done, as he had already been beaten out of seventy-five dollars. I met Arens the following Saturday at the corner of Charles and Leverett streets at five o'clock, and we walked down Charles Street into an alleyway. He said Libby was not satisfied and wanted to see me himself. . . . We selected a spot in a freight-yard where he and the old man [Libby] would meet me in half an hour. In the meantime, fearing that the affair might be a plot of some kind against myself, I borrowed a revolver of a friend and got another friend named Collier to go with me. Collier secreted himself in a freight-car with the door partially opened, so that he could overhear any conversation, and at the appointed time I met Arens and a man who was known to me as 'Libby,' but whom I recognize as the defendant, Eddy. . . . Eddy asked me how much money I wanted to do the job, and I told him I ought to have one hundred dollars to start with. He asked if I would take seventy-five dollars at the outset, and I said I would. He wanted to know if I would be square, and I told him yes. He then said he had but thirty-five dollars with him that night, which he would give me, and would send the remainder by Arens on the following Monday. I told him no, I must have the whole at that time. Just then a man came walking down the freight-yards, and Arens told me in a quick tone to meet him Monday morning. I did so, and Arens passed me seventy-five dollars. . . . A few days later I met Arens again, and he said he would bring me directions where to find Dr. Spofford. He gave me an advertisement, clipped from some newspaper, giving the days when I could find Dr. Spofford at his offices in Haverhill and Newburyport."

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* Sargent stated in court that, when he first met Mr. Arens, he was a bartender in a saloon on Portland Street. He had been running a place of his own for about six weeks when the hearing occurred.

After telling in detail of his own delay in following instructions and of spending the money and putting Arens off, Sargent's testimony continued: "We went to the Hotel Tremont, and Arens gave me sixteen dollars, with which I went to the Doctor's office in Newburyport. I did not see the Doctor, but brought away one of his business cards; came back and called at Dr. Spofford's office and had a conversation with him. I afterward met Arens on the Common by appointment, and told him I had made arrangements to have the Doctor go out of town. . . . In a few days he met me on the Common again. He said I was playing it on him and that the whole thing was a put-up job, for Dr. Spofford was in his office. He had sent a boy to find out."

Sargent said he met Arens several times after that, and finally they agreed that Sargent should take Spofford into the country on the pretense that he had a sick child. He took the Doctor to his brother's in Cambridgeport and kept him there about two weeks. The fact that Spofford had disappeared was published in the papers. Sargent said he had met Arens after that, and told him that he had made away with the Doctor, and that he had done it about half-past seven in the evening. Sargent said that Arens replied that he had known this — that he had felt it, and had a way of telling such things that other people knew nothing of.

He saw him several times afterward, and finally Arens agreed to pay him some money. They met in Lynn on Monday, after the disappearance of Spofford. Mr. Eddy was also there, and Arens paid the witness twenty dollars.

Their plan, Sargent said, had been to take Spofford out on some lonely road and have him knocked in the head with a billy, afterward causing the horse to run away, first entangling the body with the harness, so it would appear that death was caused by accident.

MARY BAKER G. EDDY

From a picture taken at about the time her church was founded

Another witness was Jessie Macdonald, who had lived as housekeeper with Mr. and Mrs. Eddy eight months. She had never seen Spofford, but she had heard Mr. Eddy say that Spofford kept Mrs. Eddy in agony, and that he would be glad if Spofford were out of the way. She had heard Mrs. Eddy read a chapter from the Old Testament which says that all wicked people should be destroyed.

James Kelly testified to holding a conversation with Sargent, who told him of the job he had on hand.

John Smith, Sargent s bartender, testified that he saw Arens in Sargent's saloon four times.

Laura Sargent, James Sargent's sister, who kept a house of ill fame on Bowker Street, testified that Sargent had a room in her house, and that Arens had come there three or four times to see him; also that Sargent had given her seventy-five dollars to keep for him, saying he was going away to his brother's in Cambridgeport.

Hollis C. Pinkham, the detective employed on the case, said that Sargent had laid the case before him, and that he had told Sargent to go ahead and find out what he could; that he had seen Sargent and Arens together in conversation on the Common; that he had followed Eddy to his home in Lynn, and had seen Sargent go toward the door of Eddy's house there; that he had asked Eddy if he had arranged to put Spofford out of the way; that Eddy had denied having been in Sargent's saloon or meeting him in a freight-yard; that Arens had maintained he had never seen or known Sargent, even when confronted with Sargent.

Detective Chase Philbrick, also employed on the case, testified to seeing Sargent at Eddy's house in Lynn; saw him try to get in, but fail to do so. He corroborated the evidence of Pinkham.

George A. Collier, a carpenter, was an important witness. He said he worked in Sargent's saloon when he was out of a job, and told of going with Sargent to the freight-house and concealing himself in an empty car, leaving the door ajar, so that he might hear a conversation between Sargent and another man. He corroborated Sargent's testimony as to what transpired.

This closed the case for the Government. The defense offered no evidence, as this was a case where only probable cause for suspicion was to be shown, and it was then to go to a higher court. Mr. Conwell, counsel for the defendants, did not indicate what line the defense would take.

Counsel for the Government submitted no argument, but called the attention of the court to the chain of circumstances which had been brought out by the evidence and which he believed was strong enough to justify holding the defendants.

Judge May remarked that the case was a very anomalous one, but that there was, in his opinion, sufficient evidence to show that the parties should be held to appear before the Superior Court. He therefore fixed the amount of bail at three thousand dollars each for the appearance of the defendants at the December term of the Superior Court.

The Case Nolle Prossed by the District Attorney

The case was called in the Superior Court in December, 1878, and an indictment was found on two counts.*

The Superior Court record reads: "This indictment was found and returned into Court by the Grand Jurors at the last December term, when the said Arens and Eddy were severally set at the bar and having said indictment read to them, they severally said thereof that they were not guilty.

"This indictment was thence continued to the present January term, and now the District Attorney, Oliver Stevens, Esquire, says he will prosecute this indictment no further, on payment of costs, which are thereupon paid. And the said Arens and Eddy are thereupon discharged. January 31, 1879."

There is no memorandum filed with the papers in the case to show the reason for the *nol. pros.*, and a letter of inquiry sent July, 1905, to the late Oliver Stevens, the District Attorney, elicited the reply that he had kept no data concerning the case, and the circumstances which caused him to enter a *nol. pros.* had gone from his mind. In the absence of a record of the reason for the dismissal of the case, it may be suggested that if the People actually had a case against the defendants, it was materially impaired by Mr. Spofford's action in voluntarily disappearing, thereby taking the anomalous position of becoming involved in the alleged conspiracy against himself.

On October 9th, six days before Mr. Spofford went to Cambridgeport, he received a letter from Mrs. Eddy, dated from Number 8 Broad Street, Lynn. It read as follows:

"DEAR STUDENT,

"Won't you make up your mind before it is forever too late to stop sinning with your eyes wide open? I pray for you that God will influence your thoughts to better issues and make you a good and great man, and spare you the penalty that must come if you do not forsake sin.

"I am ready at any time to welcome you back, and kill for you the fatted calf, that is, destroy in my own breast the great material error of rendering evil for evil or resenting the wrongs done us. I do not cherish this purpose toward any one. I am too selfish to do myself this great injury. I want you to be good and *happy in being good* for you never can be happy without it. I rebuke error only to destroy it,

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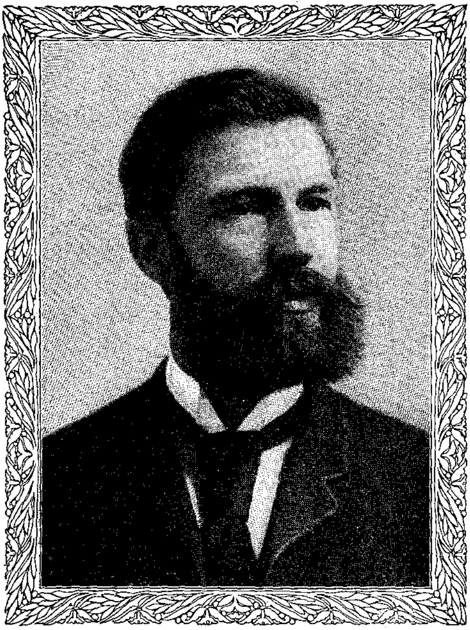
* The first read: "That Edward J. Arens and Asa G. Eddy of Boston aforesaid, on the 28th day of July in the year of our Lord, one thousand eight hundred and seventy-eight, Boston, aforesaid, with Force and Arms, being persons of evil minds and dispositions did then and there unlawfully conspire, combine and agree together feloniously, wilfully, and of their malice aforethought, to procure, hire, incite and solicit, one James L. Sargent, for a certain sum of money, to wit, the sum of five hundred dollars, to be paid to said Sargent by them, said Arens and Eddy, feloniously, wilfully, and of his, said Sargent's malice aforethought, in some way and manner and by some means, instruments, and weapons, to said jurors unknown, one, Daniel H. Spofford, to kill and murder. Against the law, peace and dignity of said Commonwealth."

The second count charged the prisoners with hiring Sargent "with force and arms in and upon one, Daniel H. Spofford, to beat, bruise, wound and evil treat, against the law, peace and dignity of said Commonwealth."



ARTHUR TRUE BUSWELL

Director of the Christian Science Church at its organization, whom Mrs. Eddy sent to Cincinnati to seek out a place where she might plant the infant church

not to harm *you*, but to do you *good*. Whenever a straying student returns to duty, stops his evil practice or sin against the Holy Ghost, I am ready to say, 'neither do I condemn thee, go and sin no more.' I write you at this time only from a sense of the high and holy privilege of charity, the greatest of all graces. Do not mistake my motive, I am not worldly selfish in doing this, but am only desirous to do you good. Your silent arguments to do me harm have done me the greatest possible good; the wrath of man has praised Thee. In order to meet the emergency, Truth has lifted me above my former self, enabled me to know who is using this argument and when and what is being spoken, and knowing this, what is said in secret is proclaimed on the house top and affects me no more than for you to say it to me audibly, and tell me I have so and so; and to hate my husband; that I feel others; that arguments cannot do good; that Mrs. Rice cannot; that my husband cannot, etc., etc. I have now no need of human aid. God has shut the mouth of the lions. The scare disappears when you know another is saying it and that the error is not your own.

"May God save you from the effects of the very sins you are committing and which you have been and will be the victim of when the measure you are meting shall be measured to you. *Pause*, think, solemnly and selfishly of the cost to you. Love instead of hate your friends, and *enemies* even. This alone can make you happy and draw down blessings infinite.

"Have I been your friend? Have I taught you faithfully the way of happiness? and rebuked sternly that which could turn you out of that way? If I have, then I was your friend and risked much to do you good. May God govern your resolves to do right from this hour and strengthen you to keep them. Adieu,

'M. B. GLOVER EDDY."

Mrs. Eddy Explained the "Conspiracy" by Mesmerism

In the 1881 edition of "Science and Health" Mrs. Eddy takes up this conspiracy case at length, giving a careful and detailed explanation of it.* In her exposition she quotes this letter as a proof of the fact that she was still trying to reclaim Mr. Spofford when the conspiracy was invented. Mr. Spofford, on the other hand, since he had not heard from Mrs. Eddy for seventeen months, believed that Mrs. Eddy intended this letter should be found in his mail-box after his disappearance, to avert suspicion from her.

In her exposition of the case Mrs. Eddy explains it entirely as the result of demonology or mesmerism. She implies that it was a conspiracy hatched by Richard Kennedy and Mr. Spofford to injure the sale of the second edition of her book, which had been out but a few weeks when her husband was placed under arrest:

> The purpose of the plotters was evidently to injure the reputation of metaphysical practice, and to embarrass us for money at a time when they hoped to cripple us in the circulation of our book. This is seen in the fact that our name was in any way introduced in the case when we were not implicated by the law and by the gospel.†

Mrs. Eddy attributed Mr. Kennedy's participation in the plot to the fact that her suit against him for the amount of the promissory note signed in Amesbury in 1870 was still pending. She says:

> The mental malpractitioners managed that entire plot; and if the leading demonologist can exercise the power over mind, and govern the conclusions and acts of people as he has boasted to us that he could do, he had ample motives for the exercise of his demonology from the fact that a civil suit was pending against him for the collection of a note of one thousand dollars, which suit Mr. Arens was jointly interested in.‡

In her exposition of the case Mrs. Eddy published affidavits from Caroline Fifield and

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* "Science and Health" (1881), chapter vi, pp. 20-33

† "Science and Health" (1881), chapter vi, p. 22.

‡ "Science and Health" (1881), chapter vi, p. 29

Margaret Dunshee, in which they testified that Mr. Eddy was instructing a class in Metaphysics in Boston Highlands at the hour when Sargent and Collier declared they had seen him in a freight-yard in East Cambridge. She also published the following confession which, she said, Mr. Eddy had received from Collier a few weeks after the hearing before the Grand Jury:

"Taunton, Dec. 16, 1878.

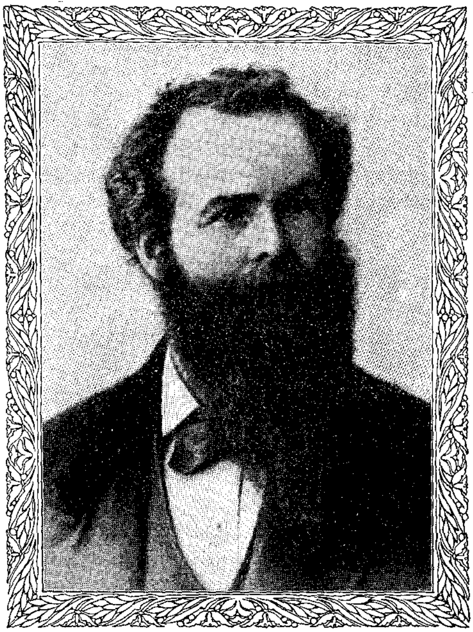
"To Drs. Asia G. Eddy and E. J. Arnes — feeling that you have been greatly ingered by faulse charges and knowing thair is no truth in my statement that you attempted to hire James L. Sargent to kil Dr. Spoford and wishing to retract as far as poserble all things I have sed to your ingury, I now say that thair is no truth whatever in the statement that I saw you meet James L. Sargent at East Cambridge or any outher place and pay or offer to pay him any money that I never hurd a conversation betwene you and Sargent as testifyed to by me whouther Spoford has anything to do with Sargent I do not know all I know is that the story I told on the stand is holy faulse and was goton up by Sargent. Geo. A. Collier."

This letter was subsequently reinforced by an affidavit said to have been made by Collier before a justice in Taunton, on December 17, 1878, in which he makes a similar declaration.

Nature of the Evidence

The evidence on both sides is of the most anomalous and inconsequential character and reads like the testimony heard in the nightmare of some plethoric judge. The witnesses for the prosecution were, with the exception of Jessie Macdonald and the two detectives, utterly worthless as sources of testimony.

Looking at the evidence from a distance of almost thirty years, one feels that it is highly improbable that Mrs. Eddy and her husband ever carried their hatred of Mr. Spofford so far as to attempt violence against him. On the other hand, Mrs. Eddy's charge that the plot was the malicious invention of Mr. Kennedy and Mr. Spofford can be regarded only as the delusion of an unreasonable and overwrought woman. The only other possible solution would advance Sargent as the instigator of the plot. If a double blackmailing enterprise could be attributed to Sargent, the tangle could be easily explained. But this hypothesis is weakened by the fact that he never asked for or received any money from Mr. Spofford, and even the buggy in which he drove Mr. Spofford to Cambridgeport was not paid for by Mr. Spofford. Although Detective Pinkham later believed Sargent's story and swore out a warrant for the arrest of Eddy and Arens, his first impression of the case was that Sargent had concocted some scheme to rehabilitate himself with the Police Department by pretending to do it a service. If any adequate motive could be attributed to Sargent, the most satisfactory disposition of the case would be to shift it entirely upon his shoulders. But why a saloon-keeper from Sudbury Street should have gone so far from his familiar haunts and associates, and should have aspired to play a part in the quarrels of the Christian Scientists, remains a difficult question.



JAMES ACKLAND

A printer and professor of phrenology, who studied under Mrs. Eddy in 1879 and was a director of the Christian Science Church at its organization in August of that year.

Reconnoitering in Boston

As early as 1878 Mrs. Eddy began to give occasional lectures in a Baptist church on Shawmut Avenue, in Boston, and in 1879 she gave Sunday afternoon talks in the Parker Fraternity Building, on Appleton Street. Her audiences were not large. Sometimes, on a fine afternoon, as many as fifty persons would be present, while again the number would fall as low as twenty-five. Mrs. Eddy came up from Lynn on Sunday afternoon, attended by Mr. Eddy and often by several of her students. She usually wore a black silk gown and a hat when she spoke, used gold-bowed spectacles, and was confident and at ease upon the rostrum. Mr. Eddy, dressed in a black frock-coat, acted as usher and passed the collection-plate. Mrs. Eddy spoke on the curative aspect of her Science almost entirely, relating many individual instances of the astonishing cures she and her students had performed. The religious element in her discussions was incidental and rather cold. She never hinted at repentance, humility, or prayer in the ordinary sense, as essential to regeneration. Moral reform came naturally as a result of adopting Christian Science. Mrs. Eddy possessed on the platform that power of moving people to a state of emotional exaltation which had already proved so effective in her class-room.

After the lecture Mrs. Eddy always came down from the platform and shook hands cordially with her audience. The company usually separated into two groups, one surrounding Mr. Eddy and the other gathering about his wife. Mr. Eddy, in a low voice, would recommend the interested inquirer to join one of Mrs. Eddy's classes and thus come into a fuller understanding of the subject. Occasionally a visitor would ask Mrs. Eddy why she used glasses instead of overcoming the defect in her eyesight by mind. This question usually annoyed her, and on one occasion she replied sharply that she "wore glasses because of the sins of the world," probably meaning that the belief in failing eyesight had become so firmly established throughout the ages that she could not at once overcome it.

Mrs. Eddy's audiences were largely made up of people who were interested in some radical theory of theology or medicine. Mr. Arthur T. Buswell, for instance, who afterward became prominent in the Christian Science movement, had been employed in the New England Hygiene Home, a water-cure sanatorium at West Concord, Vermont, and had come to Boston to practise hydropathy.* His friend, James Ackland, who attended the lectures with him, was a professor of phrenology.

Eddy Lived in Terror of Mesmerism

When Mrs. Eddy felt that one of the Sunday afternoon visitors had become interested in her lectures, Mr. Eddy mildly but persistently followed him up. He used often to drop in at Mr. Buswell's office and lay before him the material and spiritual advantages of a course with Mrs. Eddy, telling him that it was impossible to realize the wonder of Mrs. Eddy's teaching from her public lectures. He always entered the office quietly, glancing back over his shoulder to see whether he were being followed, and spoke in a very low tone, looking nervously about him as he talked. He explained that the mesmerists were constantly on his trail, and that to avoid them extreme caution was necessary on his part. If he walked with Mr. Buswell on the street, he slipped along as if trying to avoid observation, and would sometimes suddenly catch Buswell's sleeve and pull him into a doorway, as if he felt mesmerism in the air, telling him it was very important that they should not be seen together, as the mesmerists were always shadowing him, ready to set to work upon the minds of prospective students and prejudice them against Mrs. Eddy.

Mr. Buswell and his friend Ackland, the phrenologist, were finally persuaded to go to Lynn and study under Mrs. Eddy. They both roomed in Mrs. Eddy's house, and Mr. Buswell's experience there was a pleasant one. Mrs. Eddy's fortunes were then at a low ebb. There was now a good deal of feeling against her in the town, and her frequent differences with her followers and the scandal caused by the witchcraft and conspiracy cases had reduced the number of her students. There were but three in Mr. Buswell's class, and one of these dropped out, leaving only Mr. Ackland and himself to complete the course. Other students who came under Mrs. Eddy's instruction at about this time were Hanover P. Smith, a young man who worked in his aunt's boarding-house in Boston and who afterward became incurably insane; Joseph Morton, who was a maker of flavoring extracts in Boston and who was interested in astrology; and Edward A. Orne.

Fortunes of the Eddys at Low Ebb

Litigation had been a heavy drain upon Mrs. Eddy financially. She and Mr. Eddy let the lower floor of their house, occupying, themselves, only the up-stairs rooms, and now they rented one of those. They did their own housework, and Mrs. Eddy was exceedingly cheerful and courageous about it. Mr. Buswell remembers finding her on her knees with soap and pail one afternoon, scrubbing her back stairs. When he reproved her for undertaking such heavy work, she laughed and replied that it was good for her to stir about after writing all morning, adding that she could not get good help, as the mesmerists immediately affected her servants. Mr. Buswell remembers that in her class-room she sometimes related how once when she was driving through Boston in an open carriage, a cripple had come up to the carriage, and she had put out her hand and healed him. She also told of returning home after several days' absence to find her window plants drooping and dying. She had discovered that when she was in the house the plants could live without sunlight or moisture, so, instead of watering them, she put them in the attic and treated them mentally, after which they were completely restored.[*] Sometimes, on the same morning that she related one of these extravagant anecdotes, she would tell with apparent appreciation how Bronson Alcott, after reading "Science and Health," had said that no one but a woman or a fool could have written it.

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* Mr. Buswell had first become interested in mind cure through Dr. John A. Tenney, now a physician at Number 2 Commonwealth Avenue, who, in turn, had become interested in the subject through Dr. Evans, a pupil of Quimby's.

At this time the skeleton in the house was still Malicious Mesmerism. Ever since his arrest upon the charge of conspiracy to murder, Mr. Eddy had seemed stupefied by fear, and he went about like a man laboring under a spell. He was trying to teach a little, but said that the mesmerists broke up his classes. He had a tendency to brood upon the few things in which he was interested at all, and he used to become deeply despondent, confiding to the loyal students his fear that the work would be utterly broken down and trampled out.

Mrs. Eddy Shows First Symptoms of Palsy

Mrs. Eddy was nervous about her mail and believed that her letters were intercepted. When she wrote letters now, she had one of her students take them to some remote part of the town and drop them into one of the mail-boxes farthest away from her house. She believed that the mesmerists kept her under continual espionage, and she seldom went out of the house alone. When Mr. Eddy got home after a trip to Boston, ten miles distant, she would embrace him and thank God that he had escaped the enemy once again. Mrs. Eddy's heaviest cross was that the mesmerists were apparently triumphant. She was greatly chagrined by the fact that Richard Kennedy had been able to build up a practice in Boston, and his prosperity hurt her like a personal affront. He had stolen his success, she said. Within a year after the conspiracy trouble, Edward Arens also incurred her displeasure, and she added him to the list of mesmerists. She kept photographs of Kennedy, Spofford, and Arens in her desk, Kennedy's picture marked with a black cross, and the other two marked with red crosses. Kennedy was still regarded as the Lucifer of mesmerism and the source of the corrupting influence. In the course of time he had fellows, but never a rival. It was when Mrs. Eddy would become agitated in talking of these three men that her students first noticed that violent trembling of the head which was the beginning of the palsy which afterward afflicted Mrs. Eddy. Mesmerism became the dominating conception of her life, and it is difficult to find a parallel for such a constant and terrifying sense of evil unless one turns to Bunyan in the days before his conversion, or to Martin Luther in the monastery of Wittenberg, when he lived under such a continual oppression of sin that the gates of hell seemed always open just under the flagstones as he paced the cloisters.[*] Her illnesses, like Luther's earache, were purely the result of a consciously malicious agency; but, unlike Luther's, Mrs. Eddy's depression never came from a feeling of unworthiness or a sense of sin.

Mrs. Eddy Sees the Need of Founding a Religious Organization

After she left Richard Kennedy, Mrs. Eddy seems for some years to have given little thought to the project which she used to discuss with him of founding a new church. It is quite possible that even then by "church" she meant a new faith rather than an organized sect. In the first edition of "Science and Health" she expressed her opinion that church organization was a hindrance rather than a help to the highest spiritual development:

> We have no need of creeds and church organizations to sustain or explain a demonstrable platform, that defines itself in healing the sick, and casting out error. The uselessness of drugs, the emptiness of knowledge that puffeth up, and the imaginary laws of matter are very apparent to those who are rising to the more glorious demonstration of their God-being.
>
> The mistake the disciples of Jesus made to found religious organizations and church rites, if indeed they did this, was one the Master did not make; but the mistake church members make to employ drugs to heal the sick, was not made by the students of Jesus. Christ's church was Truth, "I am Truth and Life," the temple for the worshippers of Truth is Spirit and not matter. . . .
>
> No time was lost by our Master in organizations, rites, and ceremonies, or in proselyting for certain forms of belief.[†]

The very fact, however, that Christian Science was irreconcilable with the doctrines of any of the established churches must have suggested that it should have an organization of its own. A belief which presented a new theory of the Godhead, of sin and the atonement, which declared that petitions to a personal Deity could not obtain for man truth, life, or love,[‡] needed an organization behind it if it were to be successfully propagated. Mrs. Eddy's most useful and effective students had been active in church

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[*] This incident may have been one of the "floral demonstrations" referred to in a letter sent from Pleasant View, March 21, 1896, which says:

". . . While Mrs. Eddy was in a suburban town of Boston she brought out one apple blossom on an apple tree in January when the ground was covered with snow. And in Lynn demonstrated in the Floral line some such small things. But Mrs. Woodbury was never with her in a single instance of these demonstrations.

"Respectfully
"MARY BAKER EDDY"

[*] "In the monastery of Wittenberg, he constantly heard the Devil making a noise in the cloisters; and became at last so accustomed to the fact, that he related that, on one occasion, having been awakened by the sound, he perceived that it was *only* the Devil, and accordingly went to sleep again. The black stain in the castle of Wartburg still marks the place where he flung an ink-bottle at the Devil."
Lecky, "Rationalism in Europe."

[†] "Science and Health" (1875), pp. 166, 167.

[‡] "Science and Health" (1875), p. 289.

MRS. F. A. DAMON, OF LYNN

In whose parlor the Christian Science Church held its meeting in the summer and fall of 1880, the first year after its organization. Mrs. Damon and Mrs. Rice usually led the services

work before they came into Christian Science. They missed their old church associations and wanted a church to work for. They believed that their new faith was a revival of the apostolic method of healing, a new growth from the original root of Christianity, and it was as a religion, rather than a philosophy, that they liked to regard it. While most of these students had first allied themselves with Christian Science chiefly because they wished to heal or to be healed, a mere scheme of therapeutics, even metaphysical therapeutics, was too deficient in sentiment to hold them together and fire them with the zeal which the cause demanded. Mrs. Eddy began to realize this and to see that the time had come to emphasize the more expressly religious features of Christian Science.

The first Christian Science organization was that formed June 8, 1875, when eight of Mrs. Eddy's students banded together, calling themselves "the Christian Scientists" and pledging themselves to raise money enough to have Mrs. Eddy address them every Sunday. On July 4, 1876, the students reorganized into "The Christian Scientists' Association," and this society still held occasional informal meetings when first a church organization was talked of.

"The Church of Christ (Scientist)"

In 1879 Mrs. Eddy and her students took steps to form a chartered church organization. They elected officers and directors and chose a name, "The Church of Christ (Scientist)." On August 6th they applied to the State for a charter. The officers and directors were: Mary B. G. Eddy, president; Margaret J. Dunshee, treasurer; Edward A. Orne, Miss Dorcas B. Rawson, Arthur T. Buswell, James Ackland, Margaret J. Foley, Mrs. Mary Ruddock, Oren Carr, directors.

All proceedings were conducted with the greatest secrecy, as Mrs. Eddy felt that it was imperative that the infant church should be hidden from the knowledge of the mesmerists, Spofford and Kennedy. When it was necessary for the newly elected officers and directors to meet before a notary and to sign the agreement of incorporation, Mrs. Eddy had a long list of notaries looked up, and finally selected one in Charlestown, a man who was known to Margaret Dunshee, and for whom she could vouch that he had no affiliations with mesmerists. The students met at Mrs. Dunshee's house in Charlestown, and one by one, by circuitous routes, they went to the notary's office, where the papers were made out and signed. This meeting of the subscribers to the articles of incorporation occurred August 15th, and the papers were filed and a charter issued August 23, 1879. The purpose of the corporation was given as "to carry on and transact the business necessary to the worship of God," and Boston was named as the place within which it was established. There were in all twenty-six charter members, but by no means all of these were active in the work. The membership roll represented, like those of most new churches in small towns, all who could be persuaded to ally themselves with the sect.

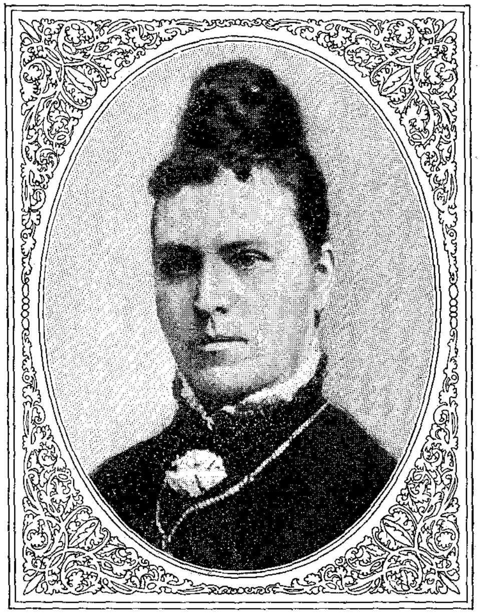
Congregation Met in Mrs. Damon's Parlor

For the first sixteen months of its existence the church had no regular place of meeting, but Sunday services were held at the houses of various members in Lynn and Boston. The Lynn meetings were usually held at the house of Mrs. F. A. Damon, who was one of the most earnest workers in the new church. A copy of the secretary's minutes of the Lynn meetings shows that, in Mrs. Eddy's absence, either Mrs. Damon or Mrs. Rice usually conducted the service. These minutes are interesting in that they make one realize what a small organization the Christian Science Church then was. Half a dozen members, gathered in Mrs. Damon's parlor on Jackson Street, constituted a congregation. The minutes show that on one Sunday five members were present; on another four; on another seven, etc. The Boston circle of Christian Scientists, which met at the house of Mrs. Clara Choate, was scarcely larger. The service itself, however, was very much like the service now used in the great church in Boston. The meeting would open with silent prayer or with Mrs. Eddy's interpretation of the Lord's Prayer; then Mrs. Damon would read from "Science and Health," after which Mrs. Rice would read from the Scriptures. The following record occurs for the meeting on September 5, 1880:

> Meeting opened by Mrs. Damon in the usual way. Mrs. M. B. G. Eddy, having completed her summer vacation, was present and delivered a discourse on Mesmerism.
>
> Whole number in attendance, twenty-two.

On the following Sunday the subject was again Mesmerism. Mrs. Eddy's resuming of her duties seems to have been marked by a vigorous return to this subject and by a marked increase in the attendance.

On December 12, 1880, the Christian Scientists began to hold their services in the Hawthorne rooms, on Park Street, Boston. Mrs. Eddy usually preached and conducted the services, though occasionally one of her students took her place, and now and again a minister of some other denomination was invited to occupy the pulpit. In spite of the fact that she was always effective on the rostrum, Mrs. Eddy seemed to dread these Sunday services. The necessity for wearing spectacles embarrassed her. When she sometimes wore glasses in her own home, she apologized for doing so, explaining that it was a habit she often rose above, but that at times the mesmerists were too strong for her. She believed that the mesmerists set to work upon her before the hour of the weekly services, and on Sunday morning her faithful students were sometimes called to her house to treat her against Kennedy, Spofford, and Arens, until she took the train for Boston. Certain ones of the students were delegated to attend her from Lynn to Boston and to occupy front seats in the Hawthorne rooms for the purpose of treating her while she spoke. On the way back to Lynn the party frequently discussed the particular kind of evil influence which had been brought to bear upon Mrs. Eddy during the service. Already Mrs. Eddy thought she could tell which was Kennedy's influence and which was Spofford's, and she could even liken their effect upon her to the operation of certain drugs. Later Arens' malevolence, too, came to have an aroma of its own, so that when Mrs. Eddy rose in the morning she could tell by the kind of depression she experienced which of the three was to be her tormentor for the day. At times she was convinced that Kennedy and Spofford were both annoying her, and not infrequently she declared that the three mesmerists had all set upon her at once.



MARGARET FOLEY

One of the directors of the Christian Science Church at its organization in 1879

First Christian Science Missionaries

During the last few years the attitude of the Lynn public toward Mrs. Eddy had changed from one of amused indifference to one of silent hostility. Mrs. Eddy attributed this change entirely to Kennedy and Spofford, and, despairing of ever bringing her work to a successful issue in Lynn, she began planning to take Christian Science up bodily and flee with it to some place far removed from mesmerists. She decided to send Arthur Buswell to some other part of the country, there to seek out a spot for the planting of her church. Where to send him was the question. Mrs. Eddy and Mr. Buswell got out a map of the United States and studied it together. But, however topical the map, there were no red or green lines to indicate where mesmerism ran light or heavy, and they realized that the venture would be largely a leap in the dark. They finally selected Cincinnati, attracted, Mr. Buswell says, by its central location and by the number of railroads which seemed, on the map, to pass through that city. Mr. Buswell was, accordingly, despatched, at his own expense, to make straight the path in Cincinnati, with the understanding that Mrs. Eddy would follow him in six weeks.* She did not go, however, and was greatly annoyed when Mr. Buswell ran out of money and wrote to her for help. She replied that it was very evident to her that mesmeric influences were abroad in Cincinnati as well as in Lynn, and had inspired him with disloyal sentiments.

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* At about the same time that Mrs. Eddy sent Mr. Buswell to Cincinnati to prepare a way for her, she sent Joseph Morton to New York on the same mission, promising to follow later. He opened an office on Ninth Street, but, as he found no patients, he soon returned to Boston.

In the meantime Mrs. Eddy's forerunners in Boston had been meeting with some success. Mrs. Clara Choate and her husband had taken a house on Shawmut Avenue and were introducing the Christian Science treatment of disease. Edward J. Arens came to Boston immediately after the unfortunate conspiracy tangle, and fell to work with industry and courage. He took an office at 32 Upton Street and began to do missionary work among the marketmen down about Faneuil Hall, treating a bronchial cold here and a case of rheumatism there. He spoke occasionally in a hall in Charlestown, lecturing on Metaphysical Healing and charging an admission fee of ten cents. Among his first patrons was James C. Howard, a bookkeeper who came to arrange for treatments for his invalid wife. This was before Mrs. Eddy had entirely renounced Mr. Arens, and it was in his office that Mr. Howard first met Mrs. Eddy. He became interested in Christian Science and made one of a class of two which Mrs. Eddy taught at Mrs. Choate's house. Mrs. Eddy was then in need of practitioners, and she urgently needed an active man of affairs to succeed Mr. Arens, toward whom she had begun to feel deep resentment. She was also desirous of letting the lower floor of her Broad Street house, which had been tenantless for some time, in spite of the fact that she had tried very hard to rent it. In fact, Mrs. Eddy's differences with her tenants, servants, and students had created a general impression in Lynn that life at Number 8 Broad Street was difficult and complicated. Mr. Howard, when he moved there with his wife and children, certainly found it so. The Eddys were in such perpetual terror of mesmerism that they could give very little attention to anything else. They felt that the sentiment toward them in Lynn had changed, and Mrs. Eddy was so anxious and nervous that she easily gave way to petulance and anger. Mr. Howard and Mr. Eddy were indefatigable in their efforts to please her, but whatever they did, it usually proved to be the wrong thing. She had lost all patience with Mr. Eddy's slowness and had begun to exhibit annoyance at his somewhat rustic manner and appearance. Mr. Eddy had never been a particularly efficient man, and now his fear of mesmerists kept him in a semi-somnambulant condition. He sometimes became deeply discouraged in his efforts to help his wife, and once bitterly confided to Mrs. Rice that he did not believe God Almighty could please Mrs. Eddy.

Mr. Howard was an alert, adaptable young man who made himself useful in a great many ways. He took charge of the sale of the third edition of Mrs. Eddy's book, often acted as her private secretary, and played the cornet at the Sunday services in Hawthorne Hall. Mrs. Eddy at first seemed fond of him and seemed to enjoy his musical accomplishment. But she soon tired of him as she had tired of so many others, and grew so exacting that when he went out to do her errands he found it expedient to take down her instructions in writing, so that if, by the time he returned, she had changed her mind as to what she wanted done, he would have his notes to justify himself. When Mr. Howard left Mrs. Eddy's house in October, 1881, six months after he had moved into it, he had decided to leave the Church as well.

The New Church Crippled by the Resignation of its Strongest Members

Mr. Howard was not the only Christian Scientist who came to this decision. Discouragement and discontent had been growing among Mrs. Eddy's oldest and most devout followers. For a long while they said nothing to each other, and each bore his disappointment and disillusionment as best he could. They believed firmly in the principles of Christian Science and hesitated to do anything which might injure the Church, but they felt that no good, either to her or to themselves, could come from their further association with Mrs. Eddy. Mr. Howard, when he went to explain his position to Mrs. Rice before he took the final step, found, to his amazement, that both she and her sister, Miss Rawson, felt that they had come to the end of their endurance and could follow Mrs. Eddy no further. Five others of the leading women of the Church confessed that they were discouraged and dissatisfied. They were tired of being dragged as witnesses into lawsuits which they believed were unwise and which they knew brought discredit upon the Church, and discouraged by the outbursts of rage which Mrs. Eddy apparently made no effort to control and which they believed helped to bring on the violent illnesses for which they were perpetually called to treat her. Above all, they were tired of Malicious Mesmerism. Several of her students really believed that this subject had become a monomania with Mrs. Eddy. Christian Science seemed for the time to have been superseded, and Demonology was the living and important issue. After earnest discussion and consultation, eight of Mrs. Eddy's most prominent students agreed to withdraw from the Church together. They held a meeting and drew up a memorial which each of them signed and of which each preserved a copy. This resolution read as follows:

"We, the undersigned, while we acknowledge and appreciate the understanding of Truth imparted to us by our Teacher, Mrs. Mary B. G. Eddy, led by Divine Intelligence to perceive with sorrow that departure from the straight and narrow road (which alone leads to growth of Christ-like virtues) made manifest by frequent ebullitions of temper, love of money, and the appearance of hypocrisy, *cannot* longer submit to such Leadership; therefore, without aught of hatred, revenge or petty spite in our hearts, from a sense of duty alone, to her, the Cause, and ourselves, do most respectfully withdraw our names from the Christian Science Association and Church of Christ (Scientist).

"S. Louise Durant,
"Margaret J. Dunshee,
"Dorcas B. Rawson,
"Elizabeth G. Stuart,
"Jane L. Straw,
"Anna B. Newman,
"James C. Howard,
"Miranda R. Rice.

"21st October, 1881."

Mrs. Eddy's Oldest Followers Withdraw from Her

On the night of October 21st this memorial was read aloud by Mrs. F. A. Damon at the regular meeting of the Christian Scientists' Association. This meeting, which was a heated session, was prolonged until after midnight. The eight resignations were a complete surprise to Mrs. Eddy, and she expressed her indignation at length, declaring that the resigning members were all the victims of mesmerism. The next day she made an effort to see in person several of the signers of the memorial, but they kept well within their doors and refused her admittance. Mr. Howard had been Mrs. Eddy's business representative; Mrs. Dunshee, Mrs. Newman, and Mrs. Stuart were all able and intelligent women, and their membership had been a source of great pride to Mrs. Eddy. Mrs. Rice and Miss Rawson had been her friends and followers for more than eleven years, and were the only ones of her early students who had been faithful until the founding of the Church. They had believed in her sincerely, and had served her, heart and soul. Because of Mrs. Rice's robust health, Mrs. Eddy liked to have her much about her. Mrs. Rice had been more successful than any other student in treating Mrs. Eddy in her illnesses, and a messenger from Broad Street often summoned her to Mrs. Eddy's side in the hours after midnight. When Mr. Eddy was arrested on the charge of conspiracy and thrown into jail, it was Mrs. Rice who persuaded her husband to furnish bail. On the morning after her resignation from the Church, Mrs. Rice saw Mrs. Eddy a moment from her window, but from that day to this she has never seen her again.

Instead of accepting the eight resignations, Mrs. Eddy notified the resigning members that they were liable to expulsion, and summoned them to meet the Church on October 29th. They did not appear, but at this meeting Mrs. F. A. Damon, at whose house the church services were formerly held, and Miss A. A. Draper, secretary of the Church, also resigned. In their letters of resignation they stated that they "could no longer entertain the subject of Mesmerism which had lately been made uppermost in the meetings and in Mrs. Eddy's talks." Edward A. Orne had quietly left the Church some time before, and Mr. Buswell was in Cincinnati. There were scarcely a dozen students left to whom Mrs. Eddy could turn in an hour of need. During the next few months she worked incessantly to rally her shattered ranks, and on February 3, 1882, the few remaining members of the Christian Scientists' Association published in the Lynn *Union* resolutions* censuring the act of the seceding members, stamping their charges as untrue, and indorsing Mrs. Eddy to the extent of affirming her "the chosen messenger of God to the nations," and declaring that "unless we hear Her voice we do not hear His voice."

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* The following is a copy of these resolutions :

"At a meeting of the Christian Scientist association the following resolutions were unanimously adopted:

"*Resolved,* That we the members of the Christian Scientist association, do herein express to our beloved teacher, and acknowledged leader, Mary B. Glover Eddy, our sincere and heartfelt thanks and gratitude for her earnest labors in behalf of this association, by her watchfulness of its interest, and persistent efforts to maintain the highest rule of Christian love among its members.

"*Resolved,* That while she has had little or no help, except from God, in the introduction to this age of materiality of her book, Science and Health, and the carrying forward of the Christian principles it teaches and explains, she has been unremitting in her faithfulness to her God-appointed work, and we do understand her to be the chosen messenger of God to bear his truth to the nations, and unless we hear 'Her Voice,' we do not hear 'His Voice.'

"*Resolved,* That while many and continued attempts are made by the malpractice, as referred to in the book, Science and Health, to hinder and stop the advance of Christian science, it has with her leadership attained a success that calls out the truest gratitude of her student, and when understood, by all humanity.

"*Resolved,* That the charges made to her in a letter, signed by J. C. Howard, M. R. Rice, D. B. Rawson, and five others, of hypocrisy, ebullitions of temper, and love of money, are utterly false, and the cowardice of the signers in refusing to meet her and sustain or explain said charges, be treated with the righteous indignation it justly deserves. That while we deplore such wickedness and abuse of her who has befriended them in their need, and when wrong, met them with honest, open rebuke, we look with admiration and reverence upon her Christ-like example of meekness and charity, and will, in future, more faithfully follow and obey her divine instructions, knowing that in so doing we offer the highest testimonial of our appreciation of her Christian leadership.

"*Resolved,* That a copy of these resolutions be presented to our teacher and leader, Mary B. Glover Eddy, and a copy be placed on the records of this Christian Scientist association."

Mrs. Eddy's Retreat from Lynn

Ardent as these resolutions were, they were the swan-song of the movement in Lynn, and to this day the Christian Science Church there has never prospered. Its members declare that there is an error in belief there regarding Mrs. Eddy which they find hard to overcome.

Mrs. Eddy at last despaired of conquering the prejudice that had arisen in Lynn against her and her religion. While she attributed this to the influence of the mesmerists, her seceding students attributed it to the unpleasant notoriety given her by her lawsuits and her quarrels with her followers. Whether these lawsuits were really discreditable to Mrs. Eddy or not, they were generally considered to be so in Lynn. People did not stop to discover whether they arose on reasonable grounds. The general public caught only the obvious paradox that here were a group of people teaching a new religion and professing to overcome sin and bodily disease through their superior realization of Divine love, and that they were constantly quarreling and bickering among themselves, accusing each other of fraud, dishonesty, witchcraft, bad temper, greed of money, hypocrisy, and finally of a conspiracy to murder. Unquestionably Mrs. Eddy, as the accepted messenger of God, was more severely criticized for her part in these altercations than if she had appeared before the courts merely as a citizen of Lynn, and this criticism had much to do with the cloud of suspicion and distrust which hung over the Church when, in the early part of the winter of 1882, Mrs. Eddy left Lynn forever behind her and went to Boston.

Mrs. Eddy's departure from Lynn was distinctly in the nature of a retreat. A neutral field had become pronouncedly hostile; her oldest friends and most ardent workers had left her. "Science and Health" had been through three editions, but less than four thousand copies of the book had been sold. Her following was now, for the most part, made up of indifferent material — discontented women, and young men who had not succeeded in finding their place in the world, or who had drifted away from other professions. The Christian Science Church was a struggling organization with considerably less than fifty members; its history had been one of dissension, and its good standing was all to make — and Mrs. Eddy was then sixty-one years old.

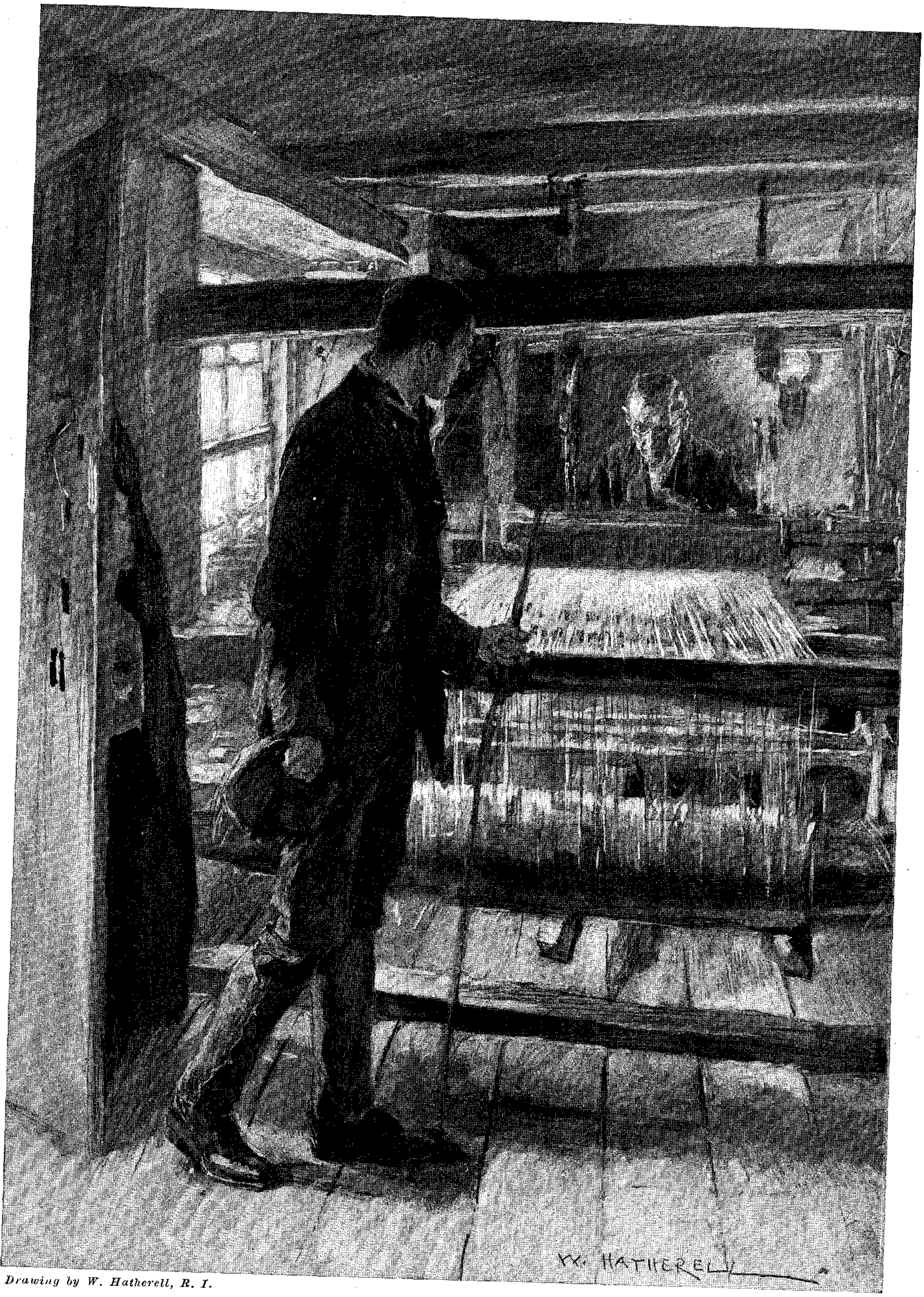
(TO BE CONTINUED)

SUMMER IN GRENSTONE

BY WITTER BYNNER

AUTHOR OF "AN ODE TO HARVARD AND OTHER POEMS"

O SUMMER, take my soul again
  To your shrine of lighted sky,
From where, in wonder worshiping,
  Deep in the grass I lie! —
In wonderful fright of a bumblebee,
  Or a rapid speck of red;
Or an ant with frantic little legs
  And a tugging little head, —
In wondering league with his busy speed,
  (What is it makes him spry? —
The many little sandy domes
  Of the kingdom in his eye?)
In tune with the gleeful wit of a bird;
  And, at far-off puffs of a train,
Content with the wonders made by men,
  Though made with a meed of pain; —
For by their wonders yours I see,
  O Summer, holy, sweet; —
And here in happy faith again
  I lie before your feet


W. HATHERELL

Drawing by W. Hatherell, R. I.

THE WEAVER'S SON